

F. Chapman del.

Vincent Brooks

Cuthbert Carew

473

EUSTACE CAREY:

A MISSIONARY IN INDIA.

"He who is not possessed of a considerable portion of a self-denying spirit can engage in no employment more irksome and intolerable than that of a missionary."—ROBERT HALL.



3 B

A Memoir

BY MRS. EUSTACE CAREY.

LONDON:

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1857.

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CAREY:

AN ALPHABETICAL INDEX

THE ALPHABETICAL INDEX
OF THE NAMES OF THE
FAMILIES OF THE
COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX

W. F. CAREY, PRINTER,
PORTOBELLO ROAD, NOTTING HILL. LONDON.

1881

BY MR. HUSTON CAREY

LONDON:

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J. H. & CO. 2, ADELPHI LANE.

1881

TO

Those Christian Friends

WHOSE TENDER REGARD AND HOSPITALITIES

WERE, FOR MANY YEARS,

SO ABUNDANTLY BESTOWED ON MR. CAREY,

THIS BOOK

Is gratefully Dedicated

BY THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

IN the last week of July, 1855, an advertisement appeared in the newspapers of a speedy publication of a Memoir of Mr. Carey. This arose from a mistake on the part of the advertiser.

I hope it will be distinctly understood, that at that time not a line of this book was written, neither had it even been thought of. This fact, together with ill health, will explain to the reader the cause of delay in publication.

When beginning the work, I found scarcely any materials in my own possession from which to compile a Memoir. It was Mr. Carey's habit to destroy all written memorials of every description. On application to his correspondents, very few of his letters were forthcoming. This must account for the prominence of my own remarks in the early part of the book.

In giving the history of this life, I have endea-

voured to present no more detail than was necessary to embody or exhibit its spirit; believing, that “the man is the spirit he worked in;—not what he did” (merely), “but what he became.”

On this account there has been little attention paid to the minute filling up of all the months and years of his earthly sojourn, for surely a life is not a common calendar.

It is much to be regretted that the histories of so many of the good and great should be shut up in large tomes and bodies of divinity, fit only to be read by the learned.

Should any one be disposed to censure the too frequent use of Scripture, I can only say that my main hope rests in the good which may follow upon a perusal of the words which “the Holy Ghost teacheth; for they are spirit and they are life.”

Some explanation is needed as to one particular. In the introductory chapter to the Memoir,* an allusion is made to a sketch of the rise of the Baptist Mission and history of its founders, which was to have preceded it. This does not appear, from the reason that, after the first chapters had been placed in the hands of the printer, the material, which it seemed

* See page 10.

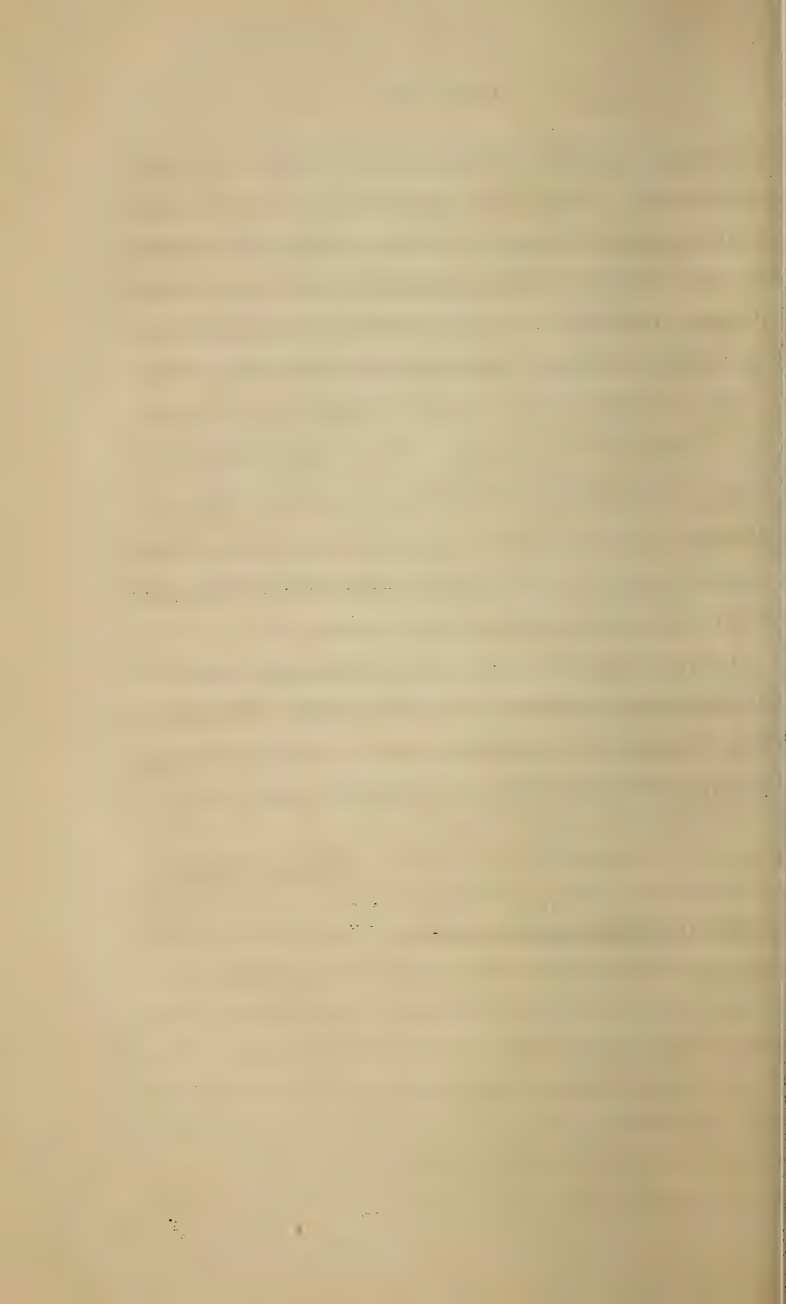
necessary to publish, so much increased as to leave no room for it. Should the perusal of this book tend, as it is earnestly hoped it may do, to the revivification in any degree, of the missionary spirit, and should it seem desirable, I propose working this sketch into an abridged edition of my husband's life of Dr. Carey.

The portrait in this book is a sketch from memory by a member of his family. Mr. Carey's aversion to having his likeness taken was so excessive, that any allusion to the subject was always painful. Thus, out of regard to his strongly expressed feelings, the matter was delayed from time to time.

I have desired to make this a missionary book. If I have at all succeeded, and if, by God's blessing, in this character it should be made in the least degree useful, my labour will not have been spent in vain.

ESTHER CAREY.

KENTISH TOWN, December, 1856.



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ERRATA.

Page 15, line 23—*for* truths, *read* truth.

Page 15, line 25—*for* thence, *read* hence.

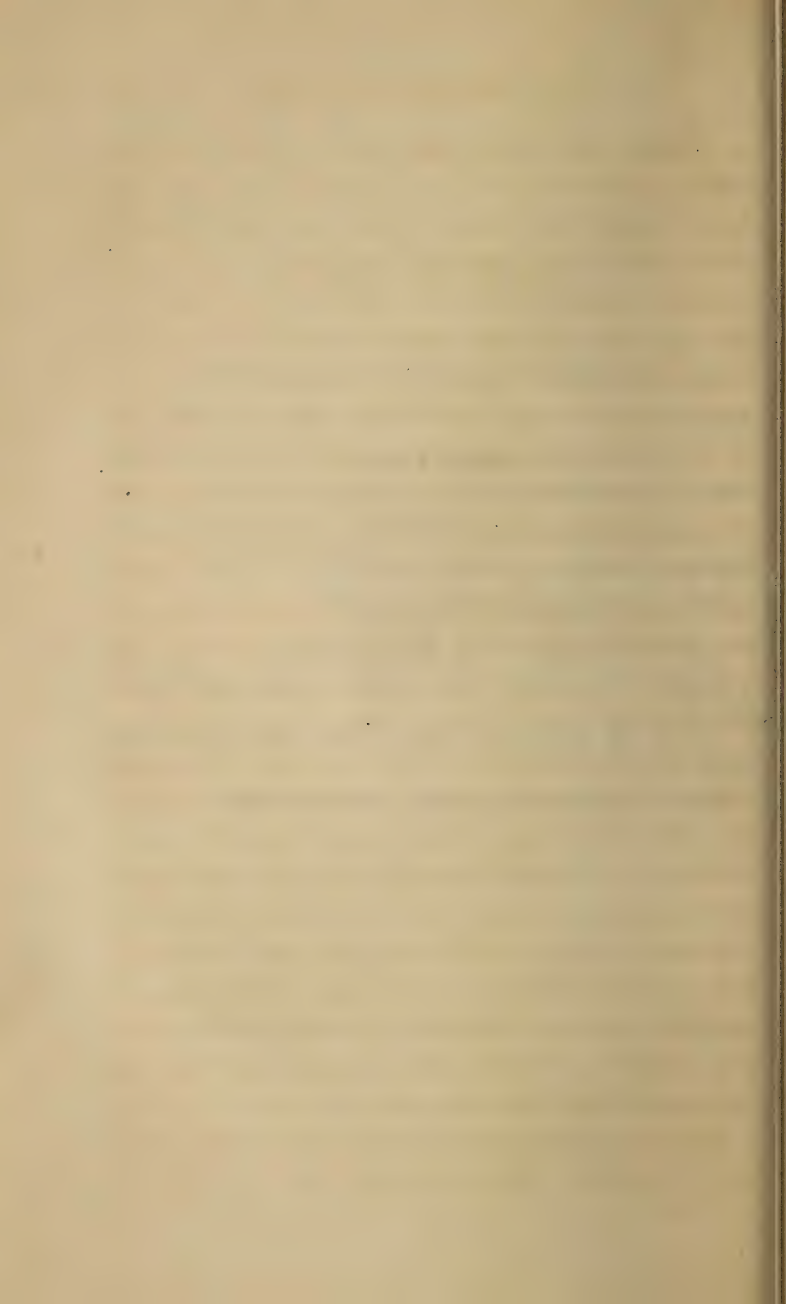
Page 55, line 7—*for* wake, *read* make.

Page 56, lines 1 and 14—*for* there, *read* here.

Page 60, line 25—*for* object of his supreme, *read* Supreme
Object.

Page 84, line 16—*for* three years or four, *read* three or four
years.

Page 137, line 5—*for* combatible, *read* combustible.



MEMOIR.

CHAP. I.

INTRODUCTORY.

“The memory of the just is blessed.”—PROV. x. 7.

“The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.”

Ps. cxii. 6.

IF the above characteristics, so graphically delineated by inspired penmen, were pre-eminently his, the brief history of whose life it is sought here to record; then to trace the surviving impressions of such memory, and to gather up the broken fragments of incident whose remembrance takes so vital a hold of the best affections of the human heart, is no unpleasing task.

The main ends of Christian biography are said to be “example and instruction: by faithfully describing the lives of men eminent for godliness, we not only embalm their memory, but furnish ourselves with fresh materials and motives for a holy life.”* And thus while not only Christian biography, but biography in general, has become important as conveying a rich stream of wealth into the ocean of the general

* Andrew Fuller.

literature of our country ; it is not the less valuable for the various facts and details which, as a tributary, it furnishes to increase the sources of our useful knowledge and of our national history.

Hence it is, more especially with regard to history, that some vivid delineations of the lives of distinguished persons, whether nobles, warriors, statesmen, or those who have in successive periods been the leaders of the people in poetry and art, in science and philanthropy, are clearly sketched on its pages, are woven into its very fabric ; and through the medium of its undying record, their influence descends to the latest posterity. "It is not the least debt we owe unto history that it hath made us acquainted with our dead ancestors, and out of the depth and darkness of the earth, delivered us their memory and fame."* And if to history, certainly to the original source of such "memory and fame," biography, "we owe not the least debt."

But while its incidental use is important in the relation which it thus sustains to our national history, may not the recorded lives of the saints of God, religious biography, bear a similar relation to the church of Jesus Christ, and thus alike incidentally furnish materials for its future historian? It is presumed that it may, and hence arises the duty which survivors

* Sir Walter Raleigh.

owe to posterity, to record high Christian worth and elevated piety ; that they may by such means attempt to gather up the threads of THEIR history, of whom “the world is not worthy,” as they lie on the cold earth, broken and scattered by the rude hand of death ; and weaving them into a fabric for the service of the church, a “banner to be displayed because of the truth,” they may memorialize their soul’s final triumph over all evil, and their union unbroken and for ever with the church of Christ on high. On such trophy the motto is, “GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST. UNTO HIM THAT LOVED US AND WASHED US FROM OUR SINS IN HIS OWN BLOOD, AND HATH MADE US KINGS AND PRIESTS UNTO GOD AND HIS FATHER : TO HIM BE GLORY AND DOMINION FOR EVER AND EVER, AMEN.”

In the history of every one who has followed the Lamb in the regeneration of the world, and who has battled with life on its broad and common field, there is much which testifies of the love and faithfulness of God, and which would, if recorded, present words of encouragement and consolation to him who is weary, —to the fearful-hearted, who while “faint is yet pursuing” the uphill path of life. Of necessity, multitudes of such lives pass away unobserved and to be soon forgotten ; no trace being left of them even on the sands of the desert which they have trodden in weakness and fear, to warn of his danger the unheeding or benighted traveller. To the honour of many of the

poor of Christ's flock, it must be remembered, that while contending with poverty, itself a fearful calamity, and with innumerable other ills incident to this mortal life, they do also in their obscurity "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints;" and while, in rural districts more especially, they suffer the loss of gifts and of patronage, and sometimes even of the labour by which they gain a scanty supply of their daily wants; their good name is also cast out as evil, and made the butt and scorn of the wicked. These are names of those who are not only "unknown to song" and to praise, but even to the simplest annals of every-day-life; yet their record is on high, "and a book of remembrance is written before Him, for them that feared the Lord and that thought upon his name; and they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

If "such honour have all his saints," it may not be presuming too much to suppose, that an humble attempt to trace the divine providence which led through the intricacies and conflicts of this life, one who was not only a servant of Christ, but a faithful preacher of his gospel, and also a devoted missionary who hazarded his life for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, will be welcomed by many, who, on a perusal of its contents, may find somewhat to strengthen their faith and to encourage their hope. And here it may be matter of consolation to the reader, as it has,

in no small degree, been to the writer, that, although our way is through a desert land, through the waste howling wilderness, yet will it be as guided by an Almighty hand; for "He led him about, and instructed him; he kept him as the apple of his eye."

We may, therefore, take courage. Our task is not that of recording mere feats of worldly bravery and conquest; of heroism in matters pertaining to this life only, or even of mere philanthropy; but of the successful wielding of those weapons which "are mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds;—and bringing every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ;"—of that moral and spiritual excellence, under whose heavenly culture and growth, every faculty of the mind is found the more readily to develope itself, and to advance in the various departments of its educational process, until mature years call for a consecration of them and of the whole nature on the high field of active service and missionary labour "in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ."

Again may we take courage. Our work is not that of tracing a life through the complexities of earthly business and care, nor is it that of threading our way on with it through the labyrinths of a nation's political history, not inaptly resembling those mighty rivers of the New World, whose continuous and wondrous course is an ever-widening and yet more swelling current, hurried on regardless of all impediments,

and forming rapids and cataracts which alike attract and terrify the beholder ;—but it is that of following one which may be compared to that stream whose gentle course, like “Siloa’s brook, flows fast by the oracle of God.” Side by side with it, below the level of the tumultuous and billowy sea, in the low valley of the Jordan, it flows onward, silently, slowly, yet surely, alike through the arid waste and the verdant and well-watered plain. Often have these pure and transparent waters taken by surprise and refreshed the weary traveller ; and, like the Elim of old, they have nourished the goodly palm, whose fruit has been for the invigoration, and whose shadow has invited to the repose, of him who was ready to perish. As on these waters “go no ships, so is there no leviathan to play therein.” Unperturbed, they collect not the soil of earth ; unhurried, they utter no murmur of discontent ; but silent, except as their commingling falls in silvery accents on the ear, as the sound of distant music, or of harpers harping upon their harps. Nor are these waters lost amidst the waves of the Jordan ; as a distinct current they pass *across* the river of death, and are only invisible to those on earth when blending their harmonies with “the river of the water of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God.”

The task, then, which we have before us, as has been intimated, is to consist rather in a delineation of growth of character, the means by which that growth

has been promoted, and the influence which it has exerted on others ; intellectual advancement, and how produced ; and, *above all other things*, as religious biography, to exhibit the development and culture of the spiritual faculties, the means by which they were awakened through the power of the Spirit of God ; how temptations have been effectually repelled, real good by diligent and persevering labour accomplished in the world ; the world used as not abusing it ;—in a word, the means of trial, or of prosperity, which have contributed, as far as it was attainable on earth, to growth unto “a perfect man in Christ Jesus.” For exhibiting the manner in which this last growth of the precious seed of the kingdom which has been deposited low down in the soil of the soul, we have a beautiful figure in one of the apt similitudes of our Lord : “Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone ; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.” Here is the burying the seed in the earth, the silent, slow, dark, and mysterious germination in the cold and dead of winter ; at length the putting forth above the ground, signs of life and vigour in the spring ; then its onward progress above ground, “first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear.” The ripening of the corn in the sun and wind of heaven in summer ; the putting in the sickle because the harvest is ripe ; the gathering of the golden grain into the garner in the russet

hours of autumn ; all this is minutely intimated in Scripture, with the gladsome and angelic shout of "harvest home," when the soul, released from earth, meets the joyous welcome of loved companions and friends in the mansions of the blessed.

But to delineate thus, to its fullest extent, an individual's progress and successful triumph over a world of care and sin, and the pressing evil propensities of his own nature ; over also Satan, that malignant foe and "accuser of the brethren," is more than one person can perform for another. This the writer, therefore, does not attempt. That which is here attempted, with the Divine assistance, is to describe the growth *above* the ground, as in the corn just referred to ; or, to change the figure, to take a place in the outer court of the temple at the time of incense, when, although is seen only the exterior of that inner sanctuary, the soul, yet may be gained some sight of the cloud which overshadows and fills the temple of the Lord. We may not have seen the pure fire fall from heaven to consume the sacrifice, the first influence producing the good and destroying the evil ; but we may gain more than a glimpse of this wondrous work, for we have the odorous presence, the balmy perfume as of flowers after a summer's shower, of the daily ascending incense which rises "as a sweet savour unto God." And of the inner sanctuary of service which we see not, it is said, "I the Lord do

keep it; lest any hurt it I will keep it night and day." But while "the heart knoweth its own bitterness," so does *it* only know its giant struggle with sin, and with a "world that lieth in the wicked one." Yet when kept clear of those painted "chambers of imagery," which fain would reflect light on the soul from the decorated, many-coloured, gleamy devices of its own, it turns to its shekinah, the one point whence should radiate all the light and glory of the place,—in *its* light then, we who are without, see light, for "ye are the light of the world." Neither can we who are without, be ignorant as spectators of the day-by-day provisioning of those "side chambers" which coil still upward in this "building of God," where are to be laid the *most holy things*, that here the small corroding cares, and the forbidden, tempting pleasures of life may not obtrude themselves. For these chambers are in the *thickness* of the wall of the temple, and under them is the entry into it; a winding path it is in the soul's being, which no eye hath seen but his eye, which "is on it from the beginning of the year even unto the end of it. Ye are the temple of the Holy Ghost, as God hath said, I will dwell in them and walk in them." But this inner life who shall delineate? It must remain a mystery; like its source, we "cannot tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth," but we know that it *is*; and like one of those glorious mountains in the Alps, hidden

in mist, "until the day dawn and the shadows flee away," so with the Christian life, "it is hid with Christ in God." It is one of the secret things which belongs unto him; it is "kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation:" and just as full, unclouded, noontide sun reveals in bold outline and gigantic mass those Alpine heights, so distinct does the grace and beaming forth of the Saviour's glory make the aspect of the soul that waits for him "UNTO THE PERFECT DAY."

The main interests which we have before us are so interwoven in their commencement with the first modern missionary enterprise in India, that the writer deemed it impracticable successfully to conduct the reader through the former, without briefly glancing at the latter. This, it is hoped, is not looked upon as an unnecessary detention from the chief object before us, nor as irrelevant to the main design of this book; it being conceived that in no better way could the influence arising from a devoted missionary's life and labours, the *whole* intention and *one* desire of his heart be accomplished and perpetuated, than by an attempt, in however small a degree, in this record which is made of his life, to serve the great cause for which he lived, and in the promotion of which he died. It is also to the writer a pleasing thought, that the last in the Missionary Society

bearing the honoured name of its founder, should thus be associated with the first.

In what manner the missionary element dwelt in Mr. Carey is as well known as his life. He was not only by its means as “an epistle of Christ known and read of all men,” but he was one who carried his letter of commendation with him, and delivered it with his own hand;—a messenger to the churches of good news from a far country, which was as cold water to many a thirsty soul, and as glad tidings from the kingdom of the blessed. Many a weary step did he set in conveying these pure, cooling draughts from the sides, or the heights of Lebanon, to the fainting traveller on the arid, burning plains; yet he never counted his steps, nor thought of being weary while there was a fellow-creature within his reach, either in sickness or health, in life or in the hour of death, at home or when in India, to whom he could hasten, and to whose lips he could press the cup of his Saviour’s salvation. For ten years it was his happiness to “testify of the gospel of the grace of God” in the copious, flowing, and all but paradisiacal language of Bengalee, and for thirty long years in his native tongue at home. During the latter period, he visited every part of the United Kingdoms and Ireland many times. Wherever he went once, he could go again and again; and, in his temporary residence with, or visits to the numerous families who showed him so

much hospitality, his name was as a HOUSEHOLD WORD ; he was received as a brother beloved ; was loved for his work's sake as well as for his own sake, if anything of *his* could be distinct from *it*, and long will his memory be cherished in the hearts and homes of thousands of the saints.

To those Christian friends to whom Mr. Carey was thus known as a friend, a brother, a missionary and minister of the cross of Christ, this book is gratefully dedicated. It may, with their kind permission, take its place in the room of their dwelling which knew him so often, but will know him no more : there it will continue now and when "we shall go to him," as a trifling MEMORIAL of the past, and (as has been before mentioned) as the gathering up of the FRAGMENTS that remain after the abundant repast, that nothing be lost ; or, as the FAREWELL to a long epistle ; the ADIEU after the last long look ; as the remaining streak of SUN-LIGHT thrown on the dark cloud and arrested, that it may be wound and treasured up as a star of hope and promise, "I will see you again," ere it sinks with its luminary in the western sky ; or, if the comparison be not too presuming, the last EJACULATION after a long life of prayer, "THY KINGDOM COME, THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH, AS IT IS IN HEAVEN."

CHAP. II.

PARENTAGE.—EARLY LIFE.

“LIFE is a strange avenue of various trees and flowers
Lightsome at commencement, but darkening to its end in
a distant massy portal.
It beginneth as a little path, edged with the violet and
primrose,
A little path of lawny grass, and soft to tiny feet.”

AMONGST all that is artless, fanciful, and poetic in the brief period of childhood, how little is retained in memory for use, or reference in after-life. This is a matter to be regretted, for it would, doubtless, be gratifying to the minds of not a few persons to be able to recall an incident, or even a vague recollection, which might lead them to form some idea, or to arrive at some conclusion, as to what was really thought by them at first of the various objects with which their sight and hearing and touch came in contact; for who does not “look with lingering love on the first star of childhood’s memory?” But from the infrequency of allusion to such “memory” in biography in general, it may be just to conclude that the majority of persons pass the brief period of infancy, as well as that of youth, without having one ideal presence, much less

a "star," to prevent and to hail the boundless opening day.

There are, however, some impressions and some incidents of a very pleasing kind, which might often be gathered for the gratification, and, perhaps, instruction of those who train the young; and there are also useful suggestions which might arise from regarding facts connected with the earlier development of our being. For instance, we know that although possessed of a perfect organ of vision, very young children learn the real nature and proper use of things only by slow observation, or by means of personal contact; we know, also, that some years are passed before the eye conveys to the mind any true idea of space or extension, for a child has been known to make a most sincere attempt, while running in an avenue of trees, to catch the moon which peeped through at its opposite end. From hence might we not learn a practical lesson, the difficulty that there is connected with an attempt to convey to the minds of very young children any idea of the true nature of God,—of his all-pervasive presence, yet his invisibility alike to all. If persons would take a hint from this plain intimation, which the very nature of the tender years suggests, there would be fewer gratuitous attempts made to thrust upon the attention of the child definitions of the attributes of the Great Eternal, which lead only to the confusion of the

mind, and frequently, in the presence of the young, to the excitation of the risible faculties in persons of mature years, and in connexion with his name, the mention of which should incite only to the deepest reverence.

Moreover, if we would consider that a grown-up person is the tallest object which is *kept* before the eye of a child, we should not wonder at the perfect enigma which the works of God present to him, both those which are on the earth and in the sky. Truly in this case also, "men are seen as trees walking;" and all is wrapped up in profound mystery. In the memory of one child, a distinct impression of astonishment was long retained, at the giant-height of its father or grown-up sister; also at the wonderful strength exerted by them, either for the child's relief from fatigue, or for his defence in time of danger. As it has been fancifully conjectured that men look like giants in the eyes of horses, hence the ease with which they manage them; we may with certainty aver with regard to children, that when first beginning to use their faculties the eye *perceives* not, and consequently cannot convey to the mind the truths as to the comparative height and strength of these objects; and thence the practical lesson above alluded to. But that the minds of little children, as has just been mentioned, are sometimes subject to a process of thought which is very pleasing, and whose con-

clusions are highly fanciful and even poetic, there can be no doubt. The writer remembers reading two instances of this kind, one of a little girl who had noticed the stars in the sky, and who had not been told how they came there, but who wished with such a longing heart to understand this mystery; and the other of a little girl, who on asking "how they came," was told that "God made the stars." The former little girl watched her brother with close attention while he made holes in wood with what he called a gimlet, through which she could see, and which were very pretty when put before a candle. She mused for some time that night amongst the stars; at length her musings were not in vain. Suddenly a bright thought came to her, and when night had once more come, and "not too soon," and

"There was no light in earth or heaven,
But the cold light of stars,"

she ran to the window, drew aside the curtains, and exclaimed, in an ecstasy of joy, "O papa, these are the gimlet-holes to let in the glory."

The other incident may be familiar to the reader as beautifully expressed in blank verse by a transatlantic poet, which concludes,

"Presently in the edge of the last tint
Of sunset, where the blue was melted in
To the faint golden mellowness, a star

Stood suddenly. A laugh of wild delight
Burst from her lips; and putting up her hands,
Her simple thought broke forth expressively—
‘Father, dear father! God has made a star.’”

With what entire complacency may such impressions be allowed to remain uncorrected! A grievous error it would be on the part of any one to mingle a plain matter-of-fact view of truth as to the physical world, with this the first and purest poetry of infant life. Were there less of *teaching* at this period, when the creative faculties are positively *labouring* to expand themselves under the warm spring-tide of the child's own common sense, or instinct, or intuition, or whatsoever we may term that power with which the Creator has endowed human beings in their earliest existence, and which increases with every day's progress or use; there would be less precocity and unnatural growth; perhaps less of physical disease, and a much better foundation laid both in the body and the mind of the child, for *right* growth to maturity in after-life. But, alas! for our race, in the minds of too many parents and teachers, they no sooner think of a human being than they think of books; books too for which the *child* is made, and not the books for the child. An infant's library is soon found, and the mind is ruled and lined according to the dimensions and requirements of the *books*, and not according to the taste and ability of the

child.* It is too frequently forgotten that the receptive faculty in infants is very small; besides, with respect to a thousand things which they are *taught*, they would learn the truth soon enough without any teaching at all; and if *let alone*, when a few years are gone by, such impressions as the above will remain, as some of those radiant visions of the past which glorify the present:

“Those purple flowers, which in the rudest wind
Never grow sere
When rooted in the garden of the mind,
Because they are the earliest of the year.”

But there are certain *moral* impressions which may be made on a child very early in life; and these will be found essentially to differ from those of a mere physical kind from the more facile manner in which they may be apprehended by him. Although he has no powers of mind, at present, by which he can un-

* Infant Schools also in this country might too often fall under the same censure. Although books are not much used, yet, as generally conducted, there is too much exercise of the thinking and the retentive faculty. Germany has set us a fine example in this respect in the manner of their conducting their *Kinder Gärten*, in which are furnished, for the exercise of the inventive faculty, and to help the memory, all sorts of manual employment. All the lessons are learnt in this way: reading and arithmetic, by use of letters and figures cut out of wood; natural history, by the child's modelling animals, plants, &c., by means of plastic clay. These have lately been set up in England by Herr Ronge, and attended with great success.

derstand the nature and distance of the heavenly bodies, but thinks, if he thinks at all (as in the case of the little girl with the moon before-mentioned), that they are close about the trees, or the roof of his father's house;—it is so arranged by the Creator that he should be placed in circumstances to understand, or be *made* to understand very early, the difference between right and wrong on a small scale, and the necessity of obedience to parental authority. As parents are, during these very early years, in God's stead to the child, hence arises the duty which they owe to him of teaching obedience with the first development of the faculties; so that this business of governing and of submitting may be clearly understood by each party. Willy has a ball to play with which he throws about the room; but Willy goes into a great passion, and throws it at the nurse with full intent to hurt her, were this possible. Now is the time, if the parent be present, to teach Willy his first lesson in morals, which is the right and which is the wrong throwing of the ball. Oh, Willy! what a mercy for you and for all of your order of the human genus, that you have so much of the animal, and so little of the mental or ethereal nature about you. The small deprivation of some little toy, or pleasure, will be correction quite equal to your offence, and will not fail, if properly administered, to answer the chief end of punishment, which is, or ought to

be, reformation. Now you must be denied the use of the ball for to-day, and if the lesson is only remembered an hour or two by you, it will not be altogether in vain.

A parent has, in these petty or in more criminal cases, to be both judge and jury, to dispose of the evidence, and to be executioners of their own verdict. Yet it is there and then, before Scripture precept can be at all known by the child, that commences that moral education which the apostle intimates when he says, "Fathers provoke not your children to anger, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Evident as it is that there is an evil nature in very young children, it is also as evident that there is a tendency to that which is good. This latter, so ingenuous, so sincere, so beautiful, it is presumed, is that which our Lord takes occasion to point out in a little child, when he would set forth the qualities of mind in adults which are requisite for the right reception of his kingdom. "He took a little child, and set him in the midst of them and said, except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." The teachable, humble, unprejudiced, confiding mind;—these are the mental qualities here intended; and which must at once present an advantage to the parent which, while it can never be too fully estimated, might probably be more frequently turned to better account. But it

is much to be regretted, that, at this early age, children are left so much with others ; parents also, themselves, while their children are young, have at command less wisdom arising from experience than they have in after-years ; their own minds are too often undisciplined, so that if the child be passionate and resentful, so is, too frequently, the parent ; and the error of passionate reproof is often followed by the equal error of relenting fondness, which error soon becomes perceptible to the child. Yet the fact pointed out so impressively by the Saviour in the above words, while it gives encouragement more especially to Christian mothers, who watch over the souls of their children “ as they that must give account,” may lead them to seek more diligently for that renewing of the spirit of their mind towards *God*, which a little child so beautifully exhibits towards *them* ; and, under a sense of their own weighty care and entire insufficiency in this respect, may incline them to take themselves and their children more confidingly unto HIM, who when on earth “ took little children up in his arms, put his hands upon them and blessed them.”

Thus, also, may those early impressions be made, which hereafter, when the truth concerning God and the testimony which he hath given of his Son shall be familiar to the mind through the learning of verses of Scripture, hymns, and other easy lessons, shall, by the teaching of the Spirit, become *religious* impressions.

And if it be asked, what is the first impression which should be made on a child, the answer, doubtless, would be *love*, not a *sermon* on love. If we set before them constantly the fact that we love them, by a daily and hourly practical demonstration of it, it will be doing just that which God does when he teaches his children. He does not give them merely lessons *on* love, which may be applicable or otherwise, but a grand exhibition of his love in the gift of Christ: the lesson is love itself; for GOD IS LOVE. And with a Christian mother, if the first lesson be love, surely to her who has learnt in the school of Christ "as a little child" this lesson, the way must be already open, with the divine blessing, and facilities immediately at hand for making such impression. It was reported of an eminent minister of the gospel of by-gone days, that he once said, "his children should fear him if they did not love him." But such a decision, however marked by heroic bravery, and however favourable the result, is surely dangerous as a precedent, and contrary to the plain dictates of nature and of right feeling. Were the sentence reversed, "they shall love me, although they do not fear me;" the error would be far less and also "on the right side." It is difficult to conceive in such a case, how that which is to be the main-spring of all true obedience, whether towards the Creator or the creature, should ever take a secondary place in the esteem of any parent. Christianity is not designed to

teach us that which nature itself so clearly intimates ; but its design is to superinduce over our whole being an excellence and a glory which we shall in vain search for where its influence is unfelt. So that as parents, not only our *religious profession*, but our natural affection, is at fault, if our love be not powerful enough to produce love which shall return to us with increase, and richly laden with trust and confidence. Where these are secured as pre-requisites, and there is presented in a manner, and accompanied with the diction suited to those in tender years, a relation of the life and death of Christ as a sublime fact, we may leave and await the result in faith and hope. If we relate to a child some of the wonderful Scripture stories—of Joseph sold into Egypt, of David in his mastery of the lion and the bear, of Daniel in the lions' den, of Peter in prison—the child believes the story so strange, so extraordinary, because it can *trust* the person who relates it. Thus, with a little care, in early life, in the rosy hours of morning, may the intelligence as well as the affections of the tender heart be gathered up by the parent, and wound together for use in time to come ; and these precious gifts of God through his grace may be drawn to their great Creator and to them “by the bands of a man and by the cords of love.” Religion and religious education should be as the magnetic needle by which the young steer their way through life. If children commit to memory plenty of the

right kind;—when their minds are stored with portions of Scripture, and their memory with loving example, we have all that we need for effectuating the result united with the divine injunction, “Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it;” and for producing impressions which shall hereafter, “when by reason of age the senses are exercised to discern both good and evil,” become *religious* impressions. By thus securing the affections of children, we secure also their loving friendship; we have in each of them, as they grow up, an ally instead of an enemy—a friend and companion whose instincts and tastes will grow together with our own, and who will be won by the wise conduct of the parent, first to himself, and then by natural sequence to his God and Father. For while *character* is ever more impressive than *teaching*, children are very quick to discover the imperfections of their superiors in age, and very soon to learn in them any breach of their own rule. It is much to be regretted, that these defects in social and domestic life are often so palpable on the part of religiously professing parents, that the young will form their friendships in any direction rather than on the parental hearth. Alas! how common is such a remark as the following, “I cannot speak to my father; he does not at all understand me;” or, “I cannot tell what I feel to my mother, for she has forgotten the time when she was young,

and makes no allowance for the heat, buoyancy, and mistakes of youth."

In the case before us, how different! As the dawn advances to the brightness of day, we shall find some hand that takes hold of his hand; some heart that beats in unison with his own heart; lips that "whisper" sentences of the deepest affection, as well as an ear to hear the first utterances of his own.

EUSTACE CAREY was born March 22nd, 1791, at Paulerspury, a small and pleasant village in Northamptonshire, which was celebrated only for its obscurity, until, in the middle of the last century, it became the birthplace of Dr. William Carey, the great Oriental scholar and missionary. Eustace was the son of Thomas and Mary Carey. Thomas Carey was the youngest son of Edmund Carey, and a brother of Dr. Carey above mentioned.

Mr. Edmund Carey, the grandfather of Eustace, was an upright and judicious man; he was remarkable for his plain and good sense, and also for his kind-heartedness and generosity. He had five children, three sons and two daughters; and, being the master of the Free School of the village, his children were instructed with his scholars in the usual branches of an English education. This education was considered very good in those days, and indeed it was so; for through the diligence and success of the master, the

good name to which he had attained and his father before him, his school became a sort of college, to which resorted daily for instruction farmers' and gentlemen's sons; also ladies, to be taught writing by him, and needlework by his wife and daughter. Twice a week he might be seen walking to the neighbouring town of Towcester, there to teach a ladies' school writing and arithmetic; and in all the country no one sought more diligently to fulfil his daily duties,—

“Something attempted, something done,—
To earn his night's repose,”—

than Mr. Edmund Carey. The day-star from on high had not yet visited his dwelling with the full assurance of a gladsome hope; yet had he the charity which “seeketh not her own.” A little girl in the village, who was suddenly deprived of both parents by death, and who was destitute of the means of subsistence, was taken by him into his house, placed amongst his own children, and provided with bed and board until fitted for some useful employment. To these good qualities must be added, his great hatred of deception, and also of vanity. To a slanderer who reported ill of a neighbour, his invariable reply was, “There are faults in us all.” Faults *he* had, doubtless; but of these the writer is not advised by his survivors who bear his name, for “love covereth a multitude of sins.” Of his wife and mother also honourable mention must be made here. While the

former equalled her husband in his strict integrity and quick perception of right and wrong, she excelled him, if that were possible, in her high moral bearing, in her pure and refined benevolence. The latter, who had been left a widow in early life, and who resided with her son, was as distinguished for her meekness and gentleness as for her loving spirit, united with true refinement of manners; she was a perfect *lady* in every sense of that word. Like Naomi and Ruth, these two lived together; and while their distinctive characteristics blended in sweetest harmony and beauty as then and there exhibited, they were an ornament to themselves and to the neighbourhood in which they dwelt.* As a vein of precious ore, these excellent qualities descended through other branches of the family, and will not fail to be recognised as the rich inheritance of him who has so lately disappeared from amongst us.

Had the morning beams of gospel light and grace broken sooner on the minds of these honourable women, they might have attained before their gifted descendants to the faith of the mother and grandmother of Timothy. But their name, notwithstand-

* It was matter of deep regret to a daughter of Mrs. Edmund Carey that these traits, especially in her mother's and grandmother's characters, were not mentioned by Mr. Eustace Carey when he published the life of her brother, Dr. Carey. A granddaughter suggests, "that if published now, it will give her mother pleasure in heaven."

ing that these virtues were so well sustained and exemplified by them, would have been forgotten, and would have lain low with their remains amongst the sods of their native village, had it not been for their children, and more especially for their eldest son William, who for the possession of these high moral qualities makes a rich return ; and the converse of the apostle's text is applicable to him, "when I remember the unfeigned faith which dwelt first" in thee, and then in thy mother Elizabeth, and thy grandmother Ann.

Thomas Carey, the father of Eustace Carey, was a non-commissioned officer in the army, and was with the Duke of York in one of our wars with Holland. He was there wounded in the knee, and on his return home was rewarded with a pension. He had three children—Edmund, who died in youth ; Peter, who followed the profession of his father, and died in India ; and Eustace, the subject of this memoir.

In that which may be justly termed the wondrous era of the rise of the first modern Missionary Society, at a time when Dr. Carey was little known and less understood, and society, at least in England with reference to missions to the heathen, was quite "without form and void," Eustace Carey was born. Whether when the "Spirit of God moved on the face of these waters," under his supervening and all-powerful control, this child's future destiny was in-

fluenced or directed thereby, will probably be apparent in the sequel. Eustace was born either under the same roof with Dr. Carey, or in a house in contiguity to the one in which in childhood, in the school chamber, he spent his leisure hours ; where he placed his treasures collected from the world's great storehouse ; and where, amidst his insects and birds and flowers, he was first taught of God to know and to study himself, and to live for his glory and the good of his fellow-creatures. Not only the room, but also the garden which Dr. Carey had cultivated with so much care twenty years before, was familiar to this child's eye. He sat beneath the very trees where Dr. Carey had been in the habit of reading Captain Cook's Voyages, and all the scraps of foreign intelligence he could procure ;—where he so often pictured to himself the fearful Suttee and Infanticide of India, and the idolatry and cannibalism of the South Seas. As here was expressed the anguish of his soul, so fancy might place here some tree that told the tale of his sorrow, as the "Talking Oak ;" but with what a different story of heart-struggle, those best know who are most familiar with his life. But be this as it may, Eustace Carey was nursed up and nurtured too in the affectionate hearts of those who had derived, in great measure instrumentally, their religious warmth from the missionary altar there erected, which had received the sacrifice and the service of the faith of him who,

in 1791, was "attempting great things for God, and expecting great things from God," and who, two years after, departed for the distant East, never more to return to his native country.

There are but few incidents which have reference to Mr. Carey's childhood. He was from infancy of very frail constitution; and many fears were entertained by his parents of their not being able to rear him. He was, on this account, an object of great solicitude to them, and especially to his mother in her solitude, when her husband was far away on the battle-field. But the infant life was sustained, although languidly, and conducted onward by his hand who "opens springs in the valleys, and who giveth forth water out of the flinty rock." While Mrs. Carey and her fragile little son were left alone in their native village, the impression before alluded to was made on his mind. It is well observed, "the smallest thing becomes respectable when regarded as the commencement of what has advanced, or is advancing, into magnificence;"* the writer, therefore, offers no apology for introducing that which is so little in itself, but which exerted on him so considerable an influence.

In the early grey of morning, before any objects were perceived by him, much less understood, there appeared in the boy's horizon a radiant figure, bright

* Foster's Essays.

with the light of the noonday sun. The grace and music of her step; the love of her soul beaming through tender yet piercing eyes; the play of her pleasant looks, which, in the child's esteem, would *know* as well as be able to *remove* all his sorrows; and, more than all, the melody of her voice; these made an indelible impression upon him. Such was his mother. So tangible, so clearly defined, so attractive, so all-powerful through sixty long years of an earthly pilgrimage, was the memory of his mother. "My mother's footsteps, and my mother's voice as she sang her Wesleyan hymns, I shall never forget; they are as fresh on my mind as if I had heard them but yesterday."

"None like her, none;

Just now the dry-tongued laurel's pattering talk
Seemed her bright foot about the garden walk,
And shook my heart to think she comes once more;
But even then I heard her close the door,—
The gates of heaven are closed, and she is gone."

The figure vanishes, but not before the child-artist had drawn it with his own hand in imperishable tracery on his heart; there it is to live as the *ideal* of his first good, until a reunion with the *real* in final triumph in the mansions of the blessed. As life advances, "as a dream when one awaketh," *it* is gone; but the figure has ever a niche in the wall of salvation by the fountain of the water of life, to which he is led, instrumentally, by another female

hand in after years, and where it is enshrined in all the beauty and grace of classic art. With one hand she welcomes her son to her embrace, and entwines around him the silken cable of love; and with the other she rests on the anchor of hope at her side, while her eye directs him to that "anchor which is sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail."

"O LOVE DIVINE, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up with thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me!"

This hymn he heard over and over again, accompanied with the music of the soul, and with that also of a loving voice.

He knew not love *divine*, but he knew his MOTHER'S love, which was to him in every sense divine love, and designed to be to him, as it has been to many others, the first stave in that ladder which conducts to everlasting life and glory.

How many times, in youth and in advancing age, have the footsteps of his mother, in imagination, arrested and fixed his attention! The music of her voice it was that first awoke the music of his own, and of the deeper and yet more thrilling melody of his heart. How often did his thought of these entrance him at the close of evening, when the gentle breeze

playing on the leaves at the open window seemed as "the footsteps of angels," and the moonbeams glancing through them as the faint light coming from a longed-for, yet distant world, whither he was slowly on life's weary road, yet surely bending his steps !

"With a slow and noiseless footstep,
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

"And she sits and gazes at me,
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

* * * * *

"O thou oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died."

What mother in Great Britain would not wish to make an equally availing impression on the minds of her beloved children?

"A second time to be a mother,
Without the mother's bitter groans ;
Another thought, and yet another,
By touch, or taste, by looks or tones,
O'er the growing sense to roll,
The mother of your infant's *soul*."

This mother's work was well done, for she had taught a life-long lesson, which fell upon a retentive

ear and an obedient heart. She could afford to be laid aside as to the subsequent spiritual work in her son ; for she had now kindled in his soul, through the power of God's Spirit, the undying spark which was destined to glow with all but seraphic ardour on the continent of India ; and which ardour inspired a tongue whose soft accents played on the ears of the Hindu, in the copious and beautiful strains of his native tongue, like the mellifluous minstrelsy of the flowing, distant waters, the sweet thrilling song of the woods in summer, or the touch of musical glasses by some light and magic wand. She with her own hand planted the seed of the kingdom in her son's mind, and with her cheerful footsteps she pressed it down into the very depths of the boy's affection. There it lay during the brief May-day of infant life, nurtured by her prayerful tears, and warmed by the sunny beams of a loving countenance, thence to fructify, to spring up, and to ripen into the mature and mellow fruit of an autumnal day ; and ere the hollow blast of a wintry wind passes by to threaten its continuous hold on the tree, it is loosened by the gentle breeze, touched, let fall, and taken into the hand by angelic ministry ; then borne hence into that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Had Mr. Carey told on the missionary platform, and spoken in an English audience of that which "this heart hath felt of a mother's love," as, when describing

scenes in India, the audience has been hushed to a breathless stillness by the sentence—"what these eyes have seen of the abominations of idolatry on the continent of India,"* his speech would have distilled "as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers that water the earth." His words would have penetrated the heart of every one in the assembly, while his graphic and most thrilling description of this part of his childhood would have broken up the depths in every mother's heart. But on this topic he never ventured, nor could he have trusted himself to do so. The above sentence was only uttered twice in the hearing of the writer, and then it was in privacy, and accompanied with the most distressing emotion. Tears, like rain, then flowed in a copious shower; and, although so short, speech became indistinct ere the sentence was fully expressed. May the reader and writer fully enter into the above relation, if not "with sympathy of tears," yet into that which has reference to the source and centre of *all* true love which is given to us "in thoughts that breathe and words that burn," respecting Christ and his salvation—the height, and length, and breadth, and depth of that love of his which passeth knowledge—that we may be filled with all the fulness of God. Then will our sympathy find

* See Missionary speeches.

expression in the closing lines of the favourite hymn—

“O that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master’s feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the bridegroom’s voice.”

To the subject of this memoir these lines were *at all times* as Jacob’s ladder, on which the angels of God ascended and descended; and in the next illumined page of his history we shall find him making his *first* utterance, and then confessing with the newly converted patriarch, “Surely the Lord was in this place and I knew it not; this is none other than the house of God, and this the gate of heaven.”

CHAP. III.

REMOVAL TO NORTHAMPTON—BRIEF HISTORY OF HIS AUNTS—MRS. M. CAREY'S INSTRUCTION AND COR- RESPONDENCE.

“Gently the greyness of the dawn decays,
And ruddy streaks of gold begin to tinge
The fleeces of the clouds; till now the East
Varies her aspect, lost her quiv'ring light
In a bright, ardent, boundless flood of day.”

THE days of infancy have now passed away as a day-dream or a vision of the night, but not so the mental day which issued from them; it rose, as suggested in the above lines, clear, bright, lustrous; and as it was a day whose sun on the subject of this memoir never set, so it was a day without clouds, “having the body of heaven in its clearness.”

If thus early Mr. Carey were “a plant in the house of the Lord,” then was his impression from the influence of his mother the first fair growth; it is now to search for successive growths and for blossoms which shall bear fruit to the glory of God. If the staple of love has been fixed in the rock Truth by her instrumentality, it is now to find the first link in the golden chain of divine guidance which lengthens onward in advancement of his steps, on which the

hand lays hold, and which fails not to light and conduct him through all the mazes and labyrinths of time to the pearly gates of immortality and glory.

The only thing which broke in on the later years of childhood which was vividly impressed on Mr. Carey's mind, was the return home of his father from scenes of military engagement. The very sight of him used to fill the boy with admiration of his profession, and even as a child he longed for the time when he, too, should become a soldier. The account which his father gave of the battle-field in Holland was clearly depicted on his memory; that such was the fearful carnage on leaving the terrible scene of the engagement, the soldiers walked through pools of human blood.

Thomas Carey, Eustace's father, was not like his brother William, little of stature. He was tall and portly; he had a beautiful voice, and could sing well; and besides these, his general bearing carried with it an air of authority. No wonder that such exterior attractions should find their way into the heart of his little son. Although so fragile and half alive, yet was the feebleness of his body no criterion for the state of his mind. There seems even now to have been awakened in him a measure of courage beyond his years. Of this mental endowment, so much needed by all in the performance of the pressing duties of life, we shall find him hereafter

abundantly possessed. Great zeal and admiration were also very early evinced by him for the military profession. He is not long in ascertaining the fact that he is one of the lords of the creation; and, feeble as his body now is, he means to act out his part manfully, if we have but patience to wait for him. But that red coat—! Never was anything so beautiful as that. He crept up his father's knees and tried to wind a bit of this fine colour about his own neck. "Oh, how beautiful!" There were the steps of his mother, her voice too! Yes, these were there at Paulerspury; but now, even at Paulerspury, where were the "talking trees," and the school-chamber where courage of another kind was first awakened, there is now this red coat! Why, it sank down into his young heart, under the sun-beams of his mother's influence as a strong colour would sink into snow warmed by the rays of the morning sun. But it left a space unoccupied in the earnest intention and longing of the child's heart which was not to be easily filled. We shall see what becomes of this hereafter.

But the Wesleyan *hymns* and the *red coat*! Strange things to put together. They *grew* together, they were not *put* together; and they were the right sort of things, nevertheless, as many of our brave soldiers have recently found on the battle-field, to their joy and consolation, both in life and in death. If a man

must be a soldier, let him have as much religion as he can carry with him, for he will need it all. Who that reads the thrilling details of our late Crimean war, and more especially those given in the life of Hedly Vicars, would wish that he had known less of hymns; in other words, had had less religion? What a noble example his who "forsook not his colours" in any society!

Amidst all the desolation of that war, as an angel of mercy he went to the living and the dying; and sustained by his words of kindness and of love the hearts of his companions, who, like himself, were appointed to die. As that of a noble confessor his name will remain on the pages of our history. Were all Christians like him!—

But what did Mr. Thomas Carey ask his little son when about seven or eight years old? That which most parents ask their children quite *soon enough*.

"And you, little boy, what will you be?"

"Why, a soldier to be sure."

"But can you fight?"

"Fight! why, I don't know; but I am *sure* I will be a soldier."

A right and good answer. Who could tell so early in life whether they could fight? But to be a *soldier*,—that thou shalt be, thou brave lad; and thou shalt bear the standard of the cross before one of the tribes of the children of Israel!

Mrs. Carey removed from Pury to Northampton during the childhood of her son. This change, from a pleasant country village to a confined market town, was not the most suitable to him in his weak state of health; and all that was fragile and unsustained before still remained with him and increased in this place. Indeed it was feared by some relations, who still remember his spare, frail appearance, that in Northampton he would soon find his grave. But it was so arranged by a wise and gracious Providence that this change, so seemingly unpropitious to him, should be productive of the greatest good, and hence is placed before the reader the next page of his early history.

About eight miles from Northampton is the pretty village of Cottisbrook, which, as its name imports, contains pasture land for sheep, also a brook which flows through its green and pleasant valley. Three miles from Cottisbrook lies Naseby field, where the famous battle was fought bearing that name, in the time of the Parliamentary wars. If traditional report be correct, it was then, as in the time of which we are writing, remarkable for its flocks of sheep; for Cromwell's soldiers are said freely to have availed themselves of the use of these, and also of the brook and pond attaching thereto. But the brook, on that celebrated day, went on as aforetime, regarding only its own social chatter, and attuning its playful ripple as

best suited to the charge which it took of the waking or sleeping flowers on its margin. The shout of the battle or of victory arrested it not, neither does it record or intimate in any one aspect this grand event. Thus do nature's works go on irrespective of, and uninfluenced by man's works; for could they affect these as they do the moral and social institutions of our world, a fruitful land would often be turned into barrenness, and man's life, so dependent on its products, would present nothing but a gloomy tragedy. Happily the surface of this fair earth is not destined to record in perpetuity the desolating ravages of war, nor deeds of slaughter, whether in a righteous or an unrighteous cause. Succeeding generations may congratulate themselves that the record of our nation's bravery and conquest lies on the page of history alone.

In this village of Cottisbrook, whose name is light-some and musical, there resided two aunts of the subject of this memoir. They were the daughters of Mr. Edmund Carey, of Paulerspury, and the sisters of Dr. Carey, who are so often mentioned in his Life.

As Mr. Carey's early intimacy with these relatives issued in most important results, and probably affected the whole character and direction of his life, no apology is offered to the reader for the brief history of them which follows.

The elder of these aunts was Mrs. Hobson, formerly

Ann Carey. She was the generous hostess of the social board at Cottisbrook, at which her nephew Eustace now becomes so frequent and so welcome a guest. Mrs. Hobson was the mother of a very large family. She and her husband rented a small grazing farm under a baronet then residing in the village, and who was the proprietor of all the land in the parish. Mr. and Mrs. Hobson having so many children to provide for were pressed with many difficulties from day to day. The world was a rough world to them, as it has been to thousands of others; and more especially after they had turned their backs upon its maxims and practices, and had learned the excellence of Christ's religion.

Mr. Hobson had been brought up a Churchman, and for many years he continued his attendance on the Established worship, and adherence to its ritual. When, however, he was awakened by the Spirit of God to a sense of his need of the pardoning and sanctifying grace of Christ, and of his lost condition as a sinner without this renewing process on his soul, he took it very much to heart that his Church had failed to do that which it had promised, both in its baptism, in the daily service and catechism, also in confirmation, to do. Indeed, he found it had not merely *promised* him regeneration, it had assured him that he was *already* regenerated, and he naturally thought that the effects of such renewing process

would evolve themselves in mature life. But, alas ! he found that he was not only not right—not “a child of God,” neither an inheritor nor possessor “of the kingdom of heaven,” but that he was still in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity,—“tied and bound with the chain of his sins.” He therefore left the Church in great sadness, if not in dudgeon, and sought the means of grace elsewhere, which, as he hoped, would better effectuate in his heart and life the high purpose which he now so earnestly pursued. This decision on his part, also that already formed by his non-conforming wife and sister, led them all to seek as Christians to promote amongst themselves and their neighbours those principles of divine truth of which they now found themselves the possessors.

This attempt on their part, while at the same time they absented themselves from church, brought down upon them the most bitter persecution of the baronet. At this time there was no gleam of light whatever in the church except that which was gained from the reading of the Scriptures ; and they felt that they should be unfaithful to their conscientious convictions of duty if they, for the sake of keeping their farm, attended upon the mere forms of religion where its spirit was so entirely absent. They therefore met for worship in their own house, invited their neighbours to unite with them, and had a minister to preach to them the Word of Life as often as they could obtain

one. As soon as the baronet learned that his little farm was let to such strange, outlandish people, who were so unreasonable as not to be satisfied with things as they found them,—that, in fact, some of those “who turned the world upside-down had come hither also,”—he was determined to expel them, and expel them he did, although they had a lease of the farm. Well might Mrs. M. Carey write to her brother, “this place is walled up to heaven against the Gospel.” When remonstrated with, the baronet’s reply was, “I do what I do not allow.” It is, however, but justice to his memory to record that he was afterwards visited with compunction, and presented some little pecuniary compensation for the injury which he felt they had sustained through him. Dr. Carey writes to his father respecting Cottisbrook—“I greatly commend my dear sister Ann for not surrendering up her conscience for a petty lot of land. I think she will be better without it.”

Mrs. Hobson’s heart was deeply imbued with the love of Christ. She and her sister had been taught almost all that they knew of religion by their honoured brother. They were both—their parents also—the fruit of Dr. Carey’s prayers and labours before he left this country for India. As this history advances the reader will not fail to be reminded again and again of the parable of the grain of mustard-seed, for in such manner as *it* intimates did the Word of the Lord grow and mul-

tiply, as ministered at home by this his servant. Mrs. Hobson was, moreover, the most kind-hearted of persons; and although she had a family of her own, and early in life was deprived of her husband by sudden death, she was never more pleased than when she had others at the table with them; and whether her board afforded "the stalled ox" or "the dinner of herbs," there was always love present at the meal; and the God of love, whom she trusted, and whom she cheerfully served, gave her in rich abundance his peace and presence. She not only, by her own industry chiefly, brought up her children honourably and usefully, but she found it possible to confer both time and labour on the Church and cause of Jesus Christ wherever she resided. She was a remarkable woman for her energy and perseverance in duty. At Boxmoor, where she last resided, her house was again as a city set on a hill,—a light in the midst of darkness; and it was mainly through her benevolent efforts that the commodious chapel was erected there which continues to this day to hail home to their Saviour lost and perishing souls through the faithful preaching of his word.

Miss Carey, or as she was generally called, Mrs. Mary Carey, resided with her sister, Mrs. Hobson. She was the family correspondent of Dr. Carey, from the time that he was apprenticed at Hackleton when fourteen years of age to the end of his life, including

a period of sixty years. Her brother William in his correspondence always called her Polly. This was her home name for many years. It was this sister of Dr. Carey who, when he became apprenticed, took the charge of his live birds, and killed so many of them with kindness. She used to tell often in after years, how much she watched the behaviour of her brother when he came home from Hackleton. When she heard him converse about the necessity of a change of heart, and more especially when he burned the playing cards, Polly was heard often to say, "righteous over much." But when her brother gained the consent of his father to conduct family worship at home, and used this expression in his prayer, "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags," Polly was quite indignant to think that her goodness and that of her parents should be described by her brother in such, to her, disagreeable terms. That *her* righteousness was such she never would believe; neither would she take her brother's estimate of it. She often referred, in after years, to the thoughts which passed through her mind at the time of this prayer, and how earnestly she sought afterwards to recall to herself what she had done to offend her brother. The poor birds now came before her view, but as she had not killed them designedly, and remembering no other fault, she said to herself, "Why should he say *my* righteousness is as filthy rags?"

But in her case, as well as that of her sister and parents, his prayers were answered; and after passing through much mental conflict she was brought, by the grace of God, to peace and joy in believing. During her state of depression, when she found the gate strait and the way narrow that *leadeth unto life*, he writes to her:—"Tell Polly all I can say to her is this—a sinner on this side hell will have reason to despond when the blood of Christ has lost its efficacy, when the nature of God is changed, and he ceases to be good and gracious, or when the Gospel is powerless, and all its glorious declarations obliterated. Then, and not till then, may my dear sister have reason to despair. Abhor herself she ought, and ought to be sensible in the most exquisite degree of her rebellion and depravity; but till her sins are *greater than God can forgive, or surpass the value of her Saviour's blood*, she may hope; nay, if she herself had chosen in what way God should have expressed his willingness to save, she could not have chosen language more explicit, nor declarations more unlimited. Here is a ground of hope, and here all is *solid rock*. Not only a ground of hope for heaven, but a cleansing away of sin every day. My relations are often on my heart. Oh, that I may meet them with joy before the throne of God."

Truly did his heart rejoice when informed that his

sisters were about to join the church at Towcester.

“I sincerely rejoice at my sisters joining the church, and pray that they may both be ornaments to the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. The profession of the religion of Jesus may be impaired and injured by them who make a boast of his holy name. But my dear sisters will remember that now they have engaged in the most solemn manner to serve the Lord alone, and that before many witnesses. To apostatise after such a profession, or but *slackly* to pursue the commands of God, is a tacit acknowledgment to the whole world, that after an important trial of religion and the customs of the world, you have found the world to deserve the preference, or that religion deserved but a very slight attention. Remember the declaration of God’s word, ‘the slothful eateth and hath nothing,’ and that not he who barely *sets out*, but he that *endureth to the end* shall be saved.

“I do not write these things to discourage you, but to show the great importance of the undertaking; for, on the other hand, you have an All-sufficient Saviour, one in whom it hath pleased the Father that all fulness should dwell, and who gives liberally to all. What an encouragement to earnest, diligent prayer! May all my dear relations live from day to

day on this glorious Saviour, whose words are spirit, and they are life."

When a young girl, at Pury, Mrs. M. Carey was remarkable for her good health and great vivacity; but at the time her nephew Eustace first visited Cottisbrook she had been afflicted for some years. She could speak only in a whisper; was, moreover, at this time quite lame; and the only thing she could do to employ herself and to change the monotony of her life was that of instructing the children of her sister in reading and Scripture knowledge. As God had, in his inscrutable providence, made her an example of suffering affliction, so was she through his grace, one of patience also, and of most extraordinary placid demeanour and devoutness. It was of her that Mr. Carey said, in his *Life of Dr. Carey*, "she has been confined to her chamber, without exception of a day, these forty years; nearly the whole of that period she has been speechless, and the hand with which she writes is the only limb she can use."*

If it be true that "the best earthly joys which are withholden are as grains of gold snatched by a descending angel from life's swift and troubled river," then what a rich treasure was laid up in heaven for this afflicted saint! How many thousands of persons there are who pass through the whole of life's

changes to the very precincts of the grave without a single deprivation of a painful kind, much less the complication of this distressing case. But even in such an instance as this, in which God's "way is in the sea, and his path in the deep waters, and his footsteps are not known," there seems yet to be a dark intimation given to us, that as some individuals of the human race are placed by themselves as pillars on the sea-borne coast of time; as monuments there of human greatness, through whom the rest of the race learn the vanity of earthly glory, (like "Solomon who made silver in Jerusalem to be as stones, and yet thereafter was less rich toward God;") so there may be some other individuals of that race, through whom exhibitions are made of the vast amount of sorrow which may be borne by human nature without exhausting its capability of endurance; and of its effects, when sanctified, of wearing down the angles and easing for others the rocky ascent of life's heavy road. Such individuals also become media, through whom mankind may learn most emphatically that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth; that man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God." Besides, may not such exhibitions of the divine arrangements "incite our wavering desires after the ONE GOOD, that is God, and convince us, that in the unclouded experience of his everlasting favour there is a bliss

which infinitely outweighs all joys of finite affection?"*

She endeared herself by her Christian example and affectionate deportment to all who knew her. She had had the privilege of her brother's instruction as well as correspondence ; so that she was well versed in Scripture knowledge, and was able to teach those truths of the Word of Life which she had so often " handled and tasted " for herself. Both herself and Mrs. Hobson were very fond of children ; here, therefore, their nephew Eustace was a very frequent visitor. Indeed, this house was a second home to him, where he found all his lost country pleasures, and some over and above those which he had ever enjoyed before. To a child from a confined town it was natural that one of his greatest attractions, and that which occasioned most surprise, was the wonderful sight which his aunt's dairy presented. When first seeing the large pans of new milk, and receiving his good-tempered aunt's welcome in the words, " and you may have as much as you wish," his astonishment was great, and his delight also. Could it really be true that he had found a land flowing with milk and honey, and what was equal to it, loving hearts to give him at all times a cheerful welcome?

" Aunt, may I really have as much milk as I like ? "

" Yes, my dear, to be sure you may," was the

* *Shepherd's Christian Encouragement*, p. 189.

heartily reply. What an abundance of true pleasure fell to his lot now! Here were the milk, the sheep, the cows,—the fields, the pond, the brook. He and his cousins knew in early days that sound to which our poet so beautifully alludes, as a part of his own enjoyment in maturer years, in company with his lamented friend,

“When, brushing ankle-deep in flowers,
We heard behind the woodbine veil
The milk that bubbled in the pail,
And buzzing of the honied houses.”*

The exhilaration of spirits on a summer's morning, arising from the delicious pleasures of sight and touch, of scent and sound, is known only to those who are familiar with the charms of the country. The real luxuries of country life, boys, above all other human beings, seem to be capable of enjoying and of using to the greatest advantage. But the red coat, is it in existence now? Yes, surely, it is a big idea in the child's mind; for something to *do* he means to have in this great world of ours, as well as something to enjoy.

These visits to Cottisbrook, the good milk and plenty of it, his most enthusiastic persecution of the fish in the brook and pond during the summer months, with many other rustic pursuits, were the means of establishing his health in a degree in which he had

* Tennyson.

never before enjoyed it. As he was the youngest of the brothers, in delicate health, his father far away on the battle-field, he now became in great part the care of the two kind aunts, especially of Mrs. Mary Carey, who in her first mention of him in her diary wrote, "this same shall comfort us." This prediction of hers was literally fulfilled in after years, when, through advancing age and altered circumstances, these servants of Christ needed his kind aid and sympathy. At the time of which we are writing they were two, not only kind, but extraordinary aunts. They were not to their young relative *good* and *awkward* at the same time, as some aunts, especially unmarried ones, are; they were only good, and more like angels in his esteem than aunts.

This was often gratefully referred to by Mr. Carey in after life; also the hearty manner in which juvenile sports and amusements were entered into by them, all sorts of allowance being made for accidents with clothes and late return to the midday meal. How many times at Cottisbrook has the fishing beguiled the hours of the live-long day, while the fish, as if they would not be caught, eluded all the skill and vigilance of the young angler. If the excuse were apparently sincere, "Aunt, the fish would not come;" and the wish in persevering so long in attempting to obtain them was known to be that of procuring some for the afflicted aunt, all was

soon right. As there were no clouds of anger on the kind aunt's brow, there were no showers of tears from the child's eyes to succeed them.

While the moral delinquencies of children were here ever sharply rebuked, yet how readily were excuses formed for their failings and infirmities. Thus did they contribute their best effort to wake the sunlight of childhood, which is at best but as that of an April day, alternate in warmth as well as brightness, with its cloud and rain. A hundred juvenile faults were viewed at Cottisbrook as venial, and hence the heart's best affections were thrown for life around these worthy relations. The writer feels that too conspicuous a place cannot be given to such valued and effective kindness as that received from them by Mr. Carey in his early history; nor to the charm which the scenery of Cottisbrook presented to him. The reader must endeavour to realize the lingering look which memory often cast back on its pleasant meadows, decked with buttercups and daisies, which emitted light and blended in harmony with "the livelier emerald, which twinkled in the grass," and chiefly on

"The brook that loves
To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed sand ;"

Or on

"The thick-fleeced sheep from wattled-fold,
What time the amber morn
Forth gushes from beneath a low hung cloud."

There was "music without notes" through the pleasant influences of soft winds and ringing streamlets; and here the shady couch of the violet, and the covert of the well-wooded copse; and even that which might have been deemed by some coarse and commonplace, was to this child as the honey out of the rock, and the meat, in whose strength he went many days. His health required that he should be much in the open air, and here was his table spread; here was a home and a hearth where he was always welcome as a son and a brother. As all the *milk* might be his if he needed it, so all other things were his, as far as he could use them; and, what was best of all, loving hearts were his. There it was, in the busy, noisy home at Cottisbrook, that his delicate frame became strengthened, and that he was raised from the very brink of the grave to health, which gave proof of future active life and usefulness.

But there was another circumstance more lasting than the good health connected with these pleasant visits to Cottisbrook. Here not only were those early habits of boyhood formed which generally have so great an influence in fixing the character of the after life, but here it was, in his early years, he was led to hear his Saviour's voice, in whispers of love and tender kindness. Before this circumstance is given in detail, it is needful somewhat more minutely to describe the tried history and character of that member of the

Cottisbrook family, who was the means of effectuating so much good in the mind of her young nephew, Eustace Carey. This incident is as follows:—

During her residence at Cottisbrook, Mrs. M. Carey could walk with the help of a crutch, and could also speak in a whisper, or low voice. Some of the children slept in a double-bedded room, their cousin, Eustace, also with them. To this room Mrs. M. Carey's own sleeping apartment was attached. It was her custom every evening to go into the children's room on her way to her own, and just as they were going to bed relate to them some Scripture story, and commit them for the night to the care and keeping of God in prayer. "Poor aunt's" Scripture stories, and the fascinating manner in which she told them, were always eloquent enough both in thought and feeling as well as subject matter, if not in tone, to keep her sleepy audience awake, or after the employment of the day to invite to an earlier retirement to bed. In giving these simple, but instructive lessons; it was that the hearts of two of the children were "opened by the Lord to attend to the things" which she spake; and while aiming only to glorify her Saviour in commending his truth to the tender heart and conscience, she assumed, without designing it, the character of preceptress in divine things to her young nephew. Here and in the adjoining room it was, when quite a boy, he heard "the first whispers

of grace from her lips," and here were also the first utterances of his own. It is remembered by a relative, that in Mr. Carey's first letter from India; addressed to his aunts (the letter is unhappily lost), there were the following sentences :—"It was always with delight I left Northampton on my way to Cottisbrook, for there I was received with pleasant looks, and with as much as the times would allow and the house would afford." After alluding to Mrs. M. Carey's Bible, and the object of interest that it was to him as the first in which he had read the lively oracles of God with delight and understanding, there was also this sentence: "Here it was that my ear became opened to hear the first whispers of grace from her lips."

Thus in the dewy dawn of his intelligence is his heart renewed through the grace and sanctifying influence of the divine spirit; and now he cries to God, "My Father, thou shalt be the guide of my youth." The delight which this circumstance gave to his kind instructress will be fully described in her own words in the next chapter. To her, as well as to his mother, it must have been matter of devout congratulation to see one so young the subject of divine grace; and while with hope mingled with fear they watched his spiritual progress, to perceive that it was one calm, consistent, unwavering purpose on his part. From boyhood he passes on to youth before he makes

known to any one the secret purpose of his heart; but according to his own confession, in the letter before referred to, the race was *now* commenced, and "the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus" was definitively before the eye of the mind through faith. Events in the onward history must not be anticipated. Suffice it to remark here, that the race is steadily pursued; and while it will happily be not the task of the writer to record hereafter grievous backsliding of heart or life, so neither will it be to present those perplexing and painful exercises of the mind in youth which lead so often through the vicissitudes of doubt to confirmed unbelief. In proportion to the attainment of knowledge, whether secular or divine, there is apparent also a growth of the best affections of the heart, and the enlisting on the side of God and his revealed truth as contained in the Bible, the most ardent and devout sympathy of his entire nature.

While the reader will learn from the pen of Mrs. M. Carey, in the next chapter, the difficulty which he had in making known to even her the religious exercises of his mind, he will learn also the excellence of the training under which God had placed him. Skilled in handling the sword of the Spirit, she knew not how to present either doubt or fear to the young disciple. Like her divine Master she clearly taught, "this is the work of God, to *believe* in him whom he

hath sent ;” not to quibble and question, and to satisfy what are called the demands of reason first, as is so often the natural *result* of teaching in the present day. And as *doubting* was no part of that divine science which she taught, but on the contrary, she ever pressed home on his conscience the undeniable and urgent claims which the Great Creator has on the youthful heart ; so its absence becomes a remarkable feature in his own experience and teaching in after life. This habit of his mind commenced thus early ; he had *faith in God*, and it was firm and unwavering. When in after years opportunities were given him, by his educational advantages and acquirements, for critically examining the basis of his faith, he was as firm as a rock ; exhibiting the truth of the Lord’s words, “if any man will *do his will* he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself.” His entire complacency in the divine character had never a shadow cast upon it by one moment’s doubt or distrust. A deep stream of devotion and reverence for God flowed through his soul ; and it has seemed to the writer as if all his religious views and feelings were gathered up into a focus and thrown in one stream of unbroken rays of heat and light on the object of his supreme devout faith. This feature will be more conspicuous in the after pages of his life ; but it may be properly introduced here for the purpose of showing the value of a *sound scriptural education*

in early youth, and the effect which such an education is designed to produce on the mind, especially when presented by a person who ardently and practically believes in the leading doctrines of the gospel.

The reader will be able to form some idea of the earnestness with which Mrs. Carey sought the salvation of *her children*, as she called those of her sister and brothers, from the following brief correspondence with one of them, with which the present chapter will be closed. These letters appear in this place not only to show how capable she was of giving instruction, but to exhibit the manner in which she emulated the divine example of her Saviour, in her attempts to seek the lost and restore the wandering. How often does it happen in Christian Churches, that if the young turn aside, as she calls it, into "Bye-path Meadow," the older members of the Church become shy and cold in their manner toward the erring soul. How often, moreover, does the very opposition which is made to those who are caught in the net of the great adversary, instead of proving a remedy, become a powerful ally of the evil. And in cases where there may not be strenuous opposition there is an altered manner; a shyness and coldness on the part of Church members, which tend more firmly than anything else to rivet the error and to drive the soul further from God. The writer has seen this occasionally carried out in hastily cutting off persons

from the fellowship of the Church, and then abandoning them to Satan, not, it is feared, "for the destruction of the flesh" only. Surely it is the Church's business to seek to follow the high authority given us in 2 Cor. ii., and to *restore* such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering *thyself*, lest thou also be tempted."

This sort of treatment was a great discouragement to Dr. Carey when quite a youth at Hackleton. His mind being set on getting as much instruction as he could, he occasionally conversed with a man of whom it had been reported that he held some peculiar sentiments. "Some old Christians in the village where I lived had frequently taken me by the hand, and communicated their own experience and feelings to me, which had much encouraged me. But after I had conversed with this man once or twice, and they knew that I read books which he lent me, all began to suspect that I leaned to erroneous opinions, and for a long time said but little to me."

In the case of a moral as well as theoretical departure, how seldom is that spirit evinced on the part of members of Churches which love to Christ and to souls would seem to dictate. Should such a falling, erring "brother be swallowed up with overmuch sorrow" through the want of a timely administration of comfort, much sin will be laid at their door for neglect of so obvious a duty. Were the

lesson more frequently impressed, "let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall;"—"Thou standest by faith; be not high-minded, but fear," we should more frequently have the backslider reclaimed, and evil arrested in its early progress. Some professing Christians hold this as a part of their creed, not only to dislike the *evil*, but to dislike the *person* also. To a nephew, Mrs. M. Carey writes:—

"My dear little A——, I hope, will not forget me quite. I hope I do rejoice and pray for her that she may follow on to know the Lord, even to the end, live to prove a comfort to her dear father and you, and an *owner* of that meek and quiet spirit which is in the sight of God and of all good people of great price. The more we try to cultivate it the happier we shall feel in our own minds; for by trying to make happy we have a present reward in feeling happy. May we grow in conformity to that blessed grace both in youth and age. I hope we shall soon hear and see the blessed effects of the Gospel take place, and the lion and the lamb feeding together, and a child-like disposition pervading all. Well, God is able, and he is as able as he is willing; let us be more earnest. Some one says, though I do not know who, if the evils that afflict man are to be removed when the Gospel shall indeed cover the earth, how earnest should we be, who have, we hope, felt its

saving power, to spread abroad its healing power ; to spread abroad His mighty name. I saw and felt pleased in reading those lines.* God has done much for us, and I feel and hope we shall yet have more sacrifices to make to so good a Lord.

“ I shall feel happy to hear you have returned from ‘ Bye-path Meadow.’ It is a dangerous place to enter, and every step will increase the danger. I must say we have felt much for you. You did run well, what has hindered you? Did you find that dear Saviour who could lay down his life for us while we were sinners and enemies to him ; did you find him a hard master, he who gave his soul up to the stroke without a murmuring word, and died that we might live? Oh, my dear ——, may he not be wounded by us in the house of his professed friends? I hope you may feel his look of love melt your heart as it did Peter’s, and his precious word inviting you to look again towards his holy temple. How kind he speaks ! ‘ Return, ye backsliding children.’ Let us listen to his voice, for he still waits to be gracious. What should I do without just such a Saviour,—such a High Priest touched with a feeling of all my infirmities, and pardoning my sins? We are too proud of ——, in the hope they were in early life walking in the truth as it is in Jesus. You were beloved for your own sake, and for your beloved parents’ sake. Now,

* Alluding to a passage in her own journal.

perhaps you may feel rather hurt if old friends may seem to forsake you, but let me beg of you not to conclude too hastily. Never have I felt so much on your behalf, and could I do anything to promote either your happiness or your good it would give me great pleasure.

“Permit me before I see you to ask this one question, ‘What think ye of Christ?’ You can reply, ‘He is the chief of ten thousand.’ May you be enabled to devote the prime of your life to the best of Saviours, and soon be led to show your obedience to all the commands of your Lord. I feel assured you will never have cause to repent. I hope I have known the Lord for many years, and have long been called to prove his faithfulness and care. Never have I found it fail, although I am still so apt to distrust. I have long desired to recommend to children and children’s children the service of such a master. Oh, may we all meet to spend a long eternity in pleasure and in praise. Should we all meet, and should I amongst you stand,

‘That blessed interview, how sweet
To fall transported at his feet;
Raised to his arms to view his face
Thro’ the full beamings of his grace.’

God is a refuge suited to our youth and age, a present help in all our times of need.

To the same.—“I hope I shall hear soon of your decision of character on the Lord’s side, and your obedience to all his commands. I do think it not only a duty, but a privilege, to be united with the Lord’s people. Be much with God in prayer. ‘Ask and ye shall receive, knock and the door shall be opened unto you.’ What can we desire more? The promise is adequate to any case; persevere in asking, the promise will never fail. Jesus is worthy of our love, and let him have your first and constant regard. Excuse my freedom, my dearest; I have found that religion is alone able to sustain my own soul through the depths of adversity for many years, and that makes me feel the more anxious for you and all my dear children to devote the prime of their days to the service of so good a Lord.”

“MY DEAR ——. Some time since I felt happy to hear you had made a public profession of your adherence to the best of masters, by showing your obedience to his commands, but I have since heard I was mistaken. Yet, my dear ——, the time is not far distant that I may have the pleasure renewed in a reality. I hope, I know you feel that religion is a personal concern, and that Jesus is worthy your first and supreme regard. Halt not between two opinions, but own your supreme attachment to him whose love

has been so great to you. Devote the prime of your days to him, who for our sakes could leave his throne of glory. What love to take our nature upon him,—to die that we might live. I have not been worse than usual lately, but at the best life is truly painful; but there is this consideration, I hope I am in good hands; I hope I do feel that in great faithfulness he has and does afflict, and to these I could more fully speak of his goodness, and of his power to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him, and that those who come to Him by faith and prayer He will never cast out.”

To the same.—“I was delighted while reading—

‘Love is the sweetest bud that blows,
Its beauty never dies,
On earth among the saints it *grows*,
And opens in the skies.’

I did rejoice when Mr. Penney told me of your decision of character on the Lord's side, and of ——. I felt it quite to strengthen my faith and encourage my hope that these pledges may only be the beginnings, and that all so dear to me may be amongst the happy number of those who feel the importance of early piety. May you walk worthy of God, and grow in grace, and never forget that your poor aunt greatly needs your prayers. . . . Of that blessing

my heavenly Father has not left me yet, and I trust will never leave me destitute of the pleasure of sympathising with my friends, although I have not felt the relief a tear gives to my own feelings since my voice quite left me in 1802. But I do count it amongst my mercies still that I am not wholly left without the desire to direct my dear friends, in all their times of need, to examine with the Psalmist, and interrogate their own hearts, and perhaps if we could adopt his plan we should say, 'Why art thou cast down,' &c. Let us not give way to desponding thoughts. It brings to my mind a hymn dear Mr. Skinner once repeated to me,—

‘Lord, didst thou die, but not for me,
Am I forbid to trust thy blood?
Hast thou not pardon rich and free,
And grace an overwhelming flood?’

We may go again and again, and shall still find the way open, or what could I do? But it is free, unbounded mercy; it is by grace we are saved; not of works lest any man should boast. If of the latter, I must after all sit down in despair. For although I have been so many years laid by useless, and out of the way of outward danger, yet one sleepless night must condemn me in the sight of that holy God who sets my sins in the light of his countenance. But it is a free and full salvation without money and with-

out price. The blood of Christ still cleanses from all sin. Let me beg of you to go fully to him, and you will find him 'a High Priest who can be touched with a feeling of your infirmities.'

"Your affectionate Aunt,

"M. CAREY."

CHAP. IV.

EDUCATION—BAPTISM—EARLY MINISTRY—STUDIES AT OLNEY.

“Heaven lies about us in our infancy;
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy:
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows;
He sees it in his joy.”

OF Mr. Carey's educational training at this early period of his history the writer has no information to give. But it is more than probable that, as at this time the good school at Pury was still in operation, under the direction of grandfather Edmund Carey, the pet grandson enjoyed the privilege of receiving his instruction there, as his uncle and father had done aforetime. It is somewhat remarkable that a similarity exists between Mr. Carey's handwriting and that of his uncle, Dr. Carey; and, if this be any criterion, we may conclude that the same master taught both of them. To Mr. Edmund Carey's success in teaching all branches of knowledge, usually learnt in early life in the mother tongue, the writer has before alluded. It was, therefore, either at Pury or Northampton that Mr. Carey went through this course of early instruction. It must be remembered,

however, that during all this time of his life, his continued ill health prevented his close application to lessons. Another incident must now be noticed, which, equally with the one pointed out in the last chapter, indicates the hand which was leading "him in the right way."

From early boyhood he had been in the habit of attending the able ministry of Dr. Ryland, at College Lane Chapel, Northampton. Subsequent events make it apparent, that it was there, as well as in the society of his relations, that his early associations were formed, and those companionships acquired, which were most likely to direct, and under Providence, to shape the course of his future life; for there he was surrounded with the very missionary stimulus which was to influence his entire destiny. And we may now see the curious fact, that if Northamptonshire had been, as it was familiarly called, the *cradle* of the mission, we have in it now, together with the midland counties (to continue the familiar allusion), its *nursery*; for we have here preparing for the work abroad, in boyhood, and subsequently in manhood, John Lawson, Eustace Carey, William Yates, William H. Pearce, and James Penney.

The incidents which follow are chiefly collected from the journal of Mrs. Mary Carey. While it is gratifying to the writer to be able to present materials gathered from such a source in Mr. Carey's

onward history, it is not less so on account of the high testimony which they bear to the Christian character and devotedness of the afflicted writer. A perusal of their contents, and the brief narrative which has been given of her in these pages, cannot fail to impress this thought upon the mind, that persons who are by bodily infirmity cut off from the work-day employment incident to the activities of full health and life, may yet, in their solitary chamber, be most important members of the Church of Jesus Christ. Such was her modesty that she reckoned not herself even amongst those distinguished ones to whom our poet so touchingly alludes,

“They also serve who only stand and *wait*.”

And truly, that which was required of her daily, was rather patient *submission* to the divine will; for the mystery in her case, in all human judgment, was that her life should be continued. But her history, and the fact that she effectuated so much good on behalf of others, may present consolation to all afflicted ones in the Church of Christ, so that none need say, who can use the pen, “my strength and my hopes are perished from the Lord.”

In the following narrative an interval elapses between Mr. Carey’s last residence at Northampton and the date with which Mrs. M. Carey’s journal respecting him commences. It seems that in con-

sequence of his continued feeble health his relations gave up all idea of his learning a business, and that they thought, especially his tutoress, that Providence would provide him with some other occupation which might be even then in reserve for him. His growth in devout piety, also in studious habits, strengthened this conviction; and many a stroke on the forehead and approving smiles were passed over to him from the hand and the countenance of his kind friend, which gave him much encouragement.

She mentions, in one of her diary-dottings, that he read a sermon to her one day; and that before reading it he used the boy-like means of fastening the latch of the door with his pocket-knife, lest his cousins should by any chance, through a crevice, see what he was doing.

The first entry with date is as follows. The final turning point in the subject of this history to which it alludes, cannot fail to present occasion for thanksgiving to all those who know the blessedness that is connected with a true conversion of the heart to God.

Great was his difficulty in inducing himself to make this first venture, even in the presence of one with whom he was so entirely at home, and in whose friendship he felt all confidence. At length he conversed freely with her; and she took occasion afterwards to mention his great backwardness and modesty. As it was in her ear alone that he preached his first

sermon and offered his first audible prayer, so it is that now to her he ventured to utter the first whisper of his own heart's love and ardent desire to give himself to Christ and his service for ever.

In reference to this solemn step which is now taken by him, she thus writes:—

“May 29, 1808.—Last Sabbath revived by hearing Eustace Carey speak of what the Lord had done for his soul. The modest manner in which he expressed himself gave me great pleasure, and almost overcame my weak frame, not being able to shed tears. O Lord may thy work, where we hope it is begun by thy Almighty power, be carried on in the hearts of our dear children.” (Alluding to Eustace and two of his cousins.) The next record mentions his first attempt with her at audible prayer.

“September, 1808.—I have this day been indulged with waiting at thy footstool with one of them.” (Alluding to her nephews under serious impression.) “O my God, give me a deep sense of obligation for such favour, and do thou keep him near thyself, and fit him and each of ours for great usefulness in thy Church. Restore his bodily health if most for thy glory; but we wish to have submission to this and every dispensation. Be it mine to sanctify all thy mercies.”

“April 9, 1809.—Preserve and keep them* from the

* Alluding also to a cousin who went to India to her uncle Dr. Carey.

evils of the world, and I pray that the tender plants may be guarded from every nipping frost. Into thy hand I commit them; and may we all meet round the throne of God, there to adore his love! No night there, no days of separation. Suffer them not to be overcome by temptation to sin, but uphold them by thy power. Make them pillars in the temple of their God!

“May we be nurses for the Church. The thought is delightful. May we give to God all the glory due to his name, and may these beginnings encourage our hope; and these be as earnestness to animate us to hope for the rest of our dear children to be brought into the glorious liberty of thy Church. What has God wrought on our behalf?”

It now became evident that he had long been working in the field of his own mind, under the teaching of the Divine Spirit; and that the seed planted there at Paulerspury, and since fructified by the warm sunbeams at Cottisbrook, appeared in the blade, with promise of continued growth and vigour. To the Lord in whom he believes he yields himself, and all that he possesses, by a personal consecration; and then soon gives himself to the “Church by the will of God.” Before many witnesses he was baptized July 7, 1809, by Dr. Ryland of College Lane, now called College Street Chapel, Northampton. Dr. Ryland, on his removal to Bristol College, was suc-

ceeded in the pastorate of the Church, assembling in the above place of worship, by Mr. Keeley, under whose ministry and pastoral care Mr. Carey was subsequently placed. Mrs. M. Carey thus refers to this event:—

“This day I have the pleasure to expect my dear nephew is following his Lord in the ordinance of baptism. Lord, lift on him and each the light of thy countenance. May the joy of the Lord be his strength! Keep him through life humble and honourable. I am ready to cry out, ‘What is my father’s house that such honours are put upon me! May we each be kept to the *end*; the cause of Christ not suffer on our account; but keep us as the apple of thine eye!’ ”

The reader will learn in what manner and in what degree as to result, each of these petitions at the throne of grace on his behalf, was answered in the course and events of Mr. Carey’s life. It may, however, be remarked here, that his profession of faith in Christ was not “in name only;” neither was it like the blinking incertitude of an April day. In the clear, steady, full eye of all-joyous May, did he perceive and then embrace the truth. As the days were stern in which Mr. Carey became a member of the Church of Christ, so were there many stern eyes to look at him, and many stern truths were made very prominent with which the young disciple had to become ac-

quainted. And there was also many a test of the genuineness of the work on the heart in entering the Church, from which the refinements of the present times release those who are united to it. Whatever objection may now be made most justly to such sternness, it was certainly calculated to make the *decided* young Christian "look straight before him," and the undecided one re-examine himself before his final decision. The slough of despond and the wicket gate were *then* between the awakened person and the Church; for in these days they were Bunyan's sort of good pilgrims who for the most part entered into it; who inquired "for the old paths," and were willing to encounter *on foot* all the trials and dangers of the road. The narrow way had then to be trodden step by step, with the burden on the back, the back to the world and the fingers in the ears. Besides, the state of society *within* the Church required that "the face should be Zionward," as the old phrase expresses it, *with all the power and persevering activity of a new life*.

Therefore it was no little thing to become a member of a Church. Most emphatically were persons taught at the very threshold of its portal, "that it is through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of heaven."

The reader will perceive that this decision was not hastily arrived at. It was not the growth of a day.

The *cost* must have been well counted; for we find Mr. Carey, immediately after his baptism, entering upon spiritual work;* and in the earnest longing of his youthful heart, and the burning holy desire of his renewed soul, ejaculating in a voice feeble and faltering through the weakness of its earthly tenement only, "Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?" This prayer soon receives its answer. While every encouragement was given to him at College Lane Chapel for the exercise of his gifts in various benevolent services, there were some members of the church who made out that young Carey had amongst these the gift of speech, or address; and they invited him to exercise that gift at the Sunday morning Prayer Meetings. Here commenced his early ministry, to which Mr. Carey often alluded in after life, and to the kind manner in which the friends at College Lane used to listen to him. These prayer meetings were held sometimes at five, and sometimes at six o'clock in the morning; and here it was that he first gave utterance to his ardent thoughts and feelings in public. Here he might be seen at that early hour, as a fragile-looking youth, making his way through the cold air of the morning to this assembly, accompanied by his mother. He also distinctly remembered the

* Indeed he must have done so before this time, for, in one of his missionary speeches, he says, "When I was a boy of fifteen I began to preach."

manner in which some spoke of, and cared for him, as he walked through the streets of Northampton. His ill health made him the object of their pity, which they expressed in some such manner as the following:—"Not long for this world," said one old Christian on passing him. "It is well that he should be so serious, falling, as he is likely to do, as a nipped summer rose-bud into an early grave."

"But the fire of his eyes," said another, "looks like life, bless him; perhaps God has something for him to do."

"He had better have been in bed," said the first, "than up at this hour of the morning."

There was life truly, not only "in those eyes," but in that assembly to which he was going. About fifteen years had passed away since Dr. Carey had left this country for India; and had in this place and county, and throughout the country, raised for himself an imperishable memorial by his unexampled zeal, and his indomitable courage and perseverance. Although *he* was thousands of miles away his *influence* had not died away, at least in the midland counties; but continued to radiate as from a common centre to counties and places beyond these. Thus God continued to acknowledge his prayers and the labours of others as the faithful pioneers of this great work.

Therefore the reader may easily imagine the charm

which the speaker's name, the place, the earnestness and zeal of the youth, the easy flow of language which he then commanded, had;—many stopping to ask, “Can you tell me who this stripling is?” Moreover, the grace and refinement of his manner, the narrow, yet sonorous, penetrating voice, and added to all this, a body with a pale countenance, and long, strengthless frame, seeming to bend down and shudder over the icy grave which his shadowy existence had just left, like one of those beautiful flowers amongst the crevasses and icy snows of the Alps—those “slender, pensive, fragile flowers, whose small, dark, purple-fringed bell hangs down over the icy cleft that it has cloven, as if partly wondering at its own recent grave, and partly dying of very fatigue after its hazardous victory.”*

Yes, there is life in that assembly, for He is there who said, “Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.” The youth and his mother make their way to the vestry. The former takes his place by the table, and gives out the hymn which the *old* folks, and afterwards the *young* folks, sang almost every Sunday morning there; and now can the mother and the son sing together with melody of heart as well as of voice—

“O love divine, how sweet thou art.”

* Ruskin.

In another hymn—

“Come we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known,
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.”

Making it apparent, in the gladsome joyousness of their praise, that

“Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.”

Then followed prayer, and then another favourite hymn :—*

“In all my Lord’s appointed ways
My journey I’ll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,
For I will go with you.”

And then it was that the love of his soul outflowed, and was conveyed from heart to heart throughout that assembly. Both of the old ladies blessed him un-awares; for they now thought only of Him, through faith in whose name the word spoken went with power to all hearts; by whose presence every burden was rolled away from the mind of each, and all united in exclaiming, “The Lord is risen indeed. Did not our heart burn within us while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures.”

Mrs. M. Carey mentions these meetings in her

* This is Dr. Ryland’s hymn. Whether it were printed or not at the time of Mr. Carey’s ministry, he repeatedly mentioned that it was sung on these occasions.

diary and records, "the people then hung upon his lips, for it was the language of love. He was very backward, modest, and amiable; for he was never known to be any other than amiable. He then appeared as a stripling, and as going into another world. To think that he should say so much, and I am so ignorant, for his preaching was even then *eloquent*."

The above remarks are without date, but their reference is, doubtless, to these exercises.

Soon after this time he engaged in other and more public services with equal success, and gave great pleasure to those who heard him, both at these meetings and others in the villages, and on the week-day evenings at College Lane. The clouds which had hitherto darkened his sky, through the feebleness of his bodily health, now began to part and to permit a flood of light to stream down upon his future path. By the suffrages of the church of which he is a member, he is invited to devote himself to the work of the ministry; as events roll on, his way is made clear in Providence, and, as he thinks, by the call of God, to devote himself to this great work. That which has for some time been the earnest desire and purpose of his heart is now granted him as the result of waiting and much prayer. This invitation of the church he accepted, and entered upon his preparatory studies in the autumn of 1809,

under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Sutcliff, of Olney.* Mrs. M. Carey notices this event as follows:—

“August 20, 1809.—Lord, thy vows are upon me. . . . I have the happiness to see one of my children called by grace in early life, and devoted to thy service. Thou shalt have all the praise. Thou, Lord, hast given me the desire of my heart in great mercy, and I hope this week he is to be called by thy dear children to the work of the ministry. Two more I hope thou hast inclined with Mary to choose that good part which shall not be taken from them. Yet my heart is not affected as it should be to pay my vows to the Lord for such unspeakable mercies, such great obligations, and such evident answers to prayer, to my feeble requests. Lord, grant that my ingratitude may not provoke thy Spirit to withdraw his influences now on those dear young ones. I know thou wouldst be just were the blight to be permitted to check the growth, or the frost of temptation to nip the tender plants in the bud. But hitherto thy hand seems to uphold them. May thy blessings continually surround them through life. Let them and each one of ours be pillars in thy Church, to go no more out!

“Nov. 1809.—Lord, grant that every fresh instance of thy mercy may make a deep impression on my

* Whose name is associated with the origination of the Baptist Missionary Society.

heart. May I record thy goodness in this instance, that thou hast opened a way for the instruction of one of my dear children. May he be kept near to his God, and fitted for great usefulness in thy cause.

“April 14, 1811.—(On her hearing his first sermon.) O my God, this morning my soul seems refreshed. What honours hast thou conferred upon me that my life is preserved to see, and even to hear a sermon read, composed by one of our dear children, which gives me pleasure to hope thou hast designed him for much good on earth wherever thy providence has appointed him, in India or any other part. Lord, keep him faithful to the end, and crown every effort to win souls to Christ with success.”

At Olney, for three years or four, Mr. Carey's studies were pursued with considerable diligence and success. His natural or acquired habits, from ill health, being sedentary, and at this time, those of a recluse, except when occupied in preaching, were very favourable to his progress in classical and other knowledge. Preaching was his favourite employment, and he often remarked, respecting the time which he spent at Olney, that this contributed as much as, and perhaps more, to his successful preparation for the ministry, than his more laboured studies. These latter were, doubtless, necessary to fit him rightly to *exercise* the gifts which can by no artificial means be

acquired, namely, those of a ready address and eloquent persuasiveness, both in feeling and utterance. These he had as a natural endowment, as the gift of God; and he takes care to nourish and cherish bestowments so precious by constant exercise. If, in pursuing abstruse theological and other literature while at Olney, or subsequently at Bristol, he had spent all his time and energy in the acquirement of thought and the right adjustment of materials for his sermons, his natural gifts, unused, would soon have been lost; his zeal and courage cooled; and, instead of going forth to the churches with a warm and ardent soul, he would have been cold, circumspect, exhausted, theoretic; aiming more at the preaching of *himself* "than Christ Jesus the Lord." His strictures were often very severe on the present plan of training young men for the ministry. The reader must not suppose for *one moment* that Mr. Carey was one of those who was dissatisfied, in the language of so many who say—"the olden days were better than these." By no means was he a conservative in this sense of the word; for he moved on in almost all good things with the moving times; but the writer has heard him say, when speaking on this subject, "the young men do not preach half so much as we did in our time." He had his thoughts on this subject, which the writer wishes had been embodied in his own language, and thus presented here. As such

thoughts ought to be freely circulated, and are wanted more than ever in our own times, the writer has appended to the next chapter a brief outline of them as they were frequently expressed by Mr. Carey in conversation. To continue the narrative. So much, as has been remarked, did "the people then hang upon his lips," that, when preaching at Northampton, if any one inquired who was the preacher, no one ever answered contemptuously—"Oh, it is *only* a student."

It was evident now to all who watched his progress that he was rapidly preparing for some post of honourable service in the Church of Christ. This he intended, in its very commencement, should be *service*, and not merely a polite profession or accomplishment. Hard work at preaching, which it was evident would become his fort, was sedulously followed; and from his addresses at the early morning prayer meeting and other devoted labours it was also evident that his heart the Lord had touched with deep compassion for the lost. But this compassion, while ever in exercise for those at home, extended itself, in the freshest bloom of his youth, in the first ripe feelings of his heart, to the lost and perishing heathen in India.

It had not been in vain that he had sat at the feet of his early instructress, whose soul was kindled with a coal from the missionary altar. If, as the celebrated

West playfully said of himself,* "it was my mother's stroke on my forehead that made me a painter," it may be remarked here, with a similar meaning, that it was the zeal and glowing love for the souls of men, of his aunt, and the encouragement and stimulus which she presented, that made Mr. Carey a minister and a missionary. Besides these, her holy, patient, submissive life was to him as a window into the celestial city through which he saw the golden streets and angels who beckoned him away; the river of the fountain of the water of life, clear as crystal, whence she had derived that "well of water which springeth up into everlasting life." In the sweet undertone of her soul, now that his "heart listens," he hears the music of the upper sanctuary; and the sublime spectacle that he beheld in her of a soul rising into the dignity of God's moral image under accumulated suffering and sorrow; these were the means, accompanied by the power of the Spirit of God on Mr. Carey's mind, of bringing him early in life into the fold of Christ, and leading to the resolve, "I will go with you, for I have heard that God is with you;" and to the subsequent devotion of *himself*

* One day, when a boy, his mother found him in his own apartment at his favourite pursuit of drawing, at a time which had been allotted to him for his common lessons. Instead of a reproof, as a *wise* mother she gave the above token of her affectionate approval.

on the altar of his God in the sacrifice and service of his faith which he is about to make.

The reader may imagine the glow of pleasure with which he looked back on Mrs. M. Carey's Bible, the spot on which he offered his first prayer with her, and preached his first sermon; and where she had previously uttered "the first whispers of grace in his ear." These were vividly brought to his recollection when writing the letter from India before referred to, and in various periods of his after life. Neither had it been in vain that from boyhood, familiar with Dr. Carey's correspondence, also his successful work in India, he had pondered, and so often cast a longing eye to that distant country.

Above all, it had not been in vain that he had prayerfully considered the claim which his Saviour had on him; not only for the consecration of his powers to his service, but for their consecration, after a defined form, in one especial direction. This conviction so much increases that at length it amounts to a passion, and he says—"Necessity is laid upon me, woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel" in India. Mr. Carey received the following letter from his uncle, Dr. Carey, which was a great encouragement to him.

"*March* 12, 1812.—Whether you come to India or not, be assured that the work of publishing the Gospel is the most important work you could have

chosen. Engage in it with humble dependence on God, and with a single eye to his glory, and I doubt not but He will give a blessing to your undertaking. I am fully of opinion that every person to whom God has given abilities for the work, is bound to devote himself to the work of the ministry. It is not at the option of such a person whether he will engage in it or not; nor is it at the option of a Church whether it will send one to the work of the ministry, upon whom God has bestowed spiritual gifts. If the Church neglect to send such a member into the ministry, the guilt lies on them. The number of persons now required to spread the Gospel through the earth is unspeakably great. If fifty thousand ministers, besides those actually employed, were now to go forth, they would be so thinly spread about as scarcely to be perceived. The harvest is indeed great, but the labourers are very few."

He wrote, in a letter to his sisters in 1811, "A letter from Eustace has also given me great pleasure. May the God of Abraham bless them all, and may his name be upon them!"

The reader will have noticed, from the preceding narrative, that some few years passed away between the time of Mr. Carey's becoming religious and that of his dedication of himself to Christ in the ordinance of baptism. The reason of this, doubtless, was,

that he might the more effectually examine for himself and understand the will of God in this matter. This ordinance, as administered to adults, was not new in his family, as it had been in that of Dr. Carey's when he first became a Nonconformist. With this part of his Christian profession, therefore, he had been familiar from boyhood, both in his aunt's family and in the ministry which he attended at Northampton.

The writer has heard him say that he read no book on adult baptism, except the Bible; so that he followed the example of his good uncle in this respect. One book which he perused on infant baptism tended more than anything he read, except the Scriptures, to make him a Baptist. As no one could have persuaded him in this matter to act contrary to his conscientious convictions, so he ever retained a very strong dislike to treat this at all controversially. So simple and natural were the views which he took upon it, and so entirely conclusive to his own mind, that he could no more *argue* respecting it than he could about the shining of the sun at noon-day when there are no clouds, or the free and constant circulation of the air which he inhaled. As he received his religion thankfully and without difficulty, so he received both ordinances, which are designed, as he conceived, so strikingly to symbolize some of its sublimest facts. Baptism, as the burial with Christ

“into his death, by which also believers rise with him to walk in newness of life;” and the Lord’s Supper, as a memorial of the Saviour’s death, and a pledge to his Church of his return to the earth. Neither of these did he attempt to explain away or to *spiritualize* away; neither of them did he view as “a cross,” or “an ordeal,” as if they, especially baptism, were forbidding, and to be dreaded. As the performance of any other *duty*, which is a *privilege* at the same time, did he view these commands of his divine Lord. As he prayed, and preached, and sang, and gave thanks, and took his daily bread, so he took each of the ordinances at the hands of his loving Saviour, who in each, as he understood them, said, “Do this in remembrance of me.”

His views of the nature and design of baptism were formed as much on the ground of the spiritual nature of Christ’s kingdom, and its (as he would say) homogeneity therewith, as from any direct instruction and example in the New Testament. He conceived, that as it had been introduced by the Head of the Church, first, by the consecration of himself in the waters of the Jordan at the commencement of his ministry, and secondly when united by him with the great commission which he gave to his disciples, to “preach the gospel to every creature,” which was, moreover, necessarily designed to apply to his disciples throughout all time; as the thing *signified*

by baptism would remain on earth during the period of the Lord's mediatorial work, so, by necessary consequence, its symbol, "until the Son shall have delivered up the Kingdom to God, even the Father."

Mr. Carey baptized one or two of his native converts in India; but, not being a pastor at home, he never administered the rite, nor gave any prominence to the subject in preaching. Very often has the writer witnessed his entire (apparent) indifference in conversation to this subject; when, by a happy turn, or by silence, he has made more impression than by any lengthened argument. The following is a fair specimen: "Mr. Carey," said a lady, "I see adult baptism to be quite right, and yet I cannot make my mind up to submit to it. I am very unhappy about it sometimes; I suppose you would advise me still to pray about it, Sir?"

"I tell you what I advise, Madam. Go and *do* what you know to be right, and pray afterwards. Your prayers will then be likely to give you more pleasure."

The old folks at Northampton, who took so much pitying notice of him on account of his ill-health, would often ask him before he became a member, "whether he did not *see* baptism," about which phrase he used to laugh very much. Another phrase has taken the place of this in common parlance, which, however much more to the taste of some, was

not at all so to his. He would say what "Baptist principles" were he did not know; he knew of only *one* Baptist principle, and that was "the principle of being baptized."

He had a dislike to the word Baptist, as a denominational epithet, belonging, as he conceived it did, minus the opprobrious prefix *Ana*, to the dark ages. The writer has heard him say that he would like these Greek words, both root and derivatives (now Anglicised, but which we do not need in our language), "to be transported to their own native land, left within the confines of their own tongue, and not to quit it again upon pain of death." "Baptists are Congregationalists," he used to say; "but it would be as well if they were known by the plain epithet by which the disciples of Christ were distinguished first in Antioch."

CHAP. V.

RESIDENCE AT BRISTOL COLLEGE—HIS THOUGHTS ON STUDENTS FOR THE MINISTRY—INTERCOURSE WITH MR. HALL.

“ See what charms !

This hour of prime affords ; with hasty step
Impress the dewy lawns, and gladly taste
The various blessings from the bounteous hand
Of heaven, poured out each ravished sense to please.”

THE period of youth is now rapidly advancing to manhood, and life, as a great fact, will soon be present in all its weighty cares and trials ; for these, it is well to remember, are as much a part of its earnest reality as are those which are usually deemed “ blessings from the hand of heaven, poured out each ravished sense to please.”

From Olney, in 1812, Mr. Carey goes to Bristol College as a missionary student. Of this period, and of his preparation for the great work before him, his personal friend, Dr. Hoby, thus writes. This paper, obligingly prepared for this work by Dr. Hoby, the writer has taken the liberty of dividing ; reserving the remaining paragraphs of it for advanced pages in this history, that its chronology may not be interrupted, nor future events anticipated.

“I first became acquainted with Mr. Carey at Bristol College during the session 1812-13. He had entered as a missionary student, with a view to foreign work among the heathen, and was to join the brethren at Serampore. This, connected with the name he bore, as related to his illustrious uncle, awakened very considerable interest in the hearts of his fellow-students.

“Acquaintance quickly ripened into a friendship, which remained unimpaired for more than forty years. Circumstances occasionally interrupted our intercourse, but during the entire period, a general coincidence of views, and sympathy of feelings, in reference to all the important concerns of the Mission, as well as mutual friendship with the fellow-labourers with whom he was associated in India, strengthened our attachment, and rendered our correspondence the more agreeable.

“Whether, therefore, referring to his preliminary preparation for, and entrance upon, missionary work—his ten years of toil, with much suffering, in a tropical climate—or his long term of service as the travelling representative of the Society, after his return from the East, I should uniformly speak of him in terms dictated by the most cordial and approving regard. He is to be classed among those who have eminently followed the Lamb in the regeneration of the world, and worthy of honour as one of the

‘messengers of the Churches, and the glory of Christ.’

“To take that wide range would be, however, to write a life; and I am happy to know that the work of the Biographer is in other hands much better qualified.

“Recollections of Bristol, and the College life of my departed friend, will be comprised in a very short compass. The first thing that occurs to mind is the frail, and almost ethereal, personal appearance of the youth, whose attenuated frame presented a striking contrast to the ordinary robustness of early manhood. Yet was there an erectness and elasticity about his attitude and movements, when relieved from severe attacks of illness, which warranted the conclusion that there might be more of vital energy in that feeble form than the casual observer would suppose. This impression was doubtless strengthened by an air of dignified politeness which always distinguished him. He was remarkable for all that may be comprised among the minor morals, which give a charm to social intercourse. This, with a native elegance of mind, added a certain refinement to his bearing, as far removed from everything vulgar on the one hand, as from all that is frigid and repulsive on the other.

“At the same time more substantial excellences won upon the hearts of Christians, and endeared the young preacher to a large circle of friends. Not only

was his susceptible and ardent mind imbued with the missionary spirit, while with unaffected modesty and transparent integrity he sought to carry into practical operation the great principles he avowed, but he was a holy and devout man. His concern for the salvation of the heathen and the glory of God, was displayed with a Christ-like temper, and by many fervent prayers. His decision and steadfastness were remarkable: he never wavered in the great purpose he had formed, but uniformly held himself ready to acquiesce in the arrangements of the managers of the Mission for his departure.

“In reference to this point, some difference of opinion obtained. Many thought him destined to rest in an early grave at home, rather than to buffet with the storms of a long voyage, and then encounter the hardships of a foreign heathen land. The very brightness which sometimes kindled in his sparkling eye, and lighted up his intelligent countenance, when the heroism of our first missionaries was the topic of discourse, seemed unearthly, and sent a sadness to the heart, as if an indication rather of speedy translation to a world of glory, than becoming a beaming and shining light on the earth.

“But it was not exclusively on the ground of this constitutional feebleness, and these frequent infirmities, that objections were made to Mr. Carey’s departure to India. He was in early life exceedingly

popular as a preacher, and many thought him possessed of talents for extraordinary usefulness at home. A striking originality of diction, and peculiar construction of language, gave a freshness to his style, which, aided by the earnestness and pathos of his manner, with much beauty of rhetoric, rendered his eloquence impressive to the general hearer, and eminently acceptable to the Church of Christ. Among others, the late Rev. Robert Hall maintained that sending Mr. Carey abroad would be to deprive the Churches at home of the ministry of one of the most gifted preachers lately raised up among them, and one pre-eminently qualified to present the claims of the Mission to the Christian public generally. The wisdom and grace of the great Head of the Church, who sees the end from the beginning, was, however, displayed in permitting his servant first to pursue his early predilections, and employ his talents among the heathen, as one of the most competent and effective preachers to the natives, and then to return and occupy for thirty years the very position which such friends would have assigned to him."

Mr. Carey's studies at Bristol were pursued with unabated attention and constancy. Notwithstanding his continued feebleness of body, his purpose was unwavering; and the draught which his college studies made upon him were the means of increasing, rather than, as in too many instances, cooling the ardour of

his mind for ministerial work. He possessed, moreover, so much natural eloquence, and was becoming so increasingly popular, that, as Dr. Hoby mentions, it was seriously advised by some, and especially by Robert Hall, that he should remain at home to plead the cause of his Saviour and of Missions in his own native land. But the fact, so well pointed out by the writer of the above paper, was a very striking one, that he should have his own wish entirely granted him,—that of labouring for ten years in a foreign field, and then returning, and for thirty years carrying on the same work at home.

On Mr. Carey's going to Bristol College, Mrs. M. Carey writes,—

“October 17, 1813.—Thy goodness, O Lord, has indulged me through the past fortnight by an interview with thy servants, the ministers, and our dear children. Lord, let not these favours be forgotten by either of us. Do thou help us to resign him who is going out, and devoting himself and all dear to him to thy service. We rejoice in being called to make a sacrifice; may it be accepted as an offering to the Lord. May we thus be called to give up *all* our children to such a Lord and such a cause. Do thou fix the bounds of their habitation, and cause the lines to fall in pleasant places. Wherever they go do thou go with them, and they shall be blessed.”

This is the last record which the writer has been able to find in the journal of Mrs. M. Carey referring to her nephew. Very pleasant has her companionship been. Perhaps to the reader she may appear in this history as the stranger, "the way-faring person that turns aside to tarry with him for a night." But in giving place to her for this short season, who shared so great a part in the formation of Mr. Carey's character, we may have followed the Apostle's injunction, and received its reward:—"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." Having seen her nephew into the Church, the ministry, and on his way to India, she bids him a long adieu in her journal; while she continues through her night of toil, which is no hymn, but a long *psalm of life*; not concluding day by day, but oft broken by the soul's chiding soliloquy, "Why art thou cast down, Oh, my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me. Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him who is the health of my countenance and my God."

Who can peruse her devout ejaculations without glorifying God in the writer of them. Now she had her reward in the blessedness for which she prayed, namely, that she and her sister might be nurses for the Church. The dark mystery of God in her afflicted case seems now to have a sunbeam thrown on it from the heavenly world. It *may* be that she

is prostrated, that she may pray more effectually, and that these prayers, so earnest in asking the right thing, so agonizing, so entirely prayer that "would give God no rest," that could not be denied, were those which were the means of so much blessing; the gathering a harvest of souls, who were brought by her instrumentality to Christ, and saved from death. Now it may be that her more than angelic ministry makes it apparent that—

"To feel, although no tongue can prove,
That every cloud that spreads above
And veileth love, itself is love."

Another and another of her young relations did she lead to Christ her Saviour; and her influence on the next generation, her *grand-children*, as she called them, is as fresh this day as when she taught her nephew. These are at this day living monuments of her usefulness and worth.

We must now bid adieu for the present to this afflicted saint. We shall meet again before the final close of this history.

We hear much in the days in which we live of *woman's mission*, *woman's rights*, *woman's* this thing, that, and the other. The writer would ask, in passing, whether the two women whose excellences have illumined the foregoing pages, did not, without the *theory*, understand well the *practice* of *woman's* mission. How this may differ from *man's* mission,

or what this may be,—but fulfilling the life-duties of every day well, and besides this, scattering good on every hand as they did while pressing on towards heaven,—the writer does not know. Here is a widow who brings up a large family on very small means; and a sister respecting whom no word needs to be added here. If women are wise they will secure their *rights*, honour, and authority. If they show a loving spirit they will be sure to be loved in return, and so on through the whole circle of common virtues. As to her *mission*, let her show that to *live* is a fearful responsibility; and that, in order to live well, it is needful to “fear God and keep his commandments;” including as these do the whole duty of *woman* as well as man. Such a *mission*, in this *stupendous work-day world*, will not be in vain. The many treatises which are written on the above subject suggest to the mind, without the trouble of deep thought, that our present times are not only those in which there is much trifling with the great duties of life, but that there is a great deal more leisure than the generality of persons would imagine.

The most casual glance at society will convince the observer that time now is a bad commodity in the world's market; that people really have leisure to sit down and *think* what they shall *think about in their thinking*. In time of the old coaches and stage wagons, if people took a journey they had gravely

to ponder *how* they should take it. Now, the journey is no sooner thought of than it is accomplished. Penny-postage and electric telegraph are both at hand to save time in correspondence; *out of work* is a phrase of frequent occurrence, and the truth of the old couplet is yet extant,—

“Satan finds some mischief *still*
For *idle* hands to do.”

This is not the place to discuss such a subject, but it is one of great curiosity, and would well repay any person who should give it more attention. That these times are most *leisurely*, no one needs to doubt who looks at the professing Church as well as the world. There is now time for dividing the graces of the Divine Spirit into distinct organizations. One body of Christians is for love, another for peace, another for temperance, another for hope; “but the *fruit* of the Spirit is *one*, and it is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. “What God has joined together let not man put asunder.”

With reference to the brief period that Mr. Carey spent at Bristol College, the Rev. J. Dore, of Ashburton, supplies the following sentences. The concluding paragraphs of this paper are reserved for a subsequent page.

“As it was my privilege to have been a fellow-student, and for a considerable time a class-mate,

with the late Rev. Eustace Carey, at Bristol College, at the time Dr. Ryland was the president, I can, from personal knowledge, with confidence, bear testimony to his virtues and eminent piety as a Christian; to his diligence and perseverance as a student, and to his superior talents as a classical scholar. The meekness of his disposition, the suavity of his manners, and his obliging deportment, won the esteem and secured the respect of all his fellow-students; while the strict attention he paid to all the duties of the college, and the progress he made in the various branches of his studies, obtained the high approbation of his respected tutors.

“In all the college exercises, whether in the lecture-room or the vestry, he evinced great attention and care. He displayed in the composition of his orations and sermons, there delivered, more than ordinary talent, and thereby gave great satisfaction to the president, tutors, and students. His mental character was a credit to the college of which he was a student, and to the denomination of which he was a minister, while it reflected a lustre on the circle of Christians in which he moved. His mental energies were mellowed with meekness, and regulated by prudence without ostentation. He often displayed quickness of thought, governed by soberness and truth—active intelligence, directed by maturity of judgment.

“His mental powers were not the wild growth of mere luxuriant foliage, but resembled the well-proportioned tree that produced its variegated blossom, and never failed to yield its delicious fruit.”

The Rev. Edward Hull has kindly recorded some reminiscences of Mr. Carey. They are addressed to the writer, and are as follows. As in the case of the preceding contributions, the writer reserves its closing paragraphs.

“I have great pleasure in meeting your request, by recording for your notice a few reminiscences of your late excellent and widely-esteemed husband.

“It was my privilege to know him, and be much in his company, before his departure for missionary work in India. I was then a youth, but, feeling a love for the Redeemer’s cause, took deep interest in the movements then carried on for the spread of the gospel in the heathen world. The scene of my early acquaintance with Mr. Carey was Leicester, and in connexion with the congregation of the late Robert Hall. That celebrated man formed a strong affection for Mr. Carey, welcomed him into his society, and often introduced him to his pulpit. I have a vivid recollection of the preaching of Mr. Carey in those seasons. His youthful appearance, his musical voice, clear pronunciation, and flowing style, charmed his numerous hearers. The chapel was always thronged when he preached. The impression produced was

often deep; and when he touched on his anticipated separation from his native land, and the distant scenes of his future labour, awakened thrilling emotions. From the gallery where I sat, I remember often looking round with pleasure, to observe the numerous congregation in sympathy with the preacher, and heartily receiving the truths so glowingly set forth. The interest of the scene was heightened by the presence of Mr. Hall, whose majestic form was seen reposing in the pew, while his eyes were fixed on the youthful missionary with evident approbation of the sentiments uttered. It was no small proof of preaching ability to be able, as did Mr. Carey, to please on such occasions the stated hearers of the most profound and eloquent preacher of the day. I may remark, in passing, that no one who did not habitually hear the distinguished man just referred to can form an adequate idea of his power of impression—of his capability of infusing his soul into the minds of his hearers, so that they became full of the truths he uttered, and for the season were greatly lifted beyond themselves. I have seen in those days the congregation trembling with awe before the preacher,—at other times wrought to a state of high tremulous, ecstatic emotion. The description of his preaching, however, has been too frequently given to need repetition, yet I shall never forget those exciting and hallowed sermons. In the midst of those interesting

times Mr. Carey's preaching maintained its attractive power. About the same time Mr. Yates,—since known as Dr. Yates, so much distinguished for his masterly acquaintance with the Eastern tongue,—came forth to present himself as a fellow-missionary in the Eastern field with Mr. Carey. Mr. Yates also frequently preached in those days for Mr. Hall, and displayed peculiar ability. Although his discourses were less flowing than those of Mr. Carey, he nevertheless awakened great interest. The two missionaries then just consecrating themselves to the great work united in fraternal affection, and, with the freshness of early manhood, excited the strong sympathy and prayers of the friends of the Redeemer. At the house of a venerated relative of my own,—one who had years before, for months together, entertained Dr. Carey previously to his departure for India,—they united, once a week, with other friends, in social prayer for a blessing on their future labours. Mr. Hall was generally present; Mr. Mack, of Clipstone, also, and other ministers, were occasionally there. The devotional fervour and impression of these meetings were of sacred interest. In throwing my spirit back to those seasons, I can almost feel their power, the solemnity and spiritual fragrance by which they were distinguished. The Spirit of God moved earnestly on their minds, and their wrestling in prayer was mighty and effectual.

“When the devotional hour was concluded, a plain repast was provided, and then lively conversation was maintained, and a happy flow of soul realized. Mr. Hall seemed quite at home, and in full spirits, while Carey, Yates, and others kept his powers at work, and contributed to make the close of the evening deeply instructive. It was an humble picture of the scene at Bethany; for there were the highest conversational powers, lofty devotion, and enlarged intelligence in colloquial communication.”

The above allusions to the social intercourse which it was Mr. Carey's privilege to enjoy with Mr. Hall, are very interesting. Many were the pleasant recitals which Mr. Carey used to give of these interviews. It was his great privilege to visit Mr. Hall very frequently, and to receive from him the most marked attention and kindness. The time of these visits was about three in the afternoon, when Mr. Hall took his early cup of tea. Mr. Carey then went in to make his tea for him, and to enjoy his society. Sometimes he carried in a manuscript of his own on which to consult him; sometimes he would endeavour to elicit his opinions on various topics in conversation.

So long as the kettle contained any supply of water the tea would go on, and the discourse too. He has often said, never were human thoughts more brilliant, nor clothed in words of more grace and beauty.

"They were like apples of gold in pictures (or frames) of silver." Mr. Hull has compared the evening social meetings to those at Bethany; and the writer may, without any breach of propriety, compare these afternoon meetings to the angel visits to Jacob; for as a prince had he "power with God, and with men, and did prevail." It would be impossible, Mr. Carey has said, to describe these "seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord;" his depth of pathos, his sanctity of manner, his pure benevolence, his glowing aspirations while attempting to lead his young friend, as a student and a missionary, to "comprehend that love of Christ which passeth knowledge." On a sudden, by the scintillations of his great mind, some new thought or conception would be awakened—

"By new and swift degrees upkindling with his theme,
Still flashed new ardours forth,"

and then verbal utterances would follow, transcending in power and in imagination any language of a common man, even in *profound discourse*.

But the kettle, when this was exhausted—! Mr. Carey, in relating it, would say, "I was inwardly vexed and disappointed. While this went on, the discourse would continue; he would then say, "Is the tea done, Sir?"

All this time not a word was spoken which was irrelevant, lest the charm by which Mr. Hall was held in a sort of rhapsody should be broken.

The reader may anxiously inquire—"Where is the red coat now which was to invest the manhood of the little boy soldier?" The writer can assure him that it is the veritable coat, notwithstanding that it has become a black one. The foregoing history will explain *how* it has become thus changed, and why it sank so much deeper into his youthful heart.

The casual observer of Mr. Carey would not perceive any but the *black* coat; but on a closer inspection, by intimate acquaintance, even this coat would be found to have a *red* lining still. For if the Christian grace called virtue means courage, manliness, opposition to, and hatred of, all oppression, a willingness to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," then will this be found upon him as his ornament as well as his vesture, and not unmixed either with a strange love for the military profession. A further exemplification of the fact of the existence of the *red lining* will appear as we advance in his history. But let not this statement be misunderstood; for Mr. Carey was a man of peace and a promoter of peace; yet was he not for peace *at any cost*, or at the time when a just war was needed. Like some of our noble ancestors he would have, in such times, forgotten that his black coat was not a red one. It will be seen, as life advances, that he needed all the resolution and ardour which he possessed.

A singular branch of the Carey family this! Mr. Carey's eldest and only surviving brother, Peter, was alike inspired with the missionary enterprise. He enlisted in a regiment going to India purposely to have an opportunity of seeing his uncle at Serampore; and he accomplished his wish too. He was in the upper provinces with his regiment when he met with an accident which proved fatal, just at the time that his uncle was about to purchase him a commission in the army. He was a brave fellow, and one would hope a Christian too. He was named after his great-grandfather, the former schoolmaster of Paulerspury, whose gravestone may be seen in the churchyard of this village. When the writer saw it some years since, in company with Mr. Carey, it had so softened its way down into the soil as almost to be hidden by the grass; but the name is still legible.

As far as human perception goes, it seems evident that Eustace would have had another sort of destiny had his health been robust, and his visits to his aunts,—whose souls were set on missions both to the heathens at home and those abroad,—been less frequent. But these were amongst the *all things*, the arrangements of an unseen hand, which “work together for good to them that love God,” and in this case, as well as in thousands of others,

“That which to us confusion seems,
Is all one beauteous, perfect plan.”

It has been stated that, before Mr. Carey commenced his studies for the ministry, during those studies at Olney, and also at Bristol, he was very much occupied as an evangelist.

To this frequency of giving expression to his thoughts and feelings in public, he ascribed, as a means, much of his subsequent success as a preacher. When freely discussing the present method of initiating young men into the ministry, and its results, he has often said, the chief design of colleges, in his opinion, was not so much to *teach* as to *train* those who were preparing themselves for this important work. If this be the laudable design of these institutions, then may it not be asked, would not the various exercises connected with benevolent labours and constant preaching be the better training after all; tending, as these would, to the cultivation of the heart, and bringing the soul of the student of theology into contact with, and sympathy for, human nature? If it be answered, this is already done—all the students in our colleges preach. Then this grave question follows, if the exercise of their gifts in this respect be equal to the requirement, why is this training followed with so feeble a result? In plain words, why is the preaching of students so frequently unwelcome to the churches? If they have the natural gifts suited to the ministry *before* they go to college, then why is not the training there more

effectual in its results? Surely with so much cultivation of the mind, with such acquirement of general knowledge; with the habit of so much close application to study, connected as this study is said to be, with the practical use thereof, this is most naturally to be expected. If it be replied, "these gifts are not in exercise until a college education brings them out," then the question would follow, how is it that such persons can be *at all* thought to be those to whom God has entrusted the most responsible of all duties on earth, that of teaching others, if they do not possess these natural gifts *before they go to college*, and *this call*, amongst others, to the work of the ministry. Surely the mere desire to do good will not make a man a minister. Every Christian should wish to do good, but every Christian is not fit to be a preacher. If it be urged that all young men *do* possess the natural gifts *before* commencing their studies, then what in many cases becomes of them *afterwards*? One of two things Mr. Carey thought must be concluded, either this, that the training spoils the men, or the men the training. There are, of course, exceptions to this result, for which we thank God and take courage. The view taken above is that which is taken of ministerial training as *a whole*. It would be strange were it not so. Young men gifted with a ready utterance, eloquent in thought and feeling, the first bloom of devotion to their Saviour

upon them, the glowing zeal and ardent buoyancy of their first love, in the daily exercise of the most earnest affections which they will *ever have in this world*,—it would be strange indeed were it not so. “The people hung upon his lips, for it was the language of love.” A young minister, as well as an older one, is a student in *every respect* of his Saviour’s example and spirit; penetrated throughout his entire nature with the deepest compassion for the lost, and this compassion so prominent in every feature, that he is a living expression of Jeremiah’s ardent apostrophe,—“Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people.” Surely were *this* the result of ministerial preparation, when such are sent as supplies to our Churches, the sentence would run from lip to lip, like the electric fluid on the wire, Oh, it *is* a student. But the world has yet to learn that theology, as taught at our colleges as a science, or theoretically *only*, is the best training for the ministry.

The writer may venture here to remark, that never was there a time, in the more recent history of the Church, in which labourers were more needed, and in which the ministry was at greater discount, both at home and abroad, than now. Perhaps the reader may have entire sympathy in the thoughts given expression to above as Mr. Carey’s. He may also agree

with the writer in asking further, why our young men under training for the ministry, should not be brought in contact with the masses of human beings to be found in many of our great cities. Here, in the slums and alleys, and lanes, and streets, are founded, *colleges* without endowment, and *subjects* of study accessible to every one; and with which every student of theology may become familiar. If, in prosecuting the *sublimest work on the face of the earth*—that which brings men nearer to Christ than any other employment—they are not more like him in his intense sympathy with, and concern for, human nature in all its misery, destitution, and sin, then where is the power of Christianity to be found? He, *brother to our souls became*; he carried all our sorrows; he, “when he saw the multitude, was moved with compassion towards them, because they fainted and were scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd.” This was divine love; love so deep, so tender, who shall describe it! Now the “great world of London contains, nine times as many souls as the most extensive divisions of the French empire; and it houses upwards of a quarter of a million more souls than *any one county in Great Britain*. Besides, this population of the British metropolis exceeds by some five hundred thousand persons that of the whole of Hanover, or Saxony, or Wurtemberg, whilst the abstract portion of its people congregated on the Middlesex side of

the river, outnumbers the entire body of individuals included in the Grand Duchy of Baden.”* Here is work for every hand and heart that is on the side of Christ in the metropolis. To our city missionaries, how great is our debt of gratitude? But surely the chief of these messengers of mercy, open air preachers and domiciliary visitors will be found to be the *young men at our colleges*, who are preparing for the ministry; here learning to know the human mind, to deal with that which is so delicate, yet so involved; which has its ten thousand winding paths, or outlets from God and from truth. However skilled in the use of his own powers, in the knowledge, too, which he has acquired of God through the revelation which he has given of himself in his Word, and in the great salvation; it must ever be remembered that there is *adaptation of truth* to human need, which he must acquire as a *student of human nature*. It may be replied, this he will learn through his own experience, his own heart being a mirror in which other hearts may be seen. To this it may be said, the experience of his own heart is but *one* turn of the kaleidoscope—the heterogeneous mass within *never again* presenting on the spectrum the same specific form which he has just seen. He may go on for a century, using his own mind, turning this instrument, and never will the same form present itself.

* Mayhew.

The manner in which truth adapts itself to one mind, so as to present a medium through which it shall behold beauty and order, where there would otherwise be seen only a chaos of mingled evil influences and disorder, is no reason why it should *so* adapt itself in another. There are endless views and endless adaptations which are required to meet mind under all its various and most singularly assumed forms of thought and feeling. "Jesus knew their thoughts." The Saviour had this by right of his divine nature; but by the ambassador of Christ it must be acquired by intercourse and observation; so that the study of mankind must be a main branch of preparation for the ministry. Now, how can this be done but by becoming familiar with the great mass of living human minds. The study of dogmatic theology, apart from this, must be ever ineffectual in its attempts to answer the great purposes of the Christian ministry. It is like a person who should be a professor of music, well informed as to all that regards it as a science, skilful in its composition, graceful and expressive in his arrangement; moreover, one who possesses a strong passion for music, and is in every sense as he should be, a musician, except that he has no knowledge of a musical instrument of any kind (could such a case be possible), and therefore has no mechanical skill in execution; no ability to play and to express the music which he

has written. This would be a sorry case for any musician to be in, and it is equally so for the preacher. Now, it is said there is music in every soul of man. If there be, we have at hand the common chord, or at least the key-note in which the music is set. Telling a dying man in the slums of our great city that he is a sinner, and must repent, will be taking the rod by the wrong end, and it will become a serpent; but tell him that God pities him, that there is love and mercy for him, and for the vilest. Pity! mercy! These are strange sounds in *his* ears, who has never had any mercy on himself. This is becoming brother to his soul. But the *cut and dried* sermon of the lecture-room, the logical premises and their deductions will be as impressive as straws thrown at the whirlwind, or pebbles at the billows of the raging sea. It was said by some one to Dr. Cone of America that the man who read six hours a day, and studied two, should be his minister. Dr. Cone replied, that the man who read two hours and thought six, should be his minister; the writer would venture this remark, at least, as to students for the ministry, that the man who should study as many hours as he pleases, and who should visit and preach six hours, in the destitute parts of London, would be the man for any sphere of ministerial labour, and for any place. It is warm-hearted, vigorous, practical address which we now want to supply, under God, life to the languishing

Churches, and missionary effort to the perishing nations. Were these more numerous, the closing paragraphs of the Baptist Missionary Report for this year would not cast so awful a reflection on the professing Church. The appalling clouds of gloom, which rest over every section of the Church of Christ would begin to part. While ministers are *preparing* for the ministry, through one medium, that of study and books, myriads are languishing and perishing for want of the waters of life. What is to be done? The professing Churches must humble themselves before God, lest the glory should depart from them, and God take another method of spreading his own truth.

CHAP. VI.

DESIGNATION SERVICE—VOYAGE.

“The youth who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature’s priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended.
At length the *man* perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.”

THE early grey of morning in the dim horizon of infancy—the rosy fringes of the clouds in the eastern sky of boyhood—and the full-orbed, unclouded sunrise of youth, have now passed away from the visionary hemisphere of this life-day for ever!

No longer is the task that of standing to look towards the land of the morning, wishful to know more of that country from whence it comes, which is very far off; but now turning from the playful opening day, and losing sight of that sky which has been hitherto so serene and calmly bright, we must prepare for a task both arduous and self-denying; not only for “journeying farther from the east,” but for advancing noon, with its full-tide flood of light and heat. A weary land, truly this, to which we travel, and one on which a vertical sun pours down its streams of liquid fire. Yet even here it is that the Saviour becomes to

all who trust in Him as “the shadow of a great rock in *this* weary land;” and here it is also that “over every dwelling-place of his saints he spreads a tabernacle for a covert from storm and from rain.” Hence manhood is never “*common* day” (as our lines have just suggested), to him on whose soul the “Sun of Righteousness rises with healing in his beams.” His noon is above the brightness of the sun—it is Christ in him the hope of glory.

Mr. Carey had only one session at Bristol College. It is evident, from the progress which he here made in classical and other knowledge, that he must have been, for some years past, a close and successful student. It is also apparent that he had had his eye long directed towards the preparation of himself for that important work into which he now enters with his whole soul.

In the autumn of 1813 he left Bristol College, and found that arrangements were being made for his departure to India in the early spring of the following year.

It is said by a relative of Mr. Carey to have been his intention, when first giving himself to missionary work, to go out unmarried. This intention was, however, subsequently changed.

An incident in reference to this determination may be mentioned here. Mr. Carey, very early in youth, formed an attachment to one of his cousins, with

whom he had been brought up. This was not unnatural, for as their pleasures and pursuits had been the same in childhood, so, as years advanced, they received the same religious instruction, the same approving smile from their kind teacher, and the same Scripture stories told alike on the heart of each. At length it was found that their tastes grew together as well as their affections. If India were written on Eustace's heart, India was written on his cousin's heart, and to India she would go. If more than cousinly affection had risen in the heart of the one, it was most fully responded to in the other. Thus their affections, their tastes, their prospects, their devotion to the cause of the Redeemer, were one; and all was very suitable, not only in the eyes of the young people, but in those of their relations too, had they not been *cousins*. On this account Mrs. Hobson took a strong objection to the marriage, and no entreaties would induce her to give her consent to it. She appealed to the many unhappy examples of the kind which she had seen, and also to her affectionate desire for their happiness. The desired union was given up long before Mr. Carey went to India. His cousin pursued her purpose, and arrived there three years before his departure.

This lady eventually became the wife of a military officer. As to Mr. Carey, he, of course, would never *marry*. No; that was impossible. His mind was

fully made up to go out single. The good-tempered, kind-hearted friend of his childhood, appealed to him in her loving manner.—“You know you are *both* my children; I can but advise you to do that which will be, I am sure, for your ultimate happiness. Take it in good part.”

“But, aunt, we both wish to go to India.”

“Yes, I know you do; but we must do that which is right, you know.”

“But I shall *never* marry.”

“Well, well; we must do one thing at a time. We shall see.”

We did see. After this he found a lady at Leicester, who was to him all that he wished, and to whom he gave his entire affection. With all the trouble which befell him in India, he was thankful he had not to add to it by painful reflection, nor by recalling his resistance to so much tender affection, and to a parental wish expressed with so much determination. As a Christian, he submitted himself to this decision with much grace and subsequent contentment. On the 9th December, 1813, Mr. Carey married Miss Mary Fosbrook, of Leicester.

Jan. 19th, 1814, his designation service was held at Northampton. The following extract, from the *Missionary Herald*, will give in detail the services of this interesting day:—

“After singing, Mr. Blundel, the pastor of the

Baptist church at Northampton, read a portion of Scripture, and prayed. Mr. W. Jones, lately returned from Bengal, followed in prayer. Mr. Fuller then briefly stated the object of the meeting as being, not so much for preaching, as for commending our brother to God by prayer and the laying on of hands; and this not to impart authority to him, but to express our cordial approbation of him, and union with him in the undertaking, and to direct his attention to the authority of Christ, who enjoined on his disciples to go and teach all nations, with the promise of being with them always, to the end of the world. Mr. Carey was then requested to give a brief statement of his motives for engaging in the ministry, which he did, much to the satisfaction of the audience.

“Mr. Sutcliffe then prayed and laid hands on him, in which the brethren present united.

“After this Mr. R. Hall addressed an exhortation to him on the nature and importance of his undertaking, with the encouragements held out to him in the Word of God.

“In the evening Mr. Fuller preached from Deut. xxxiii. 13—16, concerning the blessing on Joseph.”

The remarkable address of the Rev. Robert Hall on this occasion ought here to be perused by the reader, if he would at all apprehend or appreciate the manner and the degree in which the youthful missionary, and afterwards the stayed and established Chris-

tian minister, sought practically to exhibit the sublime truths therein delineated, and the devout lessons of instruction and of admonition which then fell from the lips of the seraphic speaker.

Mr. Carey's life and labours, together with the strength, easy flow, and style of his discourse, were a fac-simile of the letter, and an embodiment of the spirit, of this wonderful address. And whether, in pressing home on himself motives for obedience, or for the due exercise of his faith and hope in his subsequent career, his attention was directed to the word and works of the Great Master himself, or to the advice herein given by this his servant,—Christ being in each instruction the ALL IN ALL,—the result was the same.

Of such an appeal to the heart and conscience,—to all that a renewed soul holds precious, both for time and eternity,—little can be said, it can only be *felt*. And, truly, never could it so well lay claim to the latter as now that the phases of the life which it almost prophetically delineated, are recorded side by side with it,—the real, in bold outline and substantial mass, taking the place of the ideal. The writer finds no adjectives in the English language by which to describe this oration; but it is best known as “Robert Hall's address to Eustace Carey.” Except, indeed, as Dr. Hoby is pleased to call it, the *eulogium* of the latter; and if so, what must it be in relation to the former?

The writer regrets that, on account of its length, it cannot find a place in this volume; for although it has been read again and again in its appropriate place, in the works of Mr. Hall, it will now be referred to with renewed interest, as connected with Mr. Carey's life, expressive as that life is of the manner in which he himself sought therein to exhibit its powerful and persuasive eloquence. This the reader, who has the opportunity of consulting it, will not fail to point out for himself, as he peruses the following pages. There are some occasions on which the sentiments contained in this address are by Mr. Carey clearly defined and made prominent, as boundary lines or landmarks in his journey through life. These, in their place, the writer must not fail to point out.

On Friday morning, the 18th of February, 1814, Mr. and Mrs. Carey went on board ship at Portsmouth, and sailed away from their native land for the far East.* The *Missionary Herald* thus refers to the event:—

“Mr. Eustace Carey left London on Friday morning, the 18th of February, for Portsmouth, expecting to sail the next Lord's day. A public prayer meeting was held on the previous Wednesday evening at Eagle Street, on his account, when Messrs. Newman, Johns, Waters, and Tierney engaged in prayer, and Mr. Carey delivered an affectionate farewell address from

* The writer cannot find the name of the ship.

1 Cor. xv. 58. The savour of this excellent exhortation will not soon be forgotten by those who were present."

There are no materials in the possession of the writer from which to select an account of Mr. and Mrs. Carey's voyage. In the absence of such information a few remarks on this trying commencement of a missionary's life are selected from Mr. Carey's own pen.* These remarks of his were doubtless written as presenting the result of his own experience, and will show the reader in what respects they were in which he sought to follow those requirements of his divine Lord under which he had now so unreservedly and solemnly placed himself.

"No scene is more trying to character and to temper than a ship, particularly to young and inexperienced persons, such as missionaries and their wives ordinarily are, and such as they must be until those of some age and standing in the Christian Church embark in the work. Great circumspection is desirable in our intercourse with fellow-passengers, many of whom are of very dissimilar principles and habits to those which a missionary is supposed to hold and cultivate. A Christian in these, as in all other circumstances, should not be deficient in the civilities of life; yet he will find it convenient to put his social tendencies under more restraint than is needful at other times.

* Life of Dr. Carey, p. 105.

The close and almost unavoidable contact into which you are thrown in the living details of every day, without care will originate annoyance and collision. Reserve will prove less inconvenient than familiarity. The former, although it will make you apparently less amiable, will yet throw a defence about you, and render insult and encroachment difficult. All altercation with fellow-passengers upon secular matters should be studiously avoided, though the temptation to it may be strong.

“The commencement of a voyage is often the most trying period; and, from the novelty of the predicament in which we find ourselves, very difficult to be borne. Do not expect too much from ship servants. The moment you most require them they have ten calls, each one of which is as urgent as yours. In bad weather you are not likely to find your fellow-passengers bland and courteous.

“The inconvenience which all share will make every one careful only for himself. And, even at other times, some will be found, who, though on shore they might pass moderately well as gentlemen, through their constitutional impatience, and the tedium of a sea life, will be always misanthropic; and whether the wind blow foul or fair, will quarrel with a straw. It is preferable to reconcile oneself to neglect or injury in such a case, than to risk remonstrance or complaint. Not but that a minister will

meet with sympathy and defence under insult and ill-treatment; yet worldly gentlemen will offer it in their own way, which will incur an evil perhaps ten-fold more aggravated than the one they resent. A Christian minister, being once abusively spoken to by a fellow-passenger, was generously defended by another; but the resentment of the injury was shown by threatening the offender with a duel. Thus, his high-minded friend grieved him a thousand times more than his enemy.

“A missionary will witness much on board a ship to shock religious feeling. It will require as much wisdom as zeal to resolve how and when to reprove. A mistake in either of these particulars may exasperate and excite repugnance.

“Missionaries are generally allowed to conduct public religious exercises; though some captains have been, and still are, sufficiently prejudiced and absurd to prohibit them, judging that, if they take hold of the mind of a sailor, they disqualify him in some way, they scarcely know how, for duty. Now and then upon a very fine Sunday, they think it may do no harm to read the prayers of the Church of England. When that is done, they consider there is an end of it; but what praying and preaching may lead to is hard to tell. But this narrowness and misconception, once so common among seafaring officers, are fast wearing away. The good that missionaries have effected on their

voyage has its living testimony in every part of the globe. Better behaved hearers are not to be met with through all the gradations of society than sailors and soldiers. Their habits of obedience are favourable to attention at least, and that again to a correct perception of what is addressed to them; and my belief is, according to the means of instruction they enjoy, the preaching of the gospel has been more successful among them than amongst any other portion of mankind."

In the course of the voyage Captain —— acquired a great liking for Mr. Carey. Some of the excellent qualities of a well-conducted missionary so effectually pointed out by him in the above remarks, when in later years himself writing a missionary's life, were sufficiently apparent in his own behaviour to render him not only worthy of respect, but also of honour. The result of being on these pleasant terms with the captain, obtained for Mr. Carey permission to preach on board, of which he gladly availed himself; and the reader will not be surprised to learn that his rather markedly select and polite deportment secured for him on the part of all on board a very favourable hearing. Indeed, the captain was quite won by his agreeable manner; many polite attentions were paid by him to Mr. and Mrs. Carey during the voyage, and many weeks had not passed before he manifested real esteem and friendship for them. He used to speak

to those on board of Mr. Carey as "*my* Mr. Carey," and when on one occasion opportunity was given for the missionary to exhibit the holier tenor of his life, and his opinion of an amusement which is the invariable resort of the gay and the irreligious, this phrase, "*my* Mr. Carey," was used by him with a peculiar zest.

"Be a Christian in all company," wrote Dr. Carey, from Moulton, to his newly-converted sister Polly, the one with whom the reader has, in the foregoing pages, been so familiar. She stereotyped this advice, and handed it down to her nephew. "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ," said the missionary and his Christian wife on board the ship.

Mr. Carey often told the following anecdote as commendatory of the good taste of the captain.

"During the voyage there was to be an evening entertainment. All the gentlemen and lady passengers were invited to it, and amongst them the captain most politely placed an invitation in my hands, for me and my wife. Of course I declined the invitation, and courteously begged to be excused. The next morning the captain took me by the hand, and said to me, 'How glad I was last night not to see *my* Mr. Carey's black legs going up and down the dance.'"

It is said of Mr. Carey by his personal friend,

Dr. Hoby,* that he is to be classed among those who have eminently “followed the Lamb in the regeneration” of the world. This is an instance, among many others, of his doing so, and of his choosing to set a mark of disapproval on an amusement which he would at *any time* and in *any place* have viewed as belonging to the gay and irreligious world.

The writer does not mean to insinuate here that this conduct was something new and wonderful, or that it was that which any other minister of Christ would not have done under similar circumstances. To make such a statement as this would be absurd in the extreme. But, while avoiding any assertion of this kind, it may be proper to take this opportunity of stating very plainly that he did not thus distinguish himself on board ship from all the rest because he was indifferent to the relief which springs from true social enjoyment. Neither did he refrain from any mere sanctimonious deference which *he* paid to his clerical office.

A strange notion prevails in the minds of some persons, that religion belongs to a *class*, and that of this class, of course, ministers and clergymen make a considerable part. They think, moreover, that such strictness as the above “well comports with their *calling* ; and were they consulted about proprieties in

this matter, even *they* would advise a rigid adherence to official dignity and decorum.

The persons who make these distinctions are generally those who, whether they deem a larger or a smaller modicum of religion necessary for themselves, take care to have it in connexion with a thorough participation of what they call "the pleasures of the world." And while they reconcile this procedure to themselves, because *they are not professors of religion*, they take care, at the same time, to keep a strict look-out on those who *are*.

Again, there are others who now-a-days ask, as the world is so much better than formerly, why should Christians abstain from intercourse with it in its harmless amusements; does not such keeping aloof give an unfavourable impression of religion to the world? It might be very well when persons professing it were separated by a great gulf both in sentiment and feeling as well as practice, but now that both parties have been at great pains and ingenuity to arch over this chasm, so as to have an easy footway to the Church, and, in some cases, *into* it, there can be no need for so much scrupulosity as aforetime.

Both these parties err in the opinions which they entertain of religious people, and if the New Testament is to be our only guide, *both* parties will be found equally wanting in the knowledge of what religion really is. Lay Christians are under the same obliga-

tions as *clerical* ones, to come out from the world, and be separate, avoiding even "the *appearance* of evil." The office of minister of the Gospel (there is no priesthood) brings no more sanctity nor obligation with it than that which appertains to the meanest member of the Church of Christ (if, indeed, any such one can be mean), except that which the Apostle Paul enjoins so forcibly in the question, "Thou that teachest another, teachest thou not thyself?" and in the admonition to Timothy, "Be an example of the believers in word," &c. : so that whatsoever is lawful for the one is lawful for the other. And, besides, if there be no distinction between the Church and the world in their social habits and practices, as well as in their motives and principles, then how is it to be known that I am a Christian at all? If I am not a Christian in all company, as far as the world is concerned, I might as well not be a Christian at all, for I do not answer the purpose of my being so with reference to *it*.

While I am not to shut myself away from ordinary intercourse with the world, so as by my discourteous conduct to produce disgust, neither am I to yield to temptation of this kind or any other; for then, where is my moral courage in resisting it? While I certainly am not to "go out of the world," in the apostolic sense of the phrase, for I am to follow that admonition which directs me to "use the world as not abusing it."

When will the world learn to value real excellence for *its own sake*, rather than for that which is merely official or ceremonial? That which a minister of Christ, or any other real Christian would do *anywhere else* they would do on board ship. When will they learn that the outward conduct of Christians is (or ought to be) regulated by the most sacred motives and principles from *within*; and not because they are ashamed to have it seen that they are otherwise than religious. That they have a reason for doing this, and for abstaining from that, which they have derived from the infallible directory of God himself—from his written Word. That they do not adopt one line of conduct, and lay aside all others, from the cold, calculating, commercial sense of *propriety*, merely doling out their religion on public occasions; but because they are, in heart and soul, servants of Christ, “bought with a price that they may glorify God in their body and spirit, which are God’s.” Moreover, that the Christian is this with *all* his nature, and that the mainspring of all that which he seeks to express in his life is love to Christ, and the Father through him;—love which is ever widening the sphere of its action within him, until it propels its precious influence through the whole system of body, soul, and spirit, flowing not only through vein and artery, but also permeating every smaller vessel, and making its way to the surface of one’s being, like the circulation of the vital fluid of our temporal life; of which circulation

we know that, while it renews, and invigorates and sustains the whole being, itself "is renewed day by day."

But there are persons professing a purer faith than that of those just described, who seem, nevertheless, to cling to a sentiment which is not very creditable to them in these enlightened times. The sentiment which assumed the nature of a proverb, and which was in much repute in England's darker days, namely, this:

"His faith cannot be wrong,
Whose life is in the right,"

seems now to be revived, with this alteration:

"His *life* cannot be wrong,
Whose *faith* is in the right."

It is true, indeed, that the faith directs and regulates the life; but it is equally true that the life manifests, affects, and influences the faith. While professing Christians seem now so much better to understand their creed, let them take care to "show their faith by their works." "We are called unto liberty," say some. Truly, but not that liberty which leaves us without love to Christ, or which ever permits us to "call evil good."

In the course of the voyage, the ship in which Mr. Carey sailed was pursued by a French privateer. The reader who has perused the preceding pages, and who remembers the remarks about the red coat, will be curious to know how Mr. Carey conducted himself on this occasion. With all his gentleness, and meekness,

and politeness, of course he retired, the reader would judge, from the scene of dreaded conflict. No, indeed. The sister attribute of fearlessness he had in company with these good qualities. As a soldier's son he had plenty of the combatible material within him. It was but to apply the spark, and his whole nature was set on fire.

But this doubtful-looking ship is drawing nearer and nearer. No time is to be lost. In this emergency the captain ordered all the ladies below, and every gentleman to stay on deck, to arm himself, and prepare for the attack. For this he found, to his surprise, *his* Mr. Carey more than ready; entering into the arrangements with all his might and main, and with a zest which was truly astonishing to the captain. But, alas! when Mr. Carey assayed to lift his piece, he found himself entirely incapable of managing it. The captain, perceiving this, said—"I advise you to step down into the cabin." This, however, Mr. Carey refused to do. He wished to stay on deck, and do his best to help in the dreaded attack. Thus was he treated with much more courtesy than his friend, Dr. Yates, under similar circumstances.* Providentially the ship, after all its threatening aspect and manœuvres, tacked about and veered off. On this occasion were some of the thoughts and courage of his boyhood brought vividly before him. He used to tell this anecdote with great enjoyment.

* See Life of Dr. Yates, p. 242.

CHAP. VII.

THE RELIGION OF INDIA—WHO IS SUFFICIENT FOR THESE THINGS ?

“Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools; and changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things.”—ROM. i. 22, 23.

As voyages are now so frequent, and the incidents which transpire in them so very similar, nothing further needs here to be added respecting that which the missionary takes to the field of his future toil and successful labour. While the ship makes its way over the ocean, as thousands of ships have done, before landing him on the distant shore whither he is going, it may not be foreign to our purpose, or wanting in interest to the reader, to take a passing glance at the country, the people, and their religion, amongst whom the missionary is to dwell. For some knowledge of this religion as it now stands is not only needful for all missionaries, but for all persons who would become familiar with the ordinary transactions of the people.

India is bounded by the Himalaya mountains, the

river Indus, and the sea. It is crossed from east to west by a chain of mountains called the Vindya. The country on the north is called Hindostan; that to the south of it, the Deccan. Hindostan is composed of the basin of the Indus, that of the Ganges, the desert toward the Indus, and the high tract recently called Central India. The basin of the Ganges may be said, on the whole, to be a vast and fertile plain. The population of India may be taken at one hundred and forty millions; the total in British possessions, ninety-three millions two hundred thousand. We are indebted to India for many well-known aromatics; and the wildest hills are covered with a highly-scented grass, the essential oil of which is supposed to have been the spikenard of the ancients. Many trees supply medicine and yield useful resins. Whole plains are covered with cotton, tobacco, and poppies for opium. Even roses are grown, in some places, over fields of great extent, for Atar, and rose-water. The sugar-cane is also cultivated, though not to the extent that it might be.

Mr. Carey said in a missionary speech, when alluding to these productions, that "we on this island needed not to be dependent on slave labour for cotton, if we did but know how to use our own resources in India. There we might grow cotton enough to *clothe*, and sugar enough to *preserve*, every individual in the United Kingdoms." Large tracts of land are

given up to indigo, and many other more brilliant dyes are among the produce of the field.

“There is no country so intersected with rivers, furnishing extensive inland navigation. The Ganges is a grand and noble stream, about a mile or a mile-and-half broad. It enters Hindostan from the mountains of Tibet, and flows majestically along for thirteen hundred miles, when it enters the sea near Chittagong, the same place with the Burrampootra, a stream of equal size.”—*Sept. 11, 1804. Dr. Carey.*

The inhabitants of India may be divided into four large classes. First,—*“The race of Bengalees, who may be estimated at about twenty-five millions. They are all idolaters, with the exception of the few who have embraced Christianity, or who have learnt our language, or who are followers of the Vedant Philosophy.

“The great hindrance to the progress of Christianity among this people is *indifference*. They do not oppose, but say our system is very good for *us*, and theirs is good for *them*.

“The second is a class of men called the Pundits, or Literati, and who use what is considered the sacred language,—the language of the gods—the Sanscrit. Their alphabet is called the Deva Nagari, or the alphabet of the celestial city, and comes, it is supposed, the nearest to perfection of any one in existence. To this class belong men of every Indian nation, tribe,

* Life of Dr. Yates.

people, and tongue. The Sanscrit is to all India exactly what the Latin is to all Europe.*

“The third is a class which has been formed by the influence of Mahommedanism. They speak the language which is called Hindostanee, or Ordoo. They are found in almost every part of India, and, taken altogether, are more numerous than the Bengalees. In general they abominate idolatry.

“The fourth forms the population of the upper provinces of India, who have maintained their ancient religion, after all the inroads the Mahommedans have made upon them; and on this account they are called Hindoos, and their language Hindee, or Hindoe. These people are in the upper provinces what the Bengalees are in the lower,—all idolaters. Their language, like the Bengalee, is derived chiefly from the Sanscrit, but differs entirely in its grammatical inflections. The Mahommedans, upon settling in this country, took these inflections and applied them to words of Persian origin, so that the difference between the two languages lies in the words being from different sources: the inflections are alike.”

“The Hindoo religion is so complex in its nature that it is impossible fully to detail its various branches;

* “The poetry of the Indians is not a little indebted to the genius of their beautiful language. The grammatical forms of the Sanscrit are far richer and more varied than those of the Latin tongue, and more regular and systematic than those of the Greek.”—SCHLEGEL.

being founded on superstition, all its parts are moulded into an artificial system, difficult to unravel or explain. The whole family of people is divided into four branches or tribes, called CASTES. Two of these castes are all but extinct; thus it may almost be said that the whole Hindoo nation is now composed of Brahmins and Soodras. There are sub-castes, so that there are many orders of Brahmins as well as of Soodras. By this division of caste, no possible means exist for any person to rise in the scale of society; all motives to exertion or mental improvement are cut off; no actions, however noble, no discoveries, however important to society, would ensure honour to a person of low caste; and those of high caste lose no honour or reputation by their ignorance and vice. Persons of different castes cannot eat, drink, or smoke together; neither can they intermarry nor meddle with each other's employment.

“The Brahmins, though all eligible to the priesthood, yet do not all follow it. Some enter the military service, and others become clerks and copyists. So great is the pride of Brahmins, that they claim precedence of kings. Many Brahmins are totally ignorant of their own Shasters, and these are always the most intolerant exactors of homage from the Soodras. Full half of their revenues are derived from a pretended knowledge of astrology, and they will calculate lucky days, in which the business of life

may be transacted. The birth of Brahmins is a successive incarnation of the God of justice, and through this benevolence other mortals enjoy life.”* “The Brahmins are also the lawyers and physicians of India; hence the Greeks did not designate them erroneously when they termed them the *caste of philosophers*.”†

“Their religious books are of two kinds, the Vedas and Shasters. The former may be termed their Scriptures, the latter, expositions of them. The Vedas, as also the Shasters, or commentaries, pretend to great antiquity, *so much so*, that many Europeans have been strangely staggered in their belief of the Mosaic chronology by reading them. But it only requires a little consideration and research to discover a vein of imposition running through the whole of their details. They reckon the duration of the world by four ages, or *jouges*, extending altogether over about eight millions of years. Now, the gross fallacy of this chronology is proved by one of their own sages, Munnoo, who says, ‘when ten thousand and ten years of the Suttée *jouge*, or first age were past, on the night of the full moon, in the month Bhudun, I, Munnoo, at the command of Brahma, finished this shaster that speaks of men’s duties, of justice, and of religion, ever instructive.’ Yet Munnoo, according

* Statham’s Indian Recollections.

† Schlegel’s Philosophy of History.

to other chronologists, existed in the reign of Darius Hystaspes, in the time of Herodotus. The Hindoos, like the Chinese, have received these fables, with regard to their chronology, with the most abject credulity.”

“The Vedas* are a collection of ancient hymns and prayers which are supposed to have been reduced to their present form in the fourteenth century before the Christian era; but the state of society is described by the code of laws or institutes which bears the name of Menu. This code is supposed to have been drawn up in the ninth century before Christ, and it seems to be the work of a learned man, designed to set forth his idea of a perfect commonwealth under Hindoo institutions. In this code a Brahmin is the chief of all created beings; the world and all in it are his; through him, indeed, other mortals enjoy life; by his imprecations he could destroy a king, with his troops, elephants, horses, and cars; he would frame other worlds, and could give being to new gods and new mortals.”

The religion taught in the institutes is derived from the Vedas, to which scriptures they refer in

* For the following information on the present state of religion amongst the Hindoos the writer is indebted to the Hon. M. Elphinstone's *History of India*, Ed. 1849. As the passages taken from this volume are not always quoted verbatim, the writer does not put quotation marks, but refers the reader to the source from whence they are taken.

every page. There are four Vedas, but the fourth is rejected by many learned Hindoos. Each Veda is composed of two, or perhaps of three parts. The first consists of hymns and prayers; the second part of precepts which inculcate religious duties, and of arguments relating to theology.

The Vedas are not single works; each is the production of various authors, whose names are attached to their compositions, and to whom, according to the Hindoos, those passages were separately revealed.

The primary doctrine of the Vedas is the unity of God. Repeated texts aver, "there is in truth but one Deity, the Supreme Spirit, the Lord of the universe, whose work is the universe." Sir William Jones gives a learned Brahmin's view of the divine character as presented in the Vedas. "Perfect truth, perfect happiness, without equal, immortal, absolute unity, whom neither speech can describe nor mind comprehend. All-pervading, all-transcending; delighted with his own boundless intelligence; not limited by space or time; without feet, moving swiftly; without hands, grasping all worlds; without eyes, all-surveying; without ears, all-hearing; without an intelligent guide, understanding all; without cause, the first of all causes; all-ruling, all-powerful; the creator, preserver, transformer of all things, such is the Great One."

The three manifestations of the principal divinity,

Brahma, Vishnu, and Seva, are mentioned in the Vedas with other personified attributes and energies of Hindoo mythology ; but not the worship of deified heroes. The above three divinities are rarely named, enjoy no pre-eminence, nor are they ever objects of special adoration, nor has any passage been discovered in which their incarnations are suggested.

There seem to have been no images, and no visible types of the objects of worship acknowledged in these books. The doctrine of monotheism prevails throughout the institutes, and it is declared towards the close that of all duties, "the principal is to obtain the knowledge of the one Supreme God."

But while thus maintaining the idea of the unity of God, Menu appears, in his discourses on the works of God, to have lost sight of the original purity of this conception. The institutes seem to regard the universe as formed from the substance of the Creator, and to propound a vague notion of the eternal existence of matter as part of the divine substance.

In the Vedas, God is declared to be the material as well as the efficient cause of the universe. But some think that these expressions must not be taken literally. The general tendency of the Vedas is to show that the substance as well as the form of all created beings was derived from the *will* of the self-existing Cause.

The Creator, under the form of Brahma, produced

the heavens and the earth, and the human soul. The whole creation only endures for a certain period, when that expires the divine energy is withdrawn, Brahma is absorbed in the supreme essence, and the whole system fades away.

Man is endowed with two internal spirits,—the vital soul, which gives motion to the body, and the rational, which is the seat of passions, and good and bad qualities; and both these souls, though independent existences, are connected with the divine essence which pervades all beings.

It is the vital soul which expiates the sins of the man. It is subjected to torments for periods proportioned to its offences, and is then sent to transmute through men and animals, and even plants.

God endowed man from his creation with conscience, the internal monitor; and made a total difference between right and wrong, as well as between pleasure and pain, &c.

He then produced Vedas for the due performance of the sacrifice ordained from the beginning.* The practical part of religion may be divided into ritual and moral.

The most important ceremonial is the investiture with the sacred thread, which must not be delayed beyond sixteen for a Brahmin. This great ceremony is called the second birth, and procures for those who

* Life of Dr. Yates.

are admitted to it the title of "twice-born men," by which they are always distinguished throughout the code. It is on this occasion that the persons invested are taught the mysterious word *óm*, and the *gayatri*, which is the most holy verse of the *Vedas*, which is enjoined in innumerable parts of the code to be repeated either as devotion or expiation; and which, indeed, joined to universal benevolence, may raise a man to beatitude, without the aid of any other religious exercise. This mysterious text has been well ascertained by learned Europeans, and is thus translated by Mr. Colebrook:—"Let us meditate the adorable light of the Divine Ruler; may it guide our intellects."

"The principal changes in religion since Menu's time, are—1st. The neglect of the principle of Monotheism. 2nd. The neglect of some gods, and the introduction of others. 3rd. The worship of deified mortals. 4th. The introduction of sects, and the attempt to exalt individual gods at the expense of the others. 5th. The doctrine, that faith in a particular god is more efficacious than contemplation. 6th. The use of a new ritual instead of the *Vedas*, and the religious ascendancy acquired by the monastic orders."

This writer continues—"There is indeed no country where religion is so constantly brought before the eye as in India. Every town has temples of all descrip-

tions, from a shrine which barely holds the idol, to a pagoda with lofty towers, and spacious courts, and colonnades. To all these, votaries are constantly repairing, to hang the image with garlands, and to present it with fruits and flowers. The banks of the river, or artificial sheet of water, for there is no town that is not built on one or other, have often noble flights of steps leading down to the water, which are covered, in the early part of the day, with persons performing their ablutions, and going through their devotions as they stand in the stream. In the day, the attention is drawn by the song, or by the graceful figures and flowing drapery of groups of women, as they bear their offerings to a temple."

Besides these, there are numerous processions, with drums and music, and parties of Brahmins, who attend the ceremony of some particular holiday. These carry with them images borne aloft, and representations of temples; the latter are always found in inhabited places, and amongst the trees on the banks of rivers. "Even in the wildest forests, a stone covered with vermilion, with a garland hung on a tree above it, or a small flag fastened among the branches, apprises the traveller of the sanctity of the spot. Troops of pilgrims and religious mendicants are often met on the road. The mendicants are distinguished by the dress of their order, and the pilgrims by bearing some symbol of the god to whose shrine they are going, and shout-

ing out his name or watchword whenever they meet with other passengers.”

“The objects of adoration are no longer the same. The theism inculcated by the Vedas as the true faith, in which all other forms were included, has been supplanted by a system of gross polytheism and idolatry; and, though nowhere entirely forgotten, is never steadily thought of, except by philosophers and divines.”

The followers of the Vedas, though they attained some knowledge of the true God, and were anxious to diffuse their own doctrines, yet like the philosophers of Greece, they did not interfere with the popular belief. “The consequence was such as was to be expected—the ancient polytheism kept its ground, and was further corrupted by the introduction of deified heroes, who have, in their turns, superseded the deities from whom they were supposed to derive their divinity.”

“The scriptures of this new religion are the Paranas, all alleged by their followers to be the works of Vyása, the compiler of the Vedas; but in reality composed by different authors between the eighth and tenth centuries.”

Although still professing belief in a Supreme Being, the reader will learn from the following missionary records that this belief has no foundation whatever in the minds of Hindoos; but that this which

they boast of inheriting from their fathers, from immemorial time, whatever it might have been then, is now a belief in pantheism, the universe and the Deity being one and the same. Thus, every object in creation, from the "twice-born man" to the meanest insect, is a part of the Deity.

"Their gods and goddesses are numberless. Some accounts, with the usual Hindoo extravagance, make the deities to amount to 300,000,000, but some of these are ministering angels in the different heavens, or other spirits, who have no individual name or character, and who are counted by the million."

The triad, Brahma, Vishnu, Seva—the creating principle, the preserving principle, the destroying principle—with their corresponding female divinities, are believed to exercise distinct and divine functions, and are therefore entitled to worship. The supposed unity of these "may be resolved into the general maxim of orthodox Hindoos, that *all* the deities are only various forms of one Supreme Being."

The incarnations and wonderful doings of these three deities do not hold the same prominent place in the Hindoo religion that they once did, nor is their worship so great a matter of interest and duty as formerly.

Rama and Krishna are deities whose claims, in Hindostan at least, have eclipsed those of their predecessors.

Rama is identified with Vishnu by the superstition of his admirers. He was a king of Oude, and almost the only person mentioned in the Hindoo traditions whose actions have something of an historical character. He is represented in his natural form, and is an object of general adoration.* But in this respect he falls far short of Krishna, another deified mortal, whose pretensions are by no means so obvious either as a king or a conqueror. He was born of the royal family of Muttra, on the Jumna, but brought up by a herdsman in the neighbourhood, who concealed him from a tyrant who sought his life. As he advanced in years he achieved innumerable adventures. Krishna is the greatest favourite with the Hindoos of all their divinities. "The bright Krishna becomes the centre of innumerable legends. He is felt to be the true form of the divine deliverer."†

Three-fourths of the population of Bengal worship goddesses, and most of them Dévi. Kali, the patroness of murder, makes strangling a virtue.

"The most singular anomaly in the Hindoo religion is the power of sacrifices and religious austerities.

"Through them a religious ascetic can inflict the severest calamities, even on a deity, by his curse ; and the most wicked and impious of mankind may acquire

* Rama is everywhere revered. His name is twice repeated in the ordinary salutation among all classes of Hindoos.

† Maurice's Lectures.

such an ascendancy over the gods as to render them the passive instruments of his ambition, and even to force them to submit their heavens and themselves to his sovereignty. Indra, god of the air and of the heavens, on being cursed by a Brahmin, was hurled from his own heaven, and compelled to animate the body of a cat. But the same objects which were formerly extorted by sacrifices are now to be won by faith."

As to the future state, they believe in the transmigration of souls. Between their different stages of existence, they will, according to their merits, enjoy thousands of years of happiness in some of the heavens, or suffer torments of similar duration in some of their still more numerous hells. The most wicked man after being purged of his crimes by ages of suffering, and by repeated transmigrations through animals and plants, may enter into heaven, and even attain the highest reward of all the good, which is incorporation in the essence of God. Their description of the future state of bliss and penance is spirited and poetical. The good, as soon as they leave the body, proceed to the abode of Yama, through delightful paths, under the shade of fragrant trees, among streams covered with lotos. Showers of flowers fall on them as they pass; and the air resounds with hymns of the blessed, and the still more melodious strains of angels.

The passage of the wicked is through dark and

dismal paths; sometimes over burning sand, sometimes over stones that cut their feet at every step. They travel naked, parched with thirst, covered with dirt and blood, amidst showers of hot ashes and burning coals. They are terrified with horrible apparitions, which fill the air with their shrieks and wailings.

Such is Hindooism in theory. What shall we find it in its practical working? A missionary writes,* "The whole system of Hindooism is the most licentious and impure it is possible to conceive; so much so, that many rich men, who are very depraved, cannot but admit that it is too gross to be fully supported. The writings of the Hindoos, every class of them, even their works on ethics, are full of abominable allusions and descriptions; so that they (the Hindoos) are what they were ages ago, a people unrivalled for impurity. Many parts of the works called the *Lunas* *can never see the light*. But what is manifold more atrocious, the object of worship appears as the personification of sin itself. And, as might be expected, the priests and the religious mendicants, under this profligate system, are the very ringleaders in crime."

The following striking testimony to the horrors of Hindoo Idolatry is borne by the Rev. R. Hall, in his address to Mr. Carey:—

"In India Satan maintains an almost undisputed empire, and the powers of darkness, secure of their

* Mr. Statham.

dominion, riot and revel at their pleasure, sporting themselves with the misery of their vassals, whom they incessantly agitate with delusive hopes and fantastic terrors,—while few efforts have been made to despoil them of their usurped authority.

“ You will witness with indignation that monstrous alliance betwixt impurity and devotion, obscenity and religion, which characterizes the popular idolatry of all nations, and which, in opposition to the palliating sophistry of infidels, sufficiently evinces it to be what the Scriptures assert—the worship of devils, not of God.

“ For a nation to change their gods, is represented by the highest authority, as an event almost unparalleled : and if it be so difficult to induce them to change the mode of their idolatry, how much more to persuade them to abandon it altogether! Idolatry is not to be looked upon as a mere speculative error, respecting the object of worship, of little or no practical efficacy. Its hold upon the mind of a fellow-creature is most tenacious, its operation most extensive. It is a corrupt practical institution, involving a whole system of sentiments and manners, which perfectly moulds and transforms its votaries. It modifies human nature in every respect under which it can be contemplated, being intimately blended and incorporated with all its perceptions of good and evil,—with all its infirmities, passions, and fears. In a

country like India, where it has been established for ages, its ramifications are so extended as to come into contact with every mode and every incident of life. Scarcely a day, or an hour passes with an Hindoo in which, by the abstinences it enjoins, and the ceremonies it prescribes, he is not reminded of his religion. It meets him at every turn, presses on him like the atmosphere on all sides, and holds him by a thousand invisible chains. By incessantly reminding him of something he must do, or something he must forbear, it becomes the strongest of his active habits.

“Instead of considering the most detestable species of idolatry as so many different modes of worshipping the One Supreme, agreeable to the jargon of infidels, you will not hesitate to regard them as an impious attempt to share his incommunicable honours; as composing that image of jealousy which he is engaged to smite, confound, and destroy.”

To this people the Christian missionary goes, with no weapon but the sword of the Spirit, and no efficiency but that which he derives from God himself. How pre-eminently must he, who is fitted by grace for this work, possess the spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind! If such be the practical working of this religion, and its influence over the myriads of human souls in India, what must that life be which has to be adapted to it, namely, the life of the missionary which we have to contemplate? If so stupen-

dous the strongholds of idolatry, how stupendous must the means be which are employed in their demolition.

Truly is the missionary's life a life of *faith in the Son of God*; the earliest sign of this life,—the very first imperfect manifestation of itself, without any breach of charity,—seems to be far advanced beyond the point at which the majority of professing Christians stop, become faint, droop, and die. And what is this advanced point? It is that which the first missionary to the Gentiles so eloquently expressed, when he said, “I count not my life dear unto myself. I am willing not only to be bound, but to die at Jerusalem, for the name of the Lord Jesus.”

If this be the *first* exulting bound into its true being of missionary life, what will its *farther* development be? This the reader must ascertain for himself now that the missionary has reached the burning plains of India, and has begun there to unfold amongst the heathen the unsearchable riches of Christ. He will then learn from this instance, as well as from many others, that the power which the Gospel is capable of exerting on the minds of men sunk in the grossest ignorance and idolatry is “the power of God to salvation;” presenting a palpable evidence of the truth of Christianity, and of the presence of the Great Head of the Church with his people, according to his word of promise, “LO, I AM WITH YOU, ALWAYS, EVEN TO THE END OF THE WORLD. AMEN!”

And what is the first *lesson* which is learnt when this life is in full vigour? It is a lesson which fell from the lips of the Great Teacher and Exemplar of all missionaries, and is this, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross daily and follow me. He that forsaketh not all that he hath cannot be my disciple." These are "hard sayings, who can bear them?" Yes, they are *hard*; but, as descriptive of a fact, they are true to the life. He who was the Truth, as well as the Way, could not demand less than that which would secure the result to his followers which he proposed to them, namely, that of complete discipleship to him. The missionary who has, with his very first struggle into spiritual life, to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," is prepared for these "hard sayings," and when his Divine teacher puts the question—"Will ye also go away," his heart is prepared to respond with all the energy of its renewed life, "Lord, to whom shall I go, Thou hast the words of eternal life."

Such is the first life-lesson, and such is the commencement of his life of faith; but this is not all. The *trial* of his faith is close at hand, and almost immediately succeeds the exercise of the faith itself. The "hard saying" is now practically to be understood. Home, and friends, and almost all the ordinary comforts of this life, are forsaken. The tent is pitched in the desert, far away from civilized society;

in the desert, not in the sense of separateness from human beings, but in that of a wilderness, a chaos of senseless, vile idolatry, and gross darkness. Of idolatry which is not only living and breathing, but which is at the time of which we are writing both vigorous and buoyant with its first young life. A huge and loathsome form this, which has grown up from the depths of the soul's innermost darkness, and which has coiled itself upward, and tightened itself around all the vitals of man's inner nature; twisting itself crookedly into every corner and around every thing that hath life within the soul. Thence it crawls *without* the man, and, as a hydra-headed, amphibious monster, lifting itself up out of this sea of blackness and darkness, it beholds the light of day, and gazes with its flaming eyes at God's fair heavens, which, as it cannot measure nor pollute with its slimy track, it bows and cringes to the earth as a beast of the nethermost regions,—“born from beneath.” Here entwining and coiling itself downward over the whole of man's fair form, it makes him gay with its leprous spots, and bright with its scales of Satanic fire.

Prolific as an eastern tree, with which every reader is familiar, these systems of idolatry in the East have grown up and down, touching this green earth, and drinking up, like a leviathan, its strength and nurture with their ten thousand thousand offshoots,

until the whole of man's being and the whole of God's resplendent works within their reach are covered with a web of the strongest and most determined reticence.

But dust is *this* serpent's meat; and were its heads multiplied with every fresh growth, and as numerous as were the leaves on the trees of a primeval forest, their doom would be certain and their destruction sure: for "God shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly." Christ "must reign until he hath put all enemies under his feet."

But ere this takes place what is the missionary to do? How can he approach to, and deliver the soul of his fellow-creature as it lies prostrated and helpless under this meshed-work, with its myriads of knots and all but closed-up interstices; shut up in its coils of confusion, with no opening from which the eye can look abroad on the works of creation without looking through this infernal web? What is the missionary to do, conscious as he is of his own weakness and entire insufficiency to effectuate such a deliverance? His direction is plain, it is simply this—"Prophecy, son of man! He that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully." This is his commission, this is his only weapon, wielded as it is by faith and prayer. He obeys. The reader knows the result. Again is the text apposite which has been before quoted in this volume—"My doctrine shall drop as the dew."

Watch how the word insinuates itself through those all-but closed up apertures ; how it distils as the rain, and lets itself fall down to the very quick of that nature so debased, whence it permeates the whole being, and springs into distinct life and fruitfulness, even as the grass under the showers that water the earth.

In the name of Him whom the missionary preaches, these coils of the deadly serpent become as the green withs which bound Samson. This depressed, this afflicted soul,—this bound and helpless one, reduced by cruel idolatry into a condition below the beasts that perish, and used by that arch foe as a stepping-stone on which to rear his doomed head nearer to God's heaven ; this sorrowful one, this crushed, this fainting, this dying,—nay, this dead one,—hears the command, "Lazarus, come forth." Then the coils of the deadly snake are broken, and cast as chaff of the summer threshing-floor to the four winds of heaven. The almighty voice which has called him into this new existence, says, "Loose him, and let him go !"

This is, doubtless, a stupendous work, and the result equally so. It may be asked, does the same effect always follow the preaching of the glad tidings ? Here, again, presents itself the trial of the missionary's faith ; for he must prepare himself for disap-

pointments and discouragements, which are incident only to the life of those who forsake *all and follow Christ*. How often that for which he thirsts so intensely—the salvation of *one* soul among the heathen,—seems to be nearing, yet how soon does it pass away, like the mirage of the desert, or like that which, to travellers on the sandy plain, so often appears to be the silvery, gleaming surface of a cooling lake in the far distance, but which is found to be the “quivering, undulating motion of that quick succession of vapours and exhalations which are extracted by the powerful influence of the sun” at noon, yet ever keeping the same distance from the longing eye, until the sun declines in the heavens, and a veil of mist more confusing enwraps the scene in gloom.

Yet even here it is, engaged in this stupendous work with all its attendant discouragements and failures;—in allusion to these very times of the Messiah, and to this condition of humanity, in which there are so many labouring in different parts of the missionary field, that the prophet Isaiah pours out one of his sublimest hymns. It is here, in this moral desert, faintly portrayed by the above figure, that “the parched ground becomes a pool, and the dry land springs of water.” It is here, in loneliness and desolation, far from all that would refresh the sight, and invigorate the heart, where man’s works lie

in ruins, and, like the old Pagan palaces on the plains of Shinar, are as hushed as the golden god of the proud Babylonian king which once stood there, which all nations, languages, and people were commanded to bow down and worship ;”—it is here that, “in the place of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes.” These palaces of the great Sennacherib buried beneath the soil, are a fit resemblance of the moral desolation in which the heathen are found by the missionary. Yet let his heart be glad, for it is here, about these once costly and decorated stocks and stones which man made for himself to worship, lying helpless in the earth, and which the Creator has “brought down and laid low, even with the dust,” that God makes for himself a name, and stoops to record upon them indications of his own presence. For when “the wild beast of the desert cries to the wild beast of the island,” and goes at large, then it is that “the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.” Then it is that in the crevices of man’s idolatrous works, cold and dumb as the metal or stone of which they were made, and which possess not the smallest nor the meanest amount of life enjoyed by the *smallest and meanest thing which God has made* ;—here, even, grow the grass, and the kindly moss, and the cheery lichen, which amidst unbroken silence, seem

to express grateful ejaculations, and devout soliloquies, in praise of the great Eternal.*

* “Even now the ruins of this temple (Belus), piled in immense heaps one upon the other, and which seem as if glazed by some raging fire, produce a very profound impression on the mind; and to such a height do they rise that the clouds rest on their summit, while lions couch on the walls or haunt the caverns below.

“Here, too, we look for the place where were the hanging or floating gardens, as the ancients called them, and which, in a country by no means abounding in wood, the Assyrian monarch constructed from affection to his Median spouse.

“In the very place where the ancient Babylon stood there are now immense ruins, to which the inhabitants of the country give the name of Nimrod’s Castle.”—SCHLEGEL.

CHAP. VIII.

ARRIVAL IN INDIA — RESIDENCE AT SERAMPORE — REMOVAL TO CALCUTTA — WORK AMONGST THE NATIVES AND SOLDIERS.

“Should fate* command me to the farthest verge
Of this green earth, to distant, barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song, where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains
. 'tis nought to me ;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full ;
And where He vital breathes there must be joy.”

THUS sang the youthful missionary on his way to India, and as conducted thither by Him who “hold-eth the waters in the hollow of his hand, and who walketh upon the wings of the wind.” While God’s presence was his joy, so was the joy of the Lord his strength.

On the 1st of August, 1814, Mr. and Mrs. Carey arrived at Serampore in good health. A few days after their landing he paid the needful visit to the Government authorities, of which Dr. Carey writes

* These were favourite lines of Mr. Carey’s. In quoting them, which he did occasionally in a sermon, he always supplied the word *Providence* here.

to his sisters :—"Eustace went and showed himself to the police. This business was soon over, and reminded me of the difference between these days and those in which I first came to India." The Doctor might well remark the contrast, as Mr. Carey was the first missionary who had landed in India after the passing of the new East Indian Charter in 1813.*

Mr. Carey was received at Serampore in the kindest manner by Dr. Carey and his colleagues, and was invited by them to remain there "to take oversight of the native church, instruct native inquirers, and give attentions to such native brethren as were devoting themselves to preaching among the heathen." Upon this occasion Dr. Carey affectionately explained to him the work to which he was invited, and then fervently commended him to the Divine blessing in prayer.

Thus was our missionary welcomed by his devoted relative to his home and his heart, and to a share in that work which for so many years he had so ardently and so successfully prosecuted. Here he gave himself to the acquisition of the Bengalee. During his stay at Serampore he was much delighted with what he saw of his uncle, Dr. Carey, of whom he writes to his friend, Dr. Hoby :—"My admiration of my uncle in-

* In a letter addressed by Mr. Carey to his friend Dr. Cox, and published in *The History of the Baptist Missionary Society*, most of the facts will be found recorded, referred to in the following chapter.

creases every day. He has not in the course of a whole month a single half hour in which he can, consistently with his own feelings of the importance of his work, relax from the hardest labour. He thinks it is high time some one was fixed upon, who should without delay begin his studies with a view of succeeding him in the work of translation, nor does he see any one so likely as Yates."

In September Mr. Carey became a parent, by the birth of a son. In May, 1815, Dr. Carey wrote to his sisters:—"Eustace and his wife are tolerably well. I think he is better than he was in England. Eustace will stay at Serampore, being chosen to make one of the missionary family. He is universally beloved."

About eight months after Mr. Carey's arrival in India he welcomed there his friend Dr. Yates, who became Dr. Carey's assistant in the work of translation, and eventually his illustrious successor. The first notice in the periodicals of Mr. Carey's work, is that of a visit to Berhampore in company with his friend, Dr. Yates. "This place is about a hundred miles north of Calcutta, five miles from Moorshedabad, and accessible by the river. Here a brigade of troops is stationed in commodious cantonments, which consist of a fine range of buildings on one side of a large open lawn, around which are the houses of different European gentlemen. A Baptist church has been formed in the 14th Regiment, which is stationed here.

In January, 1815, it consisted of thirty-four members, four of whom were admitted on New Year's day. The place of worship built by the soldiers wanted repairs. While these were being done, as the people and soldiers were inclined to hear, they met every night for worship in the open air, in front of the lines, the soldiers holding candles in their hands, and during the time of prayer sticking them in the sand at their feet."

In July and August Mr. Carey repeated his visit to the soldiers here, in company with his cousin, Mr. W. Carey. The missionary on the spot, Mr. C. Gardener, describes the pleasure they received from the visit of brethren Eustace Carey and W. Carey, junior :—" Besides Mr. Gardener, who was a zealous preacher to the soldiers, there were at this station two very able native converts, who were employed daily in conversing with their countrymen. Circumstances in the church at Calcutta at this time led the senior missionaries to consider it necessary that a pastor or pastors should reside in that city to take a more constant oversight of the members there. It appears that Mr. Carey and Dr. Yates would have liked to settle at Berhampore, for the latter says in a letter to a friend :—" Eustace Carey and myself lately proposed to the elder brethren forming a station at Berhampore. This was overruled by their inviting brethren Lawson and Eustace Carey to occupy the

sphere of labour in Calcutta; at the same time requesting Dr. Yates to stay at Serampore and assist in the translations."

Mr. Carey's heart was set on being wholly devoted to the natives; and when he found that in Calcutta there was no resident European missionary whose time was wholly occupied in native work, he did not hesitate to accept the invitation now presented to him, with this understanding, that, while Mr. Lawson attended to the English department, he should be devoted to the natives. In September, 1815, the senior missionaries report:—"Our brethren Lawson and Eustace Carey have chosen Calcutta as the scene of their future labours; and we hope they will be made very useful."

Here was our missionary in the metropolis of British India, in "the city of palaces;" where there were at this time, according to his own computation, "Eight hundred thousand idolaters, besides numbers of Europeans and persons of all nations under heaven, the majority of whom were uninfluenced by the power and the truth of the Gospel." Here the Serampore missionaries had laboured from the time of their first arrival, and had succeeded in their efforts beyond even the sanguine expectation of their leader. They had collected a number of devout persons, and formed a church at Lal, or Bow Bazaar, which they regularly supplied every Lord's-day. Besides the services at

this chapel, there were two or three others for native worship. But, situated as their principal operations were, at the distance of fifteen miles from Calcutta, it was impossible that they should effectuate a tenth part of the work which was demanded by this extent of population.

To Mr. Carey, therefore, appertains the honour of being the first resident European missionary in Calcutta, of the Baptist or any other denomination, who was wholly devoted to native work. At this time twenty-one years had passed away since Dr. Carey set his foot on the soil of British India, and was told, by a British and professedly Christian Government, that he must not speak in the name of Jesus to the people, nor interfere in any manner with the religion of the country.

From a *Review of the Serampore Missionaries*, published in 1817, we find that the work had made great progress during these twenty-one years. They say :—

“On this spot (*i.e.*, Serampore, Calcutta, and its neighbourhood,) there are labouring a number of brethren raised up in the country, the number of whom, blessed be God, is increasing every year.

“At Calcutta, preaching is continued in the chapel four times on the Lord’s-day as usual. In the morning, at eight, some one of our native brethren preaches in Bengalee. At ten, one of the elder brethren from

Serampore preaches in English. At three, the same brother preaches in Bengalee; and at seven in the evening, one of our brethren resident in Calcutta preaches in English again. They also preach at the jail in the morning, and afterwards in the Fort; where in general, there is now divine service twice on the Lord's-day. There is also regularly a lecture on Tuesday evening, at the chapel, by our aged brother Carey; and another in the Fort on Wednesday evening by one of our younger brethren; and in various parts of the town prayer-meetings are held twice or thrice in the week. In addition to these meetings, our native brethren take an opportunity of making known the Gospel occasionally throughout the week, either to the servants of some European friend, or to such of their own countrymen as they can persuade to stay and listen awhile to the Word of Life.

“The number of those who have been baptized at Calcutta, since our last review, amounts to about ninety. Of these, the greater part have been soldiers from the Fort, who have been added to the churches in their respective regiments.

“The number of brethren, residents in Calcutta, who have been brought to a knowledge of the truth is, however, comparatively few.

“Already do we see around us a goodly number of Hindoo children, rising up with minds completely

free from all ideas of caste, all ideas of Brahminic superiority, all attachment to idolatry, all prejudice against Christianity; trained up, also, in a seclusion from vice scarcely known elsewhere in Bengal, and in the knowledge of the sacred Scriptures.

“The whole number baptized in these seventeen years, is nearly twelve hundred; a number for which we cannot be sufficiently thankful, when we consider their value in India, and their situation as scattered over so great an extent of country. They comprise fourteen or fifteen different nations, including those from the various nations of Europe brought to the knowledge of the truth in India; nor do they appear to be thus selected without the exercise of the Divine wisdom. Their being of different nations seems far more likely to advance the cause in this country, than as though they had been all Europeans, or all natives of India. The Lord is wise in all his ways. Relative to the number of churches which these form, if we include our brethren in the field, there are now, in India and the Isles, scarcely less than thirty.

“But it is not to the full ripe fruit, to churches formed and organized, nor even to individuals who have boldly professed their faith in Christ, that we are to confine our view, if we wish to form a correct idea of what the Lord is now doing here. In a plantation recently enclosed from the waste howling wilderness, the ripe fruit, the full-grown tree, by no means form

the only objects of attention; not only are the bud and the blossom regarded, but even the tender plant, as yet of dubious promise.

“That the Word is thus operating in the minds of many who, as yet, have not avowed themselves on the Lord’s side, many circumstances incline us to believe.

“May we not, then, pause a moment to reflect on what the Lord has already wrought, and the aspect it bears towards his pouring forth a future blessing?”

In taking up the thread of this narrative from the time Mr. Carey began his work in Calcutta, the reader must be prepared for small apparent results, and for those which will not bear to be compared with an equal amount of labour in our own country. At home, the missionary begins his work after long-continued ages of civilization and improvement—after the distribution of myriads upon myriads of Bibles; the daily mingling of the population with ten thousands of professing Christians, and the weekly and almost daily exercise of thousands of living voices proclaiming to the people the Gospel of God’s grace and mercy. The reader must, therefore, be prepared to learn that the Gospel will *not* be rapid in its progress in India, nor its effects those which will be likely to strike the attention of persons at home, who no sooner hear of a missionary being placed amongst idolaters, than they think of persons flocking to hear,

and of the most extraordinary results. As Dr. Carey somewhat complainingly wrote to his sister—"It is news, nothing but news, and most wondrous accounts of people being converted, that will satisfy those at home. Just as if we could create these things, and make them ready to our hand."

Were the result of missionary labour that which such persons expect, the heathen abroad would no longer be under the influence of *means*, but of *miracles*.

"Mr. Carey, are there *many* converted?" said a lady to him, on his return, very sarcastically.

To this he replied, "Madam, if but *one* has been converted, I should not think my labour, nor my life, had I lost it, spent in vain."

All calculators of missionary results should remember that the preparatory work is as much connected with the harvest, as if it were the harvest itself. We may justly conclude, therefore, that not only "the tender plant, the bud, and the blossom," are to be considered amongst the fair issues of missionary success, but the work itself which has been performed in preparing the soil ready for planting the trees of righteousness and the fruits which are afterwards realized.

It will be our privilege to stay in India only the brief period of ten years, just time enough in which to sow the seed that is to yield, in after years, the summer's harvest. As well might persons in England who plant their grain in autumn, expect, in the

stark, cold, dead winter, to see the fields covered with golden ears. If, when reading missionary details, the amazing difficulties in such a country as India be kept before the mind, persons will not wonder that so few are converted, but rather, with adoring gratitude will ascribe it to the almighty power of God that any are converted. At this time it was not only winter in this metropolis of the East, but hitherto the heavens over its idolatrous population had been comparatively as iron and brass. Yet, if the droppings before the shower of spiritual blessing be not "as a dew from the Lord," giving indubitable evidence of the truth of the Gospel, and of Christ's presence with his servants according to his word of promise, "Lo, I am with you alway;" then let this, and every other missionary book be closed for ever, and Christianity be, as so many wish it were, a fable and a delusion. As the missionary's watch-word is, irrespective of all results, "Occupy till I come," it is now for us to go forth in faith, with heart and hand, as labourers into the vineyard of the Lord. The reader must not grow soon weary; for the work must be hard digging with the spade and the mattock into the soil; for there was no plough in India, when Mr. Carey went thither, with which to break up more easily its fallow ground. Thorns and thistles it will yield to us in abundance; these must be patiently loosened at the root and then taken up,

while the land itself is tilled by the hand and watered by the foot as a garden of herbs. Nevertheless, we go forth certain of success; for, "as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth, so shall the Lord God cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the people."

During Mr. Carey's earlier residence in India, the writer has found it difficult to distinguish his labours from those of his colleague, Mr. Lawson. As the latter had been in India two years before Mr. Carey's arrival, the task seems to have devolved on him, as the senior missionary, of recording their proceedings. The reader may thus account in these joint labours for the more frequent appearance of Mr. Lawson's name.

Several churches of Jesus Christ were formed amongst the soldiers at Fort William. The public services there were very frequently conducted by our missionaries; in their absence they were taken by religious officers, who were an ornament to their regiments.

Mr. Carey's first preaching, before he had acquired the Bengalee, was amongst the soldiers; and it is reported that, December 31st, two soldiers "were added to the Church by brother Eustace Carey;" and that "the missionaries had also a meeting in some part of the city every night in the week." The missionaries write—"The soldiers of the 24th Regiment

formed themselves into a church, January, 1815. There was preaching at the jail at seven in the morning; at the Fort at six in the evening. On the Lord's-day worship four times in the chapels. At eight, in Bengalee; at ten, in English. The congregation from 200 to 300. Seven have already put on the Lord Jesus by a public profession, and their earnest desire to hear the Word of God is increasing.

“The colonel allowed them to meet in the barracks for divine worship. They assembled for that purpose no less than five times in the week, and the delight they seem to feel therein may be seen from a very homely but expressive request, lately addressed by one of them to one of our missionary brethren:—‘Can’t you come at six o’clock, that we may have two hours at worship instead of one.’ Two hundred soldiers, or more, carry on divine worship among themselves there. Brother Gibson, a soldier pastor, whose gifts are very acceptable, conducts the worship.

“Oct., 1815.—Monday night there were more at the prayer-meeting than I have seen before, although it had not been announced from the pulpit on the Sabbath-day. Tuesday evening was so unfavourable, as respects the weather, that many could not attend. Last evening, at the Fort, I preached to above two hundred soldiers, besides others: a great many stood on the outside. To-day the soldiers are going to petition for a place to themselves.

“Last night there was a very full meeting at Eustace Carey’s. It seems that nearly all the church were present.

“Last night Eustace and I went together into the Fort. I suppose about one hundred and fifty attended. I preached from ‘Be sober, be vigilant,’ &c. Some of the brethren of the 24th Regiment have arrived as invalids. They attended worship last evening. This morning we had a pretty good congregation at the chapel, and about forty or fifty from the Fort were there.

“I hardly know what to communicate at this time respecting our labour. Tuesday evening, I understand, the members were very unanimous in the business which was then transacted. The next day we had a deputation from the church communicating their wishes to us. We accepted of their proposal by word of mouth, for I suppose the ceremony of a formal letter was unnecessary.

“Wednesday evening, I understand, the meeting at Eustace’s was not quite so full as before. But I think a place is full enough when there is no more room to sit down, which was then the case. At the Fort I had a large congregation at brother Daniel’s.

“One circumstance has particularly pleased me since my residence in Calcutta: I have found from inquiry that three of our young people have, for a long time past, been in the habit of carrying on

family worship alternately with their parents. This night we are to have a prayer-meeting with these young people, and any who like to attend in the vestry. We had no sooner planned and mentioned it than it was highly approved. It will be our constant endeavour to lead the young by the hand.

“Last Sabbath evening, at the chapel, we had a better congregation than I have seen lately. I had some conversation with a young man, who related to me his experience, and whose character seems to be very hopeful.

“I must tell you a little more concerning what we are doing. Last Friday evening I had a pretty good congregation at the jail. After worship was over, I proposed to brother Gordon and others, while we were talking, that if every Friday evening preceding the ordinance Sabbath were devoted to particular prayer, it might be the means of solemnizing our minds. They were convinced of the propriety of such a plan, and we shall act upon it. If any address be given, it will bear particularly upon that subject. Saturday evening the vestry-room was nearly full. Sabbath morning I went to the jail to preach, and had a considerable number to hear. They are building a handsome place of worship there. In the evening I preached to the soldiers at the Fort. The colonel has given them a better place of worship than they have ever had before. It is spacious and airy, but

still so crowded that many stood without. Our brethren tell us that the colonel sent his compliments to the missionaries, and requested them to come to the Fort every Sabbath morning to preach a sermon to the soldiers, as it would prevent them from walking out in the heat of the sun."

The following is a letter addressed to Mr. Lawson on the departure of the 72nd Regiment from Fort William:—

"Nov. 4, 1816.—We with grateful hearts return you thanks for the many blessed sermons that we have heard from you and your brethren of the Mission in this place. We are led to believe that your ministry has done much good among us; it has been the means, through the influence of the Spirit, of convincing some of the hardened sinners of this regiment of the necessity of coming to Christ for salvation, and of building up and comforting those who have already embraced the glorious gospel of our dear Redeemer. Now our humble prayers are that the Lord, the King and Head of his Church, may grant that while you are employed in his service you may have the comfort of his Holy Spirit and heavenly grace; that you may have the peace of God that passeth understanding, keeping your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus; that you and the brethren of the Mission may have great success among the heathen in this country; that the Lord

may add daily to his church such as shall be saved, and that the time may soon come when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the seas; when all nations, and kindreds, and tongues shall join in one universal song of praise to the Lamb that sits on the throne, and crown him Lord of all.

“Now, since it hath pleased the Lord, of his infinite wisdom and providence, to call us once more to see his marvellous works in the great deep, we send this to you as a small token of our gratitude for your labour among us since we came to this place, and may the Lord reward you a hundredfold in this life, and give you a crown of righteousness in that day, when they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.

“Signed on behalf of the church in the 72nd Regiment,
“DAVID LONG.”

“Nov. 5, 1815.—On the last Sabbath in this month four persons quartered in Fort William were received into the church at Calcutta by Mr. Lawson. Last evening and this morning I preached in the Fort to a pretty good number of soldiers. The brethren told me last night that every Sabbath morning, at six o'clock, the whole regiment is drawn up into a square, and divine worship performed according to the rules of the Church of England;

and they suppose this regulation to have proceeded from the desire which many have manifested to attend the means of grace in Calcutta.

“Our missionary prayer-meeting was pretty well attended last Monday evening. Last evening but few attended the lecture at the chapel. This evening Eustace’s room was but half full; Eustace preached at the Fort; the congregation increases. We have to mourn that our Calcutta meetings rather decline, but we do not despond. We see more than ever, that all our help must come from God. It is ours to labour, and his to bless.”

“December 15th.—Brother Lawson says—We are very low when we consider the state of things at Calcutta, where some members have walked irregularly, for want of more constant inspection; but I hope we shall be able to labour unremittingly. There is comfort in trying to advance the cause of our Redeemer, even though our attempts should prove unsuccessful. We are gratified to see new faces occasionally at our meetings.”

“December 20.—This day, the examination of the children educated by the Benevolent Institution in Calcutta took place, before several friends of the charity. It was truly interesting to see the progress of these poor children, of six, seven, and ten years of age, who went through lessons of reading, spelling, writing from dictation, and accounts, in a manner

that would do credit to any school in England; but when between two and three hundred boys and girls, taken from the poor hovels of Calcutta, stood up to sing one of Watts's inimitable songs, and especially when these lines occurred,

“While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal,
Lord, I am taught Thy name to fear,
And do Thy holy will,”

every heart seemed melted with that joy which benevolent minds alone are privileged to feel.”

“Jan. 11, 1816.—Our brethren at Calcutta labour with great diligence, and, we hope, not without success. Brother Lawson writes thus:—‘We are going on much as usual at Calcutta. I hope our young people are gradually advancing in divine things. May they be our joy here, and crown of rejoicing in glory. We have set them to work in the formation of a society for visiting and relieving the poor, which is to be called the Juvenile Charitable Institution. They seem to enter upon this with delight, and I think it will be the means of uniting them together, and of calling forth their gifts, as reading and explaining the sacred Scripture and prayer are to attend every visit.

“This morning Eustace Carey and I intend attending a church meeting in the Fort. Yesterday we went together to the Hospital, to see some sick

brethren of the 59th Regiment. We thought it prudent to pay our respects to the doctor before we went, and he politely gave us permission to visit the soldiers whenever we wished. We found five or six brethren, with whom, in a little room allotted to brother M——, we joined together in prayer. I am much pleased with the spirituality and stability of these good men.

“I wish I could communicate to you the news of our prosperity in Calcutta. We feel it quite a blessing that brother Gordon lives so near to us. . . . I had some agreeable conversation last evening with Johans, a young man trained up from the beginning in the Benevolent Institution, and have reason to hope that he is a pious, humble young man.

“The two brothers baptized by brother Eustace Carey last Lord’s-day appear to be very spiritual men. We were at the church-meeting when they related their experience, and were quite gratified and refreshed; they seem to have entered deeply into the very spirit of religion, and are well versed in the things of God.

“Nipal Singh, one of our native brethren, is employed by a gentleman in Calcutta. In a late letter, he writes ‘that the Moonshee to the Grand Jury, and others, are deeply engaged in examining the Scriptures.’ Many learned Brahmins, the servants of Europeans, also hear the Word.”

Dr. Carey thus writes to his sisters of the sphere of his nephew's labour:—

“Jan. 31, 1816.—Eustace lives in Calcutta. He and brother Lawson were, on the second Sabbath in this year, set apart to the office of co-pastors with us over the church in Calcutta, where they both reside. Eustace is a very good preacher, and much esteemed.”

The *Herald* thus notices their designation:—

“Jan. 11, 1816.—Brethren Lawson and E. Carey were set apart to the pastoral office in Calcutta. After a suitable hymn and introductory prayer, brother Ward gave an account of the different forms of church government, and particularly of that under which the church was then acting. This was followed by questions relative to the choice of the two brethren as co-pastors, and by a confession of faith from each of them. After the laying on of hands by the three elder pastors, and the Ordination Prayer by brother Carey, he addressed the two brethren from Col. iv. 17, and brother Marshman addressed the church from Ps. ii. 16. The service was concluded with prayer by brother Ward. The whole was in a high degree solemn and impressive.”

WORK AMONG THE SOLDIERS.

The following letter was received by Mr. Carey, from Alexander Wedderburn:—

"To our beloved Minister, and the Church of Christ at Calcutta.

"Camp, Jan. 5, 1816.

"The Church of Christ in His Majesty's 66th Regiment sends greeting.

"After so long a silence, we have again been induced to address a letter to you to inform you of our welfare, and to inquire after yours.

"We sent two letters when at Dinapore, but received no answer. A few lines from you would do us good; and, indeed, happy are we at any time to have a letter from those who love our Lord Jesus. We stand in need of advice and consolation, being yet so young in the ways of the Lord.

"We are at present lying near Bullwee, with the 24th, and have great cause to bless the wise Disposer of all things for being near them. They are of great use to us, both in preaching the Gospel, and in giving advice for the better government of our little church. We rejoice to inform you that the Lord is very gracious to us, both in spiritual and temporal mercies; we have the privilege of assembling in the quartermaster-serjeant's tent of the 18th Regiment; the serjeant is a well-wisher to the cause, and it is our earnest wish that he may become a subject of Divine grace. We have, at present, eighteen in communion, and a number constantly attend. We have joined in communion once with the 24th, and, should

nothing prevent, we intend assembling with them for that purpose next Lord's-day. We receive the ordinance in the open air, with the heavens for a canopy, and surrounded on all sides with a waste, howling wilderness. Thus administered, it has a peculiarly solemn tendency. Here it is that we are led to feel the preciousness of a Saviour, and to bear the troubles of this life with patience and fortitude, counting them as nothing so that we may win Christ, and be found in Him. Yes; Jesus is to us as the Prophet expresses it—'A hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest: as rivers of water in a dry place, and as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.' We have to lament the fall of some; of three of these we have no hope, fearing they were never partakers of Divine grace; others, we trust, will be restored. Two hopeful young men of the Artillery are in communion with us, who joined the church at Digah, before we left Dinapore. Thus the Lord is accomplishing his will, and we are led to say, 'Great and wonderful are his ways.' As babes in Christ, we would earnestly desire the sincere milk of the Word; and truly happy should we be if you could spare time to give us your advice, for we stand much in need of it. We frequently hear from Mr. Moore and Mr. Rowe, and trust the Lord will again restore us to Dinapore. We would thank you to inform us of the Lord's dealings with the church at Calcutta, and

with the brethren of the 59th. The brethren of the 24th join with us in love to the brethren and sisters, beseeching their prayers for our growth in grace, and that the Lord may increase his church.”

On the last Sabbath in March, the missionaries had the pleasure of receiving five soldiers into the church of the 59th Regiment. The missionaries report:—“The Lord has been graciously pleased to incline the hearts of others since our arrival, who have left their sinful practices, and have been constrained, through the awakenings of conscience, to read and hear his preached word, which has been the means of adding to our communion twenty-one. One of the latter has been excluded, and is still living in open rebellion against God; another useful brother (John Smith) has been discharged from our church, and is since gone to England. We have also just received intelligence of another, who was baptized with the above, a useful member, suddenly appearing before his God. So that, on the whole, we remain at present, in full communion, thirty members. The indulgences shown in this garrison have been very great; for our superiors have at all times favoured us in every request we have asked from them, and have permitted us to assemble for the worship of God in such places as were vacant.

“Our meetings in general are well attended. When the regiment is all present, we have from sixty to a

hundred, besides others who live in different parts of the Fort. We have a few who have permission from the surgeon to meet for reading and prayer as often as they choose; this has been of much importance to a few individuals who have been for a long season lingering in sickness. We have every reason to believe that some have died with the pardoning love of God shed abroad in their souls, and are now in glory."

An officer writes to one of the missionaries in 1816: "Since I last wrote to you, what an astonishing revolution has taken place within me. At that time my mind was enveloped in dreadful obscurity; I was willing to come to God, but it was in *my own way*; willing to be righteous, at the same time being afraid to be over much so, wishing to be both a Christian and a man of the world, constantly planning excuses in my mind which were to be brought forward to brother officers, in palliation of my offences, being termed by them a *Methodist*. It is strange to say, I feared the ridicule of men more than the vengeance of an omnipotent God, regarding present comfort, in the smiles of surrounding thoughtless men, more than the salvation of my soul. Little did I think of the great and blessed consequences about to flow from your writing that account of me to my dear friend ——; viz., your giving me the character of a determined Methodist; it has proved of very great advantage to me, and kept me, through the grace of

God, from sliding back into the ways of sin, and causing the enemies of God to triumph. Till of late I have been an entire stranger to the deceitfulness of the heart, and might have remained so, had I not been directed to study a book written by Mr. E.* on the Christian affections. Much have I learned from it, and much more have I to learn by long and close study."

August, 1816, Mr. Carey was introduced to the celebrated Hindoo, Rammohan Roy. He visited Mr. Carey, and stayed to family worship, with which he was quite delighted. Mr. Carey gave him Dr. Watts's Hymns; he said he would treasure them up in his heart. He offered Mr. Carey a piece of ground for a school.

In the autumn of this year Mr. Carey had a serious illness. He was mercifully recruited after a month at sea. In alluding to this illness, in after years, he used to mention it as the one in which he became acclimated. During this illness Dr. Yates took his place at Calcutta. This contributed very much to increase Dr. Yates' toil; but in this most happy missionary compact, no one thought of himself, but each only of the other in the daily attempt which they made to bear each other's burdens, and to render that delightful interchange of affection which is so well ex-

* President Edwards on the Affections.

pressed by friendly sympathy and timely aid. A long and close friendship now commenced between the younger branches of this missionary family. They loved each other as persons seldom do in this cold world; and while as to their purse, they soon had all things in common, so was it in all other respects when help was needed. How often Mr. Carey alluded to this and other illnesses of his in India, and remarked, with much emphasis: "We never left each other to native servants. If we had not nursed each other when ill in India, we should, had that been possible, have gone through death many times."

The following is a specimen of the manner in which the first native converts were employed in disseminating the Gospel in and around Calcutta. A few remarks from Mr. Carey precede it:—

"It has often and justly been remarked, that it would be scarcely, if at all, possible to supply a European agency adequate to the evangelization of the heathen world; and that hence we may infer the great importance of employing native preachers, and by their means multiplying subordinate stations throughout the various regions in which missionaries have planted themselves. But two or three things should be regarded. First—that the minds of native brethren be well cultivated, and sedulously trained to scriptural study; secondly—that the stations should not be selected too remotely from those occupied by

European missionaries. And, to comfort them and increase their efficiency, the European brethren should, as frequently as practicable, become their companions in their itineraries and labours."

"April, 1816.—Our native brethren employed in the printing-office, in two or three parties, go out on the Sabbath to hold conversations, and to read the Scriptures in the neighbouring villages. We could record a number of these excursions, but the chief thing demanding attention is, that these brethren perceive a happy change in the minds of their countrymen in listening to the Gospel.

"A prayer-meeting was held at the house of Govinda, the Christian brother who is translating the Scriptures into the dialect of Juya-Poora. Before they broke up, an animated conversation took place respecting the number of native Christians, and persons who had emancipated themselves from the caste, at all the stations—men, women, and children; when it was supposed that they amounted to nearly one thousand. Rama-koomara added, with great emphasis, "haiya-ootila"—a phrase not easily translated, but which conveys the impression felt when a person has raised a load almost to its destined elevation. These evening meetings with our native brethren are often very delightful; in free and cheerful conversation we taste the pleasure arising from seeing the blessed effects of the Gospel on the minds

of those who were once the victims of idolatry. The progress of the Redeemer's kingdom in India is, of course, the principal theme, and reports are made of what different individuals have been doing among their neighbours. A hardened idolater among our servants, in a late conversation with brother Ward, said, 'You had certainly, sir, some of the worst materials to work upon that men could have, but it is very evident you have not bestowed upon them labour in vain. . . . They are much changed for the better.' We could hope that among our servants some fruit will at length be gathered. Nearly two hundred hear the Word on the Sabbath. The hall is quite crowded; and every evening, in the office, before they are dismissed, sixty or seventy have the Word expounded to them in order by brother Ward, who concludes with prayer.

"Tarachund, a native preacher, and also a poet, writes to Mr. Ward,—'I thank you for your kind letter. I am truly sensible that I was born in sin; but through your ministry I hope I have been renewed in Christ; in gratitude for which I daily pray to God that you may be rewarded when the Chief Shepherd shall come. Though I cannot meet you at Serampore, I trust I am joined with you in the grace of the Redeemer. I send you some additional hymns to be printed.'

"In a late conversation with some brethren who had just returned from a visit to Tarachund we were

happy to hear of his zeal in seeking the salvation of his countrymen ; he has, almost every evening, visitors of all castes, to whom he reads and talks on religious subjects till a late hour. These visitors smoke from the same hookah, and, without hesitation, eat with our native brethren ; and a young Brahmin cooks for Christians as well as heathens. Tarachund spends nearly two pounds a month in promoting the Gospel, reserving scarcely any part of his wages for himself. He has composed a number of hymns, which we have added to our Bengalee collection ; and we find that he is writing a pretty large volume on the Gospel. Our brethren say, it is vain to expect time for sleep at Tarachund's, a large part of the night being spent in reading, singing, and pious conversation."

" May, 1816.—Sebuk-Rama has been much encouraged by a pious officer, lately removed from Calcutta, who has enabled him to set up a school in his village. His time is chiefly occupied in reading the Word, and in visiting the poor of the church.

" During the past month several of the native brethren have gone into the country, in various directions, conversing with the people, and distributing the Word of God as they went ; they found many willing hearers, and some who were quite surprised at the wonderful things contained in the plan of redemption.

" Rama-Rutra has been engaged, during the past

month, in going from place to place to converse with the natives, and give away Scripture tracts. He often obtained a patient hearing from persons at the landing-places, under trees, on the roads; and some appeared to receive the Word with joy."

"July, 1816.—Rama-Rutra was last month employed in Calcutta, and around it: on the first day he went to the lodgings of a Burman, where he saw twenty natives of Pegue, to whom he gave six copies of Matthew in Burman. Some Hindoos, with whom he afterwards conversed, said, 'When God draws us, there will be no need of you to call us.' On the 8th, Rutra gave away twenty more books to various Burmans. Seeing a man in another place reading a worthless book, he offered him a good one, which he accepted, and greatly praised, after reading a part of it. On the 9th he gave twenty more books to Burmans, and conversed for some time with a person who knew both Hindoo and Burman; this man said, 'Yes, the Holy One is the true Saviour, for he became a sacrifice for sinners.' The next day a man of the writer class followed Rutra to the chapel, and asked when he could have some conversation with him. The same day, in another part of Calcutta, he met his former priest, who asked him what kind of a Christian he had become; and here before the priest, and about fifty other persons, Rutra gave a reason of the hope that was in him."

The following is a letter of Krishna, the first Hindoo convert, addressed to a gentleman at Bristol :—

“The writing of Shree-Krishna Pala: you will know my supplicating letter. Through the love of God, the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the gift of the Holy Spirit, we are all well: you will be informed of this. More particularly at the festival held at Sadoolla-poorā, I read the 15th chapter of the 1st Corinthians, and explained it in order. But the Brahmins disputed about the doctrine of the resurrection; and asked, ‘Are our Shastras then false?’ To this I answered—‘O Brahmins, hear this comparison: the corn which you sow is not quickened except it die; and that seed which is sown, the same springs up; how then can you imagine, that after eighty lacs of transmigrations, you will be again born in the human shape, and that during these births you will be jackals, dogs, &c. How can this be? Therefore your own observation devours your Shastras. The doctrine of the resurrection is not found among you; but now it is, for the first time, made known; and the resurrection, through our Lord Jesus Christ, is now published through the four quarters of the world. If you believe in the death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ, you will obtain salvation; but if you do not, in no other way, in no other refuge, can salvation be obtained. This which I have told you is the true method of

redemption.' Before many other people I proclaimed the doctrine of the death of Christ, and gave away many tracts and books. Secondly, at the festival of the new moon, in Jishta, at Rama-kela, about 10,000 people were assembled. I proclaimed in the midst of them the news of the death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus, and gave away books; but being fatigued I sat down under a very large tree, where many people came and inquired what the books were which I was giving away. I said, Oh, brethren, permit me to quote a verse which is current amongst you—

'The Vedas, the sages, the sects, the law-books,
Are all full of contradictions—
The way of the Great One, that must be followed.'

"Therefore, brethren, who is this Great One? Amongst you there are three sects, the Shaktas, the Shivyas, and the Vishnuvus; but in these three sects not a person is to be found of boundless truth, compassion, and mercy. Yet in our Lord Jesus Christ these three qualities are complete; he is the Great One; and therefore I confess him, and despising caste, family, and honour, Him I follow. He who believes in Him shall inherit everlasting life; but he who believes not, must endure everlasting punishment. After I had said these words, some persons objected; but the Mussulmans defended me. Others said, 'His words are right, for without

perfect truth, compassion, and mercy, no one can be a saviour.”

“June 21, 1817.—This spring, brother Tarachund writes, in evident allusion to the season of the year—‘The Lord’s garden is filled with singing birds, which sing so joyfully the praises of the God of the spring, that the hearts of the hearers are charmed. On this, March 30, and the last Lord’s-day, a boy of the weaver caste sang hymns to Christ with us in the presence of his father, who seemed pleased, and listened to the Word of God with attention. The same boy, with several others, inwardly renounced idolatry. Their conduct, both in my presence and absence, makes me thankful unto the Lord, who works wonderfully among the heathen. One of the brethren has given me some money to make a larger house for the children, and some wine and candles for our use at the Lord’s Supper. May we have the true spirit of nurses to train them up in the words of faith and sound doctrine! I have no fear of any one, however, in this respect, except myself. I feel much concerned that they may act worthy of their vocation, and also, that they may be able to teach others. I think it becomes us to make the most of every one whom the Lord gives us.’”

The following letter was written by one of the most active and intelligent of the native preachers. He was uncle to Paunchoo, Mr. Carey’s first convert.

“VICTORY TO GOD. Sebuk-Rama supplicates an interest in the compassion, holiness, forbearance, and gospel of God.

“Receive my affectionate acknowledgments, and ten thousand thousand expressions of my love. I must now relate the particulars of my reception of the Gospel; and first, from the day of leaving my mother's womb to come into this infamous world, I prepared my soul and body to break the commands of God; I worshipped, served, and praised, and partook of the offerings to the gods and goddesses; my mind was wicked; I associated with the vile; I was unrighteous, full of wrath and of filthy conversation; resorted to wicked places; and being intoxicated with abominable pleasures, I gave that body, which should have been the temple of the blessed God, to the devil, and prepared my everlasting bed in hell, at once to lie down in eternal torments.

“At length at a certain time in Kooroot marketplace, Ram-krishna-poorā, Mr. Ward, and our soul's beloved brother, Krishna-pal, came to the house of Mr. Cunningham; at which time and place, making known the words of Jesus Christ and the good news, they left a New Testament and pious books, which books our excellent brother, Jugannat-ha, receiving into his own hands, placed them in his house. At this time I was a servant in the cannon foundry in the Fort. On the above day, about four o'clock in

the afternoon, after leaving my work, immediately on my arrival, brother Jugannat-ha said, 'Brother, God has called us; and has sent a messenger of the Holy Book.' I said, 'Well, brother, as soon as I have eaten a morsel, I will come from home and look at it.' After a time I returned, and read and examined the book. I saw it contained the only way of holiness, and that God, for sinful men, in his own body bearing sufferings, had completed the sacrifice. I therefore, brother, judging in my own mind, see that in this we may indeed obtain salvation. This is certainly the truth. Being confident of this, the same night, two or three friends getting together, and throwing open the door of our hearts, we confessed that we had committed the blackest crimes, and wept much. We confessed to each other, that our Lord Jesus Christ was truly the Son of God, the Saviour of sinners; we really believed this, and making it certain in our minds, with a loud voice called out in faith, 'Oh Lord, where art thou? O Saviour, save us!' Then closing our eyes, we saw through our tears, the light which the Holy Spirit had shed in our hearts. Thus possessing a mind fixed in faith, we were brought to hate all transgression and sin, all evil connexions and works, the gods and goddesses; all the evil customs of this wicked world; so that hearing of them our ears tingled, and seeing them we turned another way. This we considered as the

pouring out of the Holy Spirit, and through the mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ, the mind became prepared. Then God, taking hold of my hand, and raising me from an unfathomable hell of everlasting sorrow, placed my feet on Mount Zion, and prepared me to enjoy everlasting life in his service.

“Thus obtaining the mercy of God, and being full of joy, I would be ever ready with my spirit in the work of God, in ascribing blessing to the Holy Spirit, and in proclaiming, for the salvation of sinners, the glad tidings of our Lord Jesus Christ’s death. Wherefore I entreat, that having thus found the Saviour, you will kindly pray for this sinful, wicked, ungodly, unbelieving man, that Satan may never enter into him, nor into those brethren and sisters who live in the same place, nor into any who may embrace the Gospel.

“This is now my desire ; and day and night, full of fear, this is my prayer to God, that I may be continually ready to proclaim his Gospel.”

CHAP. IX.

THE CALCUTTA MISSIONARY UNION—CONTINUED LABOURS.

“While others are ambitious to form the citizen of the earth, be it yours to train him for heaven: to raise up the temple of God from the ancient desolations; to contribute your part towards the formation and perfection of that eternal society, which will flourish in inviolable purity and order when all human associations shall be dissolved, and the princes of this world shall come to nought.”—ROBERT HALL’S *Address to Eustace Carey*.

WE have now conducted the subject of this memoir through more than two years of his residence in India. One year he and his colleague have been at their arduous work in Calcutta; and during this time, they have not been without indications of the Divine favour, nor without evidence that the light of the Divine Word, which they had sought to disseminate, had not only fallen upon the thick darkness with which they were surrounded, but had begun to agitate its otherwise impenetrable gloom.

In the beginning of 1817 there was formed by the three younger missionaries, Mr. Lawson, Mr. Carey, and Mr. Yates, a missionary family union,

similar to the one which existed in the early history of this mission at Serampore.

The circumstances which led to this procedure are briefly as follows: During Mr. Carey's illness and absence at Digah in 1816, while Mr. Yates was supplying his place at Calcutta, very serious misunderstandings arose between the missionaries at Serampore and their younger brethren. These painful differences so much increased during this time, that, on Mr. Carey's return, Dr. Yates was led to relinquish his connexion with the senior missionaries, and to unite himself to Mr. Carey and Mr. Lawson at Calcutta.

It will be remembered by the reader that the pastorate to which our two missionaries were invited by the church at Bow Bazaar, was held in connexion with the senior missionaries, these latter retaining a share both in the work and in the responsibilities of the charge. This union also becomes gradually severed; and from this time the reader must view the subsequent details of this history apart from its first relationship to the senior missionaries at Serampore. This fact also here presents itself. The three younger missionaries, in their united capacity, now prosecuted their work on their own sole responsibility, and in direct connexion with the Missionary Society at home. As these painful differences so much affected the interests of Mr.

Carey's public life, both abroad and at home, they must be briefly noticed in a subsequent page; the writer being now desirous of avoiding all interruption to the following narrative of labours so interesting and effective. We shall now find Mr. Carey not only as a co-worker with Mr. Lawson and with the senior missionaries, but as one of the "Junior Brethren," as they at this time styled themselves, and by which they became known to the world; distinguished and honoured as missionaries of the cross of Christ.

By means of the family compact or missionary union before alluded to, a common fund was formed, into which they threw all their resources, whether derived from the Society at home, or their own earnings. Having thus "all things in common," they were able to economise their household expenditure, (the three, and soon four, families occupying two houses instead of four), and to do with much less in this department of their outlay than they possibly otherwise could have done.

Such are briefly the facts of our present history. We must not anticipate events; but may just remark, in passing, that the three brethren thus united together in Calcutta "as Missionaries of the same Society as that which sent them out,"—namely, Mr. Lawson, Mr. Carey, and Mr. Yates,—are the founders of a new dynasty in the history of the Baptist Missionary

Society, and are the fathers of that great work which we now see in all its prosperity at Calcutta.

As their trials and difficulties brought them nearer together and endeared them to each other, these three were united in heart as well as in their great work. In this new relationship they now met frequently for prayer. At one of these meetings, they drew up resolutions which should serve as the basis of their union, the substance of the first three being as follows:—

“1st. That the exclusive object of the union is the propagation of the Gospel among the heathen, and the promotion of each other’s happiness in that work. 2ndly. That we will act in unison with the Society in England, and in conformity with the advice of the Committee. 3rdly. That should funds so accumulate as to enable us to purchase premises, such premises shall be considered *the Society’s*; shall be bought on their behalf, &c.; and such writings and deeds shall be placed under their own care.” This resolution also stated, “that all money acquired by labour, as well as fixed property, should be united with the Society’s funds, provided they would consent to make a fixed provision for widows and children.” Four other resolutions follow, which have reference to the internal management of this union.

Thus they are prepared for their new work. It is the design of the writer, in giving the following

details, to present a view of the *general* work, and not to relate every particular; the one letter being a fair sample of fifty others, and the work of one day as that of many more. It will be seen that not only the great work of God's Spirit, in its regenerative process, is steadily advancing in India, but that there are also perceptible those common benefits which we find at home to result from the indirect influences of the Gospel. We now continue the narrative.

"Jan. 1817. On the 4th of this month the missionaries received a donation of 286 rupees from a few soldiers of the 39th Regiment, towards the spread of the Gospel among the heathen. 'It is but little,' they add, 'to support such a cause, when the calls of so many around you are so urgent for the bread of life; however, the cause is God's; and the name of Jesus Christ must extend to every tribe and nation. We have received its balmy message into our own hearts, and do rejoice in hope of the glory of God; and we should rejoice abundantly if others were brought to love the Saviour.'

"On the 1st of February, Mr. and Mrs. Penney arrived at Calcutta. Mr. Penney had long been engaged in conducting schools on the Lancasterian system, and was sent out by the Society to take charge of the Benevolent Institution."

Feb. 9. Mr. Lawson writes to Mr. Ward:—

"The Sircar will bring to you four hundred rupees,

the mite of the poor soldiers in the Fort. It is a willing offering to the Lord. I am happy to say that our prayer-meetings appear to be on the increase; but I speak with trembling, and rejoice with fear. We see new faces among us frequently, and have, in a good measure, conciliated the esteem and gained the attendance of several persons who long kept at a distance from us. Last Thursday evening we had a prayer-meeting at brother Johan's, where we had a large room well filled. Brother Gordon's prayer-meeting, the next evening, was full, and we had newcomers at the Saturday evening meeting for the young people. We have begun a Thursday morning lecture in Tutoly, to be held alternately at the houses of two friends. We hope thus to get some stragglers to hear us, who would not come to any regular place of worship."

In August Mr. Carey had the pleasure of welcoming Mr. W. H. Pearce, on his arrival at Calcutta. He had been invited by the senior brethren at Serampore to assist in the printing department there.

It was a little remarkable that Mr. Carey, in his last interview with his friend Mr. W. H. Pearce, at Leicester, should have said to him, "William, we shall want you in India." Dr. Carey, before leaving England in 1793, made a similar remark to Mr. Ward, who eventually followed him thither, as Mr. Pearce now followed Mr. Carey.

On his arrival at the Sand-heads, he alludes to this circumstance, in a letter to Mr. Carey.

“MY DEAR EUSTACE,—It has been with inexpressible interest and affection that I have frequently recollected that interesting prediction, apparently so near its fulfilment, which was uttered by yourself at our interview at Leicester—‘Well, William, we shall meet in India.’ Often have the hopes I then cherished been all but extinct, and yet they are now gratified. May it be for extensive usefulness! You and Mrs. Carey are the only individuals in Bengal whose countenances I or my dear Mrs. P. have ever beheld.”

Mr. Pearce proceeded to Serampore, and there assisted in the printing-office in connexion with Mr. Ward. He soon learned that there was some cause of difference pending between the senior missionaries and the Society. On this occasion, Mr. Pearce took part with the Society; and about six months after his arrival, he left Serampore and joined the missionary union at Calcutta. Mr. Yates says of him—“In acting up to what he believed to be right, in common with the junior brethren, he had to give up the brightest prospects of usefulness, to risk the good opinion of those whom he highly esteemed and loved; and to commence operations in Calcutta under every disadvantage—dependent entirely upon his own energies and the Divine blessing.”*

* Life of Mr. Pearce, p. 396.

Thus is another most efficient coadjutor added to the Junior brethren.

It was proposed that he should set up a printing-press for the use of the mission in Calcutta, in order the more effectually to carry out the plans of usefulness which, in their separate capacity, they had now to devise. The printing operations were commenced on a very limited scale, "with only one press in a contemptible mat hut adjoining the house where he lived. This establishment he continued to enlarge as Providence increased his means; and he raised it from the most inefficient to one of the most efficient in the city."

Two of the missionary sisters also materially aided the good work in Calcutta. Mrs. Lawson and Mrs. W. H. Pearce united in establishing a boarding-school for young ladies, the proceeds of which were thrown into their general fund. In this school Mr. Lawson taught drawing and some other branches of education.

The reader will continue to obtain from the journals and letters of the missionaries the best view that can be taken of the habits of the people, the manner in which they received the truth, and the first effects of that truth upon their mind. He will also see the important works which were begun by the missionaries in Calcutta, where they speedily erected, through the liberality of some friends on the spot, several

places for native worship free of all expense to the Society. From the one printing-press, in the course of a few months, they struck off 5200 tracts written by themselves in Bengalee and Hindostanee. One of these had several woodcuts, both drawn and engraved by Mr. Lawson. These were the first *illustrated* tracts published in India.

In addition to all this good work, they formed an Auxiliary Missionary Society, which met as yet "more than half of all the outlay for schools, chapels, and native preachers." These funds, Mr. Carey continues to remark, "were raised *upon the spot*, either by contributions from the public, or from the labours of missionaries."

Two new presses were soon in requisition, and by means of these "the leaves of the tree of life, which are for the healing of the nations," were multiplied by tens of thousands, and circulated in the native tongues of the people.

Schools for Europeans and natives soon after this appear; and that which is matter of great interest, the first contributions for *native female education* were raised by the young ladies in Mrs. Lawson's and Mrs. W. H. Pearce's boarding-school. The first school for *native girls* in Calcutta, if not in all India, was formed by these missionaries. It will appear, as we advance, how much of this truly astonishing work fell to the lot of Mr. Carey. In all this work, which

was begun in troublous times and with heavy hearts, they did well, and God was with them. He gave, moreover, power to the word of his grace as dispensed by them. It was much to be regretted that, doing so *great a work*, they should with one hand have had to hold the pen of controversy, while with the other they built the "wall of salvation," and erected "the gate of praise," in this desolate city. Had this pen been employed against some Sanballat the Horonite, or Tobiah the Ammonite, it would have been only that which was to be expected from the enemies of God; but it was used to explain painfully afflictive misunderstanding, with those who were at once their friends, their guides, and their beloved brethren in the bonds of the gospel. Yet "God who comforteth the cast down" compassionated them, and placed amongst them his presence and his love.

We have now to trace the rise of that which Mr. Carey often called "one of the most beautiful missions that has ever been planted anywhere and at any time in this world."

A new station was opened at Howrah on the arrival of Mr. Statham, in the autumn of 1820. This place is on the opposite bank of the Hooghly, and had many European residents, as well as numbers of Indo-British families, and a large population of Hindoo and Mussulman natives. Here there was no place of worship of any kind, and the danger of crossing the river

prevented many Christian families from enjoying the privileges of the Sabbath or the Christian ministry.

Mr. Statham writes :—"To this place my esteemed friend the Rev. E. Carey had often gone, and had preached in a small bungalow belonging to a Protestant Portuguese, as well as to the natives in the Bazaar, and beneath a large peepul-tree, where four roads meet at the corner of the old school-grounds. It was therefore proposed by our brethren that I should accompany Mr. Carey to Howrah, with a view to the arranging of matters, so that stated services might be held there in future. Notice was accordingly sent to the Christian friends at Howrah of our proposed visit, and I shall never forget the cordial and hearty welcome we received from them.

"As we were crossing the river, Mr. Carey, pointing to the distant Ghaut, said, 'There are our friends waiting to receive us ;'* and no sooner did the boat touch the shore, than two good missionaries, Messrs. Jansen, a Dane ; and Bonner, an Indo-Briton, stepped on board to greet us. Alas ! these kind friends were soon removed by death, but the remembrance of them is still dear. The little bungalow to which we were conducted was speedily filled with British, Indo-British, and Portuguese Christians, all desirous of hearing the Word of Life."

The reader is familiar with the name of this station,

* Indian Recollections, p. 268.

occupied now by the esteemed missionary, Mr. Morgan, whose accounts often cheer us, as detailed in the *Missionary Herald*, and will now associate it with the early labours of Mr. Carey. Many were the dangers which threatened the missionary in crossing the river, especially in the rainy season ; but his zeal as that of a true missionary was unwearied, and as he had counted the cost when giving himself to this work, so in the field of action he braves all hardships, risks all dangers.

The missionaries write to the Society :—

“ We should be glad to communicate intelligence which should gladden your hearts, and call forth your solemn thanksgivings to God for the success granted us ; but we have at present rather to solicit your sympathy and prayers. In the absence of any remarkable success, however, we are persuaded it will satisfy you to know we are not inattentive to the great object for which we were sent into this country ; but that as we are daily becoming more qualified by our progress in the language, so we hope that we are more desirous than ever to pursue it.

“ In the English department we have much to mourn over, and difficulties to encounter too numerous to be detailed in a communication of this kind ; yet amidst all there are several encouraging circumstances.

“ We informed you in our last that we had built

two native chapels in different parts of the city. Congregations sometimes exceed two hundred.

“We have four tracts in Bengalee now ready for the press, ‘A Memoir of a Native Christian,’ and ‘Poor Joseph,’ both translated by brother Lawson. The first is printing, and is to be accompanied by two wood-cuts by brother Lawson. We have found embellishments of this nature, cut by him, and inserted in tracts lately printed at Serampore, excite great attention among the natives. The third is a Memoir of Krishna-Presand, the first converted Brahmin, translated by brother Pearce; and the fourth, by brother E. Carey, is the first of a series of tracts, to be written upon the Evidences, the Doctrines, and Duties of Christianity, and consists of remarks on the importance and necessity of an immediate revelation from God. The work is to be printed at the expense of our Auxiliary Society; the funds of which, we are happy to say, though not large, appear pretty steady. We have lately printed at its expense 3000 copies of a few select hymns generally sung in our Bengalee worship.”

“Calcutta, Nov. 7, 1818.—Yates, Carey, and myself have, since the commencement of the cold season, been likewise engaged in alternat weekly itineraries. The first congregation was by far the best; the whole street in which we made our stand seemed to send forth its people. We were first invited by some

Brahmins to sit down at their door. We sang the hymn translated into Bengalee,

“Come ye sinners, poor and wretched;”

after which brother Pearce addressed the people. They listened at first with considerable attention, but a disciple of Rammohun-Roy proposed several questions in a light and trifling way, which dissipated all their seriousness. The success of Rammohun-Roy's opinions shakes the fabric of superstition, but the reception of them does not, by one iota, increase the seriousness with which religious subjects are examined. Levity is the great vice of the native mind when employed on religion. They profess to believe that there is only one God, but they do not believe that he is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him. It is only those views of the character and government of God that are furnished by the cross of Christ, that can render the mind truly serious, and subdue its native pride.

“The third stand we made was outside of a large bazaar, from which the people came to hear. Here brother Lawson's ‘Life of Futik,’ containing cuts of their Debtas, was greedily received.

“To-day I was accompanied by Paunchoo and his brother. The first stand that we made was in a very populous part of the city, when, after singing a hymn to the praise of Christ, Paunchoo addressed a congregation which he reckoned at five hundred. They

listened nearly three-quarters of an hour apparently with serious attention; but some objection being started, their seriousness was dissipated. A Brahmin declared himself to be God, and able to do everything. I required him to give us a proof of his Almighty power by performing a miracle. He raged and went away, scouted by the multitude."

"Feb. 24, 1819.—Our work among the natives has been gradually increasing, and we hope the effects resulting from it bear some small proportion, though we must confess, that had we to describe to you the latter instead of the former, we should feel ourselves greatly discouraged. We are thankful for what you have so kindly expressed to us on this subject, that you 'do not require us to detail our success so much as our labours.' From this we learn that you do not expect that this barren wilderness should be cultivated without much toil and repeated exertions, and that it is only in the patient pursuit of our great object that we can expect the Divine blessing and consequent success on the means we use. As far as our experience goes, it fully confirms the idea you have suggested; we see that the seed must be sown, and patience exercised, before the crops can be reaped: the gospel must be published, it must be pressed on the attention of the heathen, and applied to their hearts by the Divine Spirit, before any important effects can result from it.

“We were afraid, respecting the places we built for worship among the natives, that, after they had become acquainted with the design of them, they would have absented themselves, or would have opposed us. It was an experiment, and we had serious fears that it might fail at the first outset. Had we conferred with flesh and blood, we should have concluded, with others, that the plan, however desirable, was altogether impracticable. We trust we entered upon it, though with fear and trembling, yet in the strength of the Lord. He has assisted us, and blessed these means in part, and we hope that he will bless them still more. The attendance of the natives, instead of growing less, has been on the increase; and instead of violently opposing, they have, on the whole, become more attentive; so that we can now speak to them for between two and three hours without the least disturbance.

“The first moral effect we have perceived arising from our labours has been the production of a certain degree of seriousness in the minds of some that attend. The dreadfully black and complicated system of idolatry, to which the natives have been so long accustomed, has destroyed in their minds everything like serious reflection about salvation; and if they talk about it, it is rather to display their knowledge by the quotation of some line of poetry from their Shastras, than to learn whether there is a way in

which they can obtain deliverance. You will not wonder, therefore, in such circumstances, if we should ascribe to a Divine influence what in England would be attributed to decency of manners.

“Yet to our unspeakable mortification, after conversing with them for some time, and gaining their consent to the truth of our message, and all we have declared, they have left us saying, that our Christ and their Krishna were the same; so that while we have some little to encourage our hopes, we have much more to excite our fears, and lay us low in the dust. We have as yet seen nothing of that deep contrition for sin which is experienced by those who have correct views of the holiness of God and his laws.

“The natives have no settled data on which we can argue with them on Divine things; they are destitute of moral principles, so that, instead of arguing from these, as we have always been accustomed, we have, with great difficulty, in the first place to establish them. For instance, they commonly maintain that sin in God and in us is not the same thing, because he is above law; and if sin enters into him, it is consumed like fuel in the fire; and thus they take away the malignity of sin and reduce it to a mere circumstance—in fact, they make God himself the author of all sin as well as holiness; for, say they, ‘We live and move in him, it must be he,

therefore, who impels us to everything we do." On this principle many do not fail openly to declare that they themselves are God. From this you will perceive there are many obstacles in the way of communicating religious ideas to their minds; yet we begin to see some regularly attend and listen; we begin to hear the name of Christ pronounced in whatever direction we go, and oftentimes by many who we should have supposed had never heard it; and we should gladly hail the day in which the Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in his beams, and scatter the whole of these dark clouds of superstition and idolatry.

"This leads us to notice another very important step we are now taking in this department of labour. We have had frequently to lament our not being more intimately associated with the natives. After preaching we had some who have followed us, wishing to inquire more about this new way, who, when they have come into the European part of the city and seen its bustle and confusion, have made some excuse and gone back. We have also felt, on being called to preach to them, the necessity of entering fully into their modes of thinking and speaking. These considerations suggested to us the propriety of renting some ground, and building a house something like the natives' houses, that they might come to us freely and without suspicion, and that we might have

a place to give them while they remained with us as inquirers, and also accommodate those who could give us some assistance in preaching. From these considerations we resolved to get a place, if possible, in the most populous part of the native city. We mentioned this to our pundit, and he immediately directed us to a spot in Doorgapore, which we think of all others that we know most eligible for our purpose. After due consideration, we took it for five years.

“We immediately commenced building our house upon it, and it is now almost finished. This place is about four miles from our residence, and, if we are succeeded in our work, it will prove an important missionary station.”

After deliberation, it was agreed that this should be supplied for half a year at a time by one of three out of the six missionaries—viz., by Mr. Adam, Mr. Carey, and Mr. Yates, alternately. They continue:—

“If you consider the extent of the population that lies before us, you will readily see the necessity of adopting some such plans. The number of idolaters in this city is nearly equal to the population of London; and suppose, even in its present enlightened state, that there were not to be found in London six men to supply its spiritual wants, who would not consider that there was a dreadful famine of the Word of Life. This is the case *here*, for, instead of six, there is scarcely one amongst us who is capacitated to preach

with effect to the heathen; and even were we all so, what would five or six missionaries be in a field where a million of souls are perishing for lack of knowledge. The sickle (we mean the Word of Life in the Bengalee language) has been put into our hands, the field (Calcutta and its environs) is laid open before us, and the language of Divine Providence seems to be, 'Enter, and labour.' We have attended to this voice, and now we must continue till by faith and patience a blessing is secured.

"The prosecution of plans like these we are now attempting will be attended with considerable expense, because, in addition to the money laid out in the commencement, we have another house establishment to support, which, though it will be nothing like the expenses of keeping house amongst the Europeans in Calcutta, will be something considerable."

Then follows in this letter an account of the native preacher, Paunchoo. His mind was first impressed by a conversation with Mr. Carey, and he may be esteemed as the first fruit of his labours amongst the natives. This was matter of great joy to him; and through the whole of his missionary career—in all his itineraries, in his illness at Doorgapore, and at all times and everywhere, this native was his faithful friend and attendant. That beautiful and spontaneous growth of affection which the Apostle points out so strikingly as dwelling in Timothy towards the Philippians,

dwelt in this Hindoo convert. Whether the reference were to the missionaries or to his perishing countrymen, the truth was applicable to Paunchoo, "I have no man like-minded who will *naturally* care for your state."

In the following paragraph, their first attempt at native female education is noticed.

"It is our intention to attempt the instruction of a few native girls, when our influence may be such as to prevail upon the parents to send them. The schools amongst the natives for the instruction of *boys* are numerous, and of various kinds; but they have the most rooted antipathy against the education of the female sex, and the attempts made to overcome it have been few, and only partially successful. Every fresh attempt, however, diminishes the quantity of ignorance."

With respect to this department of labour, the missionaries write—

"Though we would be thankful for opportunities of usefulness of this nature, we wish so to view them, as to *estimate their importance by the relation they may bear to our usefulness in a missionary point of view, and contemplate them as auxiliary only to our appropriate work as missionaries.* We are messengers of salvation to the heathen, and while we hold it a duty to seek their intellectual improvement, and to pray for the success of all efforts of this kind made by others, we

wish our time and strength to be so applied, as for spiritual objects to give the prominent character to our engagements. If men are taught to think properly upon natural subjects, it is matter of thankfulness, as it may prove a blessing to them through life, by showing them the folly of their ancient system, and exciting them to investigate matters of higher concern ; *but if, through the preaching of the gospel, Christ is formed in them the hope of glory, they are not only blessed for this life, but for that which is to come.* And we feel a confident persuasion, that, if our Society, who labour at home to support the missionaries, and we who are sent forth to carry into effect its designs abroad, *make the preaching of the cross of Christ the simple and steady object of pursuit,* the mission will be succeeded of God, who never withholds his blessing from his own institutions. By this means it may not be splendid, but it will be useful and venerable. It may possess less of public applause, but will receive the blessing of those who are ready to perish, and be enriched with the smiles of the great Head of the Church, to whom it must be considered proportionably acceptable, as it subserves the purpose of his dying love."

The writer has put passages in the above paragraph in italics, because they are worthy of the special notice of the reader. It was Mr. Carey's opinion, not only when a missionary abroad, but

when pleading the cause of the Society at home, that in however large a degree the various institutions of a religious or benevolent character were successful, that however multiplied and spread abroad, yet they were to be considered as *auxiliaries* only; that the main thing for them as missionaries, was the preaching of the gospel in the vernacular tongue of the people to whom they addressed it. This, as an institution of Christ, whose servants they were, was to be the *one object* and *the main intention* of their lives. In the first planting of the gospel by the apostles of our Lord, this was the *only* means they used. Then there were no School-Book Societies, no Bible Societies, no Tract distribution. But they *went everywhere preaching the Word*. *Preach* the Word; be instant in season and out of season. So hath Christ commanded us to *preach* the gospel; we *preach* Christ crucified. Through the foolishness of *preaching* to save them that believe, well may our missionaries say, "It will not be splendid, but it will be useful and venerable. It may possess less of public applause, but it will receive the blessing of those who are ready to perish." In the after-life, the reader will learn how true this is with reference to Mr. Carey. While in Calcutta he was the constant preacher to the natives; preaching being his chief work and his greatest delight. For this reason his name appears not amongst the names of those who formed and

conducted the leading societies at this time in Calcutta. While he had no business tact, and no liking to the mere details of committees, he could go on for ever without interruption in his favourite employment of preaching. Thus his first service at Doorgapore in this month is mentioned in Mr. Adams's Journal. He says of the station:—"It is in an excellent situation for gaining a congregation at any time of day. There is a neat meeting-house constructed, just against the road; and if a missionary goes into it, and begins to sing a hymn or read a chapter, in a few minutes he will have a good congregation. Brother Carey began singing, a boy or two came and sat down; next a man, who at Carey's request sat down; then many others, and after that a fall of people stopped, till at length there was a very good congregation, who heard attentively the words of eternal life; and on our departure said, with apparent satisfaction, 'these are indeed the true words.' The station, considering all things, will not be an expensive one."

And now may the stone of help be erected. They write:—

"We have now been united in Calcutta for upwards of fourteen months, and, though we can say nothing of absolute success, yet we doubt not that in due time this will be granted. The more we contemplate this scene of missionary operations, the

more it rises in importance; and the more we are able to enter into missionary engagements, the more our minds are overwhelmed with the immensity of the prospect of what needs to be done.

“Here are condensed within the circumference of a few miles, at the lowest calculation, a million of souls, all, with a few exceptions, devoted to a degrading superstition. Here your missionaries have to meet in the higher ranks either the grossest sensualities, or all the pride of human intellect. Here philosophy, falsely so called, shows itself in all its sophistry of argument, and in all its enmity against God and his truth; and here, in a vast and deluded multitude, idolatry, in all its frenzy, in all its lewdness, and in all its frightful cruelties, is rampant. *This is a people robbed and spoiled, and none saith Deliver.*”

This chapter is concluded by recording the early recollections of Mr. Carey's eldest son.

“The mission family resided in a large white house, at the north end of Calcutta, on the high road to Barrackpore. This family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Penney, Mr. and Mrs. Yates, and Mr. and Mrs. Carey. Mr. and Mrs. Lawson resided in the Circular-road, where Mrs. Lawson kept a ladies' school. Mr. Pearce resided in the same road, at the mission press. These five families united together their several incomes, and formed one fund for the supply of their

daily necessities ; so that, while each family bore its share of the gross expenditure, they had, in this most happy union, ‘all things common.’

“ Mr. Carey and Mr. Yates had the charge of a boys’ school. The premises were large and commodious, and, for Calcutta, healthy.

“ These days were passed most happily : there is no bitterness associated with their remembrance. Each in this establishment had his own particular apartments, his own particular duties ; and, at certain times, all used to meet for morning and evening worship, for meals, and social intercourse.

“ The happiest time used to be in the afternoon, after dinner. The jalousies being down, and the hot air excluded — no punkah then in motion — Mrs. Penney, Mrs. Yates, and Mrs. Carey used to sit in the side room, with the three children, William Yates, my sister, and myself. I shall never forget while life lasts these afternoon conversations. Child as I was, they used to be felt by me. The subject one afternoon was, what hymns each liked best. Mrs. Carey’s choice was, ‘On Jordan’s stormy banks I stand ;’ Mrs. Yates’s I do not remember ; Mrs. Penney’s was, ‘Unclean, unclean, and full of sin.’ Mrs. Penney’s, I thought, was a singular choice. I could find no fault in her ; I loved her much. She was always the same — kind, loving, and tender : and yet, she ‘unclean, unclean, and full of sin.’ This

passed my comprehension. But notwithstanding this, I set to work to learn this hymn, and easily mastered it. My mother's I could not; after even long trial I could not repeat it. But one morning, while at family worship, during prayer, it came into my memory. With great difficulty I waited till prayer was over; but the instant it was done, I ran to my friend Mrs. Penney, to repeat it to her; and great, indeed, was the pleasure that I had in doing so.

"The greatest part of the instruction devolved on Mr. Penney, who had also to conduct his Lancasterian school. How very active he used to be. He was here, there, and everywhere. He cultivated a garden, and never shall I forget the glee and delight with which he came home one day from his garden, and presented us with some real English strawberries, cultivated and brought to perfection, for the first time in India, by himself.

"At Boitakonah my father wrote his *Harmony of the Gospels* in Bengalee.* It was here also we could witness from our windows all the poojahs and worship of Hindooism.

"At the end of the playground the great car of Juggernath used to be brought and left. I and W. Yates used to go and see it, and wonder at the innu-

* This was the united production of Mr. Carey and Mr. Yates, printed in Bengalee at the Calcutta press.

merable heavy wheels, hideous images, and frightful paintings. There were the remains of the crushed human sacrifices, and the cries of Hurree bol.

“Here used to be performed before our eyes the Churruk-poojah, and many a time have I seen it. I shall never forget the performance of a Portuguese, and also of a woman swung round, thrown down, and killed. Also, here was performed part of the same poojah,—the ascending of various flights or stories by the natives, and throwing themselves off on beds of spikes. All the horrors of idolatry and the cruel tortures used to be undergone.

“At this time school was given partially up, and my father, as he was the best speaker, used to go to these idolaters. No time was lost, no strength nor exertion spared; in season and out of season he was engaged in addressing them, and seeking to press home on their consciences the duty of repentance and faith.

“In certain districts every day he used to be employed preaching and testifying to the heathen the wonderful works of God. He laboured hard. Sometimes he used to take me with him. It was during one of these itineraries that a medical friend said to him, ‘It won’t do, Mr. Carey, flesh and blood cannot stand it;’ meaning, of course, his unbroken and laborious exertion.

“It was at Boitakonah, also, that I first saw Mr.

Chamberlain, who, as I was in delicate health, took me with him to the Sunderbunds in his budgerow.

“To this place Dr. Carey used to come and see us. I was somewhat of a pet with the good Doctor, and he has often taken me with him, after he had done his duties at Fort William, in his closed one-horse carriage to Serampore, where I used to have the range of his large garden and the mission premises, part of which belonged to him.

“There was a boys’ school at Serampore, at which Dr. Carey used to conduct the family worship. He gave out the hymn, set the tune, stamping energetically with his foot at first going off. After the hymn the prayer. It was so humble, good, and quiet—just like himself.”

CHAP. X.

STATION AT DOORGAPORE—JOURNAL.

“The missionary holds the lamp of instruction to those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death; and while there remains a particle of ignorance not expelled his task is left unfinished.”—R. HALL’s *Address*.

WE now enter upon Mr. Carey’s distinct work in the city of Calcutta. This chapter will present great interest to the reader, from the circumstance that the Journal and letters which follow are from his own pen, and have never before been published.

The *Herald* reports,—“Oct. 7, 1819.—Mr. Eustace Carey has lately resigned the co-pastorship of the church, and intends to devote himself exclusively to the heathen population in and around Calcutta.” The Report also confirms their own statements, with reference to the importance of preaching, given at the close of the last chapter, as follows:—

“At Calcutta the labours of the Junior brethren have gradually acquired a more extensive range, and although Messrs. Yates and Eustace Carey have been visited with severe affliction during a season which

proved unusually fatal, we have to record, with joy and thankfulness, that hitherto the missionary strength employed by the Society in the metropolis of India has sustained no diminution.

“Convinced, however, that the preaching of the cross is the grand means by which the heathen world is to be reclaimed to God, our brethren have endeavoured to extend their labours in this department as much as possible. With this view, they have increased the number of their places for native worship, and, in defraying the expenses, have been aided not only by the funds of the Auxiliary Society in Calcutta, all of which are applied to the cause of the Gospel in that city, but by the liberality of private individuals. One instance of this kind is specified, which proves, in a very satisfactory manner, the influence of real religion on the heart. A Portuguese woman, a member of the church, having been employed as a servant in a respectable family, had saved a small sum, which she was desirous of devoting, in some way, to the cause of God. Nothing better having occurred, she offered to rent a piece of ground, and build on it a Bengalee place of worship at her own expense. After having ascertained to their entire satisfaction that her design in this proposal was to promote the work of God, the missionaries acceded to her request. The house was built, and the following letter, which she sent to Mr. Eustace Carey on this occasion, will interest

every reader, by the strain of evangelical simplicity in which it is written.

“MAY THE GLORIOUS GOD BE VICTORIOUS!

“MY DEAR BROTHER,—I am by no means worthy to write to you, or even to call you brother, because I am a very insignificant person. It is through the love of the Lord that I have been able to call you brother. I have one request to make—and that is, that you will not think anything of the house, for it was not from me, but from the hand of God. If the Lord alone had not given me the mind, I should have been able to do nothing at all. O Lord! thy mercy is great; thy death is all in all. I could stand in the streets to proclaim thy praise, but then men would say that I was mad. O Lord! what shall I do to proclaim thy praise? A few days ago, as I was sitting and meditating, my mind was exceedingly happy, and I said, ‘O, my mind, come, let us build a house in which we may proclaim the praise of the Lord.’ After this, however, I did not know whether I should do it or not; because I thought, ‘O, mind, if this is only done with the body, then I shall certainly be like the idolaters, who think there is merit in such things.’ Then my mind was afraid. But I said, ‘O, my mind, whence has this desire arisen—how do I know but it came from the hand of the Lord?’ O gracious Lord, if it came

from thee, give me an humble mind, that in this thy name may be glorified. O Lord, we are thy cultivators—what can we do? Thou art the giver of the fruit—thou canst do all things—nothing is impossible with thee. Let me not trust in my own wisdom; but in everything acknowledge thee. May the grace, love, and peace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with all the brethren and sisters. Amen.

Signed,

AN INSIGNIFICANT HANDMAID OF THE LORD.”*

JOURNAL.

Doorgapore, Sept. 1819.

When our morning worship was over, a Mussulman replied:—“Well, sir, if the English and Hindoos may be saved by Christ, what is to become of the Mussulman?” It was asked him in return whether the English and Hindoos did not receive light from the same sun? He said “Yes.” “Well, whence do the Mussulmans obtain the light which they enjoy?” “From that, too,” he replied. “So it is with the salvation that is in Jesus Christ. The English and Hindoo may partake of it, and yet it is abundant for Mussulmans too, and no other remedy is provided.”

Brother Penney and myself walking out this evening upon the Barrackpore Road, after conversing with several poor people who were loitering about, we met with a respectable Brahmin, whom we endea-

* After erecting the house, she undertook the menial office of cleaning it.

voured to engage in conversation. He informed us that there were many learned men in the neighbouring village, of which he was an inhabitant; that the Vedant Shastras were much studied there, and that he possessed a copy of some part of them.

“What do they contain?”

“They treat of the nature of God,” &c.

“Is there any way of salvation made known in them?”

“Yes, but they are not the privilege of the common people, they are only designed for the Brahmins.”

“Why, who created the Brahmins?”

“The Supreme God.”

“And who created the common people?”

“The same Being.”

“And are not all, Brahmins and Hindoos, (common people,) alike sinners?”

“Every man is a sinner.”

“But if the way of salvation is revealed in the Vedant Shastras, and they are exclusively for the Brahmins, what is to become of the poor ignorant multitude?”

“They are not without hope; they are at liberty to pronounce the name of God; they can say ‘Hurry, hurry,’ and that will save them.”

“If you had a servant who constantly disobeyed your orders and wasted your property, would his pronouncing your name merely, ensure his forgiveness?”

“No, that could not be.”

This gave occasion for some remarks as to the *suitableness* of the Gospel dispensation, from its being accessible to all mankind, and from the abundant provision made for all by the incarnation and atonement of Christ.

“Ah!” says the Brahmin, “men will not believe in Christ at present, there is a necessary delay, for this is the Kully-Yoog, or evil dispensation.”

It was answered him that if death arrived, there would be no delay in that case; and as Christ was the only Saviour from the wrath to come, he ought not to delay in believing on him. He refused to receive books from us.

Wednesday, 22nd.—Our worship at Baranagur well attended. A Brahmin came in about the middle of the service, and displayed very great impatience. He made several attempts to interrupt us in speaking, and to disturb the attention of the people. He was requested to wait till we had finished our discourse, but, being very angry, he turned off almost immediately. We were particularly struck with the attention which a Byragee paid to the Word of God. He made his appearance almost as soon as we had commenced reading, and, while others were going and coming, he remained silent and immovably fixed till all was concluded, when he came in and sat himself down. Upon our asking whether any one had any-

thing to reply to what we had said, he declared that no one could urge anything against what had been advanced. But as he spoke Hindu, we asked him how he knew what had been said. He confessed he did not understand much of the Bengalee language, but, from what he could gather from the scraps of the discourse, he understood that we had been preaching of Dhorma-cotta and the Soily Gooroo religion, and the Divine Instructor. We prevailed on him to accompany us home, where he remained with us till nine o'clock. In conversation in the evening, he gave a long account of his journeyings for twelve years past in search of something that he deemed salvation; for it was evident he had no distinct idea of what he was in quest of, or what was the nature of that salvation he spoke of. Yet he acknowledged that it was salvation from sin he was seeking. He was asked what sin was? He answered if he saw a person kill a man or a cow, he knew that was sin; and he evidently held it as great a sin to kill a cow as a man! It was further urged upon him, whether he knew of any absolute rule or law by which to judge of the nature of sin in general, as committed against the supreme God:—

“If I see a man blind, or deformed, or lame, or labouring under any incurable disease, I conclude,” says he, “that God has inflicted this punishment upon him for sinning against him in some former birth.”

This put us in mind of the disciples of Christ, when

they asked him, "Who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?"

As to holiness, if a person gave away large sums of money to Brahmins or to the poor, his holiness was in proportion to what he gave away, and that his reward in heaven would be of the same nature and proportion. It was asked him what would become of such as were poor like himself, and could therefore bestow nothing upon others. He replied that if a person obtained his living by begging, and should exert himself and get more than he himself stood in need of, and give it another needy person who might be passing by, he would be denominated holy from such an action.

But sometimes he would speak as though he expected all things to be accomplished as to his salvation by the power of Raam, whose follower he was, and was very fluent in repeating verses of poetry in his praise, which he recited with an astonishing readiness at every turn. We at length related to him, as well as we were able, the wretched state of man by his apostasy from God. We told him that the Holy Book which he saw in our hands in the afternoon, taught us how to judge of the nature of sin; that by the incarnation and death of Christ a full redemption might be enjoyed, and real holiness be obtained. Having said these things, we sang the Bengalee hymn—

“The Person who gave his life for the redemption of sinners,
O, my soul, forget Him not ;”

and one of the Jessore Christians concluded. We gave him an earnest invitation to desist from prosecuting his journey, and remain with us until he knew more of Christ. He said he would go to the village to lodge, and return in the morning. He refused to take anything from us for food.

In the morning of the 23rd the Byragee spoken of above returned with two others, and a female whom he called his wife. After some conversation with our native brother Paunchoo, all three of the men were anxious to remain with us, but the woman obstinately persisted in opposing them ; and declared she would go alone if they chose to remain here, and reproached them not a little. They allowed her to start alone ; but, after sitting some little time, they all followed, and we have seen no more of them.

Saturday, 25th. — A man passing through our grounds in the habit of a Sunyasee, Paunchoo called him, and entered into conversation with him. He was a follower of Seeb, and carried in his hands a tresulo and a deer skin. He is a native of Carnata, and has assumed the character of a Byragee for about twelve years. The first four years he spent in travelling in parts more contiguous to his own country, and these last eight years he has been visiting almost all places that are esteemed holy ; he in consequence

can speak a little Hindu, by which our native brother is able to hold conversation with him. He says he is in search of the true Instructor of Salvation. We tell him Jesus is the true Instructor ; and he declares that he will go no further.

Wednesday, 29th.—The Sunyasee, Ram-Bhurat, has now been with us five days. A person coming past yesterday, sarcastically observed, “You a Sunyasee, and are come here to be made a Christian, are you?” He answered, by punning upon the Sunyasee —“I am Sorbanasee (entirely ruined), and am come here for help.” He says he will remain with us, and learn the way of salvation by Christ. He requests to take off his long beard, which he has allowed to grow as a mark of peculiar sanctity ; but we tell him not to be in haste, as salvation through Christ may be obtained without any regard to beards, or clothes, or eating, or drinking.

Doorgapore, October, 1819.

Oct. 1st.—Ram-Bhurat, the Sunyasee, left us very early this morning, without seeing any one of us, or assigning any reason. He has been with us a week, and I verily thought, for the first two or three days, that there was something like serious inquiry about him ; but in this, as in almost every case, our hope is succeeded by disappointment. That promise—“Ye shall reap if ye faint not,” is very consoling in missionary work.

After singing twice, and reading a long chapter this morning, we were able to collect a pretty good number of people, among whom were several Brahmins. One asked, what benefit there would be in believing in Christ? Instead of answering this question directly, I endeavoured to make him understand what was required in believing in Christ—viz., that lewdness, covetousness, lying, deceit, and idolatry, must be repented of and forsaken; and then stated, that, if he could comply with these conditions, and give his heart to holiness, he would then find by experience that, through belief in Christ, his sins would be forgiven, his worship be rendered acceptable in the sight of God, and his mind be made pure and fit for heaven.

Oct. 7th.—The congregation, for the last five days, much as usual, but no disputing. The people hear quietly and then go away, and others come. Several Brahmins have seemed, for two or three mornings, to hear with attention and a measure of approbation; but nothing is heard of them after the service is over. No inquirers after the true salvation since the last Sunyasee, Ram-Bhurat, left us.

Oct. 8th.—Obtained a good congregation on the highway. All were very silent and attentive, with the exception of two or three Brahmins, whose evident intention was to excite confusion, and to destroy the attention of the poor people who were standing

about us. In this they were disappointed, as we addressed them very civilly, and begged them to defer disputing until we should finish our discourse to the people; but their impatience would not allow them to do this, so they left us to our work.

Before we had concluded another Brahmin came up, who was determined to interrupt us. After replying to two or three things which he advanced, we found him too boisterous to allow us any possible chance of silencing him; so we gave up the contest.

Oct. 10th, Sabbath.—Our congregation by the road-side very attentive, and more numerous than common. About the middle of the service, a Byragee came in, who seemed almost in an agony about something; what it was we know not.

He stopped till we had concluded, when we questioned him as to what he was seeking after; he said he wanted salvation, and was trusting for it to the name of Krishna. We exhorted him to trust in Christ, who was an all-sufficient and the only Redeemer, and invited him to spend some time with us. He remained with us until two o'clock, when, under pretence of cooking some food, he left us, and we have seen nothing of him since. I had great hopes, from his apparent earnestness, that he was seeking salvation.

Oct. 11th.—This morning a Byragee came to me, with whom brother Adams had conversed during his

residence here, and whom he earnestly entreated to leave off begging, and to come and reside upon our premises, but to no purpose. He was very ill with a fever, and said he was greatly distressed at the fear of death. I in the first place gave him some medicine to reduce his fever, which was very strong; and though he professed some desire to believe in Christ for salvation, yet having received this aid he immediately went off.

Oct. 12th.—Morning worship attended much as usual. This evening went on the road, and soon collected a tolerable number of people, who were very attentive, and, after we had concluded, several desired books with a professedly serious intention of reading them; which has not been the case in many instances for this last month. But no serious inquirers about the way of life.

Oct. 13th.—Nothing occurred this morning on the side of the road worthy of notice. There were but few people at Baranagore this evening, owing to the threatening appearance of the weather. At the conclusion of the service two natives requested books; but, knowing that one of them had obtained some from us before, I asked him what he had done with them. He was candid enough to say that he did not like them, and had sold them to the shopkeepers for waste paper. I of course gave him no more. This incident may serve to show that some

discrimination is required in distributing tracts, and still more so in giving away portions of the Scriptures, as, from their bulk, they afford a greater temptation to dispose of them.

Oct. 15th.—A good congregation this morning, and some opposition, but, as it was made with a great deal of confusion and vociferation, it was not easy to collect and reply distinctly to what was said. One of our objectors wished for ocular demonstration of what we said as to the power of Christ to save men ; but when urged with the unreasonableness of his demands, he readily granted that his faith in the power of the Hindoo Debtas was not the result of any demonstration of this nature, but from testimony. Yet he was unwilling to admit the same kind of proof in favour of Christianity. We constantly find that it is more easy to answer than to silence the natives as to the objections they bring against the gospel. Not that it can be insinuated that they are destitute of acumen ; the reverse is evinced daily, but their acumen, receiving its quality from the general temper of the people, most frequently borders upon cunning, and exemplifies itself, not by giving a particular point, and presenting in the most favourable bearings an argument intrinsically sound, but in finding out such shifts and subterfuges as may steel them against conviction. And they are so overstocked with ancient sayings and quotations from their Shastras, and so

ready at comparison, all which is deemed by them sound argument, that their talent for disputation is unlimited and unwearied.

A good congregation on the Barrackpore road this evening. A Brahmin interrupted, and said :—" We believe there is but one God ; but as there are many roads to Calcutta, so there are many ways to heaven." One of his own countrymen, a Byragee, standing by, immediately replied : " But, brother, if I go a round-about way, there is danger of my being benighted before I reach the city."

Oct. 16th.—The attendance on the road-side this morning better than usual. The meeting-house was nearly full, besides a number who continued standing on the road-side. Their attention was attracted by the appearance of a native inquirer, who was until very lately a devotee of some eminence, and who yet, from his head-dress, has an interesting appearance. This man was first seen at Kalie Ghaut by brother Keith. As an act of austerity, he bound himself under a vow of silence, which he persevered in for the space of four years. He is now under instruction with brother Peters ; and, at my request, paid us a visit at Doorgapore. There is something very hopeful in him, and, should he prove sincere in his inquiries after Divine truth, from the appearances of talent and information he exhibits, there is reason to expect he will be a useful man.

Oct. 27th.—Owing to very heavy and constant rains but little could be attempted within these last eight days; but now the cold season has evidently set in, I hope to go out nearly every day. Yesterday a man came to the house of our native brother after morning worship, and having sat with him until he read through a whole tract, he professed a strong desire to remain with us; but on Paunchoo's leaving the house for a few minutes, he left in the meantime, and no more has been seen of him.

We must guard against too much discouragement after such occurrences; for after they have heard some of the leading truths of salvation stated to them at some length, it may be that some conviction may reach the heart, and some degree of moral light remain, notwithstanding all the efforts of Satan to the contrary.

My cousin, William Carey, once informed me, that he not unfrequently meets with people, when upon his itineraries, who retain some knowledge of the way of salvation, owing to what they had heard from brother Chamberlain ten or twelve years ago. So certain is it that our work is not in vain in the Lord.

Oct. 28th.—We went out to Ghosoree, a neighbouring village over the other side of the river, and addressed a number of poor but attentive people. Two or three Brahmins made their appearance, but,

with the exception of one of their number, went to a distance, where they sat and heard us.

We commenced by singing, and after praying for the blessing of God upon the inhabitants of the village, and especially that their hearts might be opened to receive favourably the message we had brought to them, both myself and the native brother discoursed to them of the common salvation, and meeting with none inclined to dispute with us, we gave away several tracts, and proceeded about a mile up the river, to the other extremity of the village, where we also collected Mussulmans and Hindoos, though not to so great a number. There was a man amongst our hearers who had swung six times at the Churruck Poojah, besides having had slips of bamboo run through his side. I asked him what fruit he had obtained by all that he had done; he replied that he had experienced nothing but pain at present, but what would become of it hereafter he knew not.

Oct. 29th.—Obtained a good congregation on the highway this evening, and uninterrupted attention was given while we read a tract almost through, and both myself and a native brother addressed them. After concluding, one man inquired what was to become of him, respecting the things of this world, provided he believed in Christ and became his follower with the view of being happy in the world

to come. He was told the religion of Christ did not require any man to abandon his family and friends, provided they did not forsake him; and that it did not require any persons to relinquish worldly employments, as do the Fakeers among the Mussulmans, and Sangarees among the Hindoos; but that every man should follow his worldly employment, only he must be honest in so doing, or he could not be a disciple of Christ.

It seems to be a general sentiment among Hindoos that some degree of defilement necessarily attaches to worldly pursuits, however they are conducted; and others boldly assert, that without lying it is impossible to succeed in any undertaking. And yet the same person, according to one of their own sayings, will confess to you that the fruit of one lie is eternal death. There is no way to account for this, but to suppose that sin and holiness, heaven and hell, are all alike indifferent to them.

Another was indignant that we should hold forth Christ to the people, and not Krishna; upon which we begged him to explain to us what Krishna had done for the salvation of men. He then ran over in haste what he deemed Krishna's God-like deeds. We then again called his attention to the doctrines of Christ and his miracles, together with his unspeakable love in dying to save men, from which he might infer the reason why we preached Christ and not Krishna.

Oct. 30th.—Went this morning to a populous

village named Boalee, where, upon landing, we fell into conversation with a number of Brahmins who had been bathing at the Ghaut. In this conversation, an old Brahmin asserted the unity of God, and the lawfulness of worshipping a number of deities, with the same breath. After concluding this dispute, we went further into the village, till we came to a tolerably large tree; here we were considerably interrupted by the rudeness of some Brahmins, who, by the noise they made, were determined to prevent the people from hearing what we wished to address to them. We, however, persevered, and made good our stand for two hours, and, though the Brahmins opposed, the common people heard us gladly. In returning to the river by the same way we entered, we commenced a conversation with some people upon the banks of the river as they stopped us for books. A Brahmin averred that God was as truly the author of sin as he was of holiness. Upon his acknowledging that we were the offspring of God, I asked him if it was not excessively unreasonable to suppose that a father would lead his own children into evil. Moreover, as God has forbidden men to commit sin, and would punish them in consequence of it, it is impossible that he should be the author of it; and if God was the author of sin, we could have no motive for seeking the pardon of sin and deliverance from it, for whatever the best of beings does must be good and right; and it would be wrong in us to seek any expe-

dient against it, therefore they might cease their daily sacrifices and ceremonies.”

Mr. Carey writes at this time, in allusion to the death of two missionaries:—“Their deaths are all calculated to impress on our minds the importance of increased activity in our missionary pursuits, since the night is so fast approaching in which we shall no more be able to work. The field of labour is continually widening before us as we advance; looking backward, we seem to have made some little advancement; but looking forward, we seem to be quite stationary;—so immense is the difference between the extent of the whole and the littleness of that part, which is actively occupied by our labourers.”

Nov. 2nd.—As we were engaged in addressing the natives this morning, a Brahmin came up, who, after hearing for some time, began to object against the Gospel with considerable anger, and before he allowed himself time to be replied to, he lost patience, and turning off, left us, declaring that those who even lent their ears to hear what we preached, deserved to have them cut off. But, notwithstanding what he said, a good number of people continued to lend their ears, and that with great attention. This evening we went out, and collected a good number of people upon the high-road. But little was advanced by way of objection.

Nov. 3rd.—Nothing to-day worthy of notice, either at the meeting-house by the road, or at the Baranagore worship this evening.

Nov. 4th.—Went over the water to Sulkee, and obtained two excellent congregations, which occupied us between two and three hours. At the first place, I should think we had not less than one hundred people. After about an hour spent in singing a hymn, engaging in prayer, and addressing the people, a number of Brahmins being present, one of them commenced very earnestly, but in good temper, a dispute which lasted some time. The drift of his argument was to establish the consistency of the belief in, and worship of, a multitude of deities with the idea of the Divine unity. This he attempted, by affirming them to be so many parts or members of the one God, and they had assumed such forms as were best calculated to personify the different perfections of the same supreme essence. The way we combated his notion, was by showing that the attributes ascribed to these deities, and the actions they are said to have performed, are opposed to every idea we are able to form of the divine perfections; whereas, if they had been parts of the one supreme and infinite essence, they would have discovered some affinity to him. However, this rather answered than silenced him.

Generally speaking, the natives who follow the common idolatry (and the seceders are very few) are

cast so much in the same mould, that the objections they bring forward against the Gospel are the same repeated day after day ; and when you have preached among them a few months, little is urged by them that bears the character of novelty.

Nov. 10th.—Owing to the illness of our dear infant, Eustace, we removed to Calcutta on the 5th for medical advice. He was removed from us between one and two o'clock the next morning. We returned to our station yesterday morning, accompanied by our esteemed brother Chamberlain, who has come down the country for the purpose of restoring his health. It is matter of deep affliction to see so able a labourer laid aside from the work of the Lord ; we humbly trust, however, that he will yet be spared for the good of the heathen. We went out this morning, and collected a good number of people on one of the large Ghauts. Though brother Chamberlain is much of an invalid, he could not bear to keep silence. He commenced the attack, but, being very weak, he was obliged soon to sit down ; yet, every now and then, when he thought the battle went hard against me, he would get up to my support. After we had addressed them at some length we sung a hymn, and our native brother concluded in prayer.

This evening we went to Baranagore ; our congregation was pretty good and tolerably attentive. Brother Chamberlain again engaged, and, after the regular service was over, disputes were continued for

some length, but most of the things advanced were what we have been in the habit of hearing almost every day.

Nov. 13th.—The congregation for the last three days has been much as usual, but scarcely any disputing, and no particular occurrences to note down as affording any interest.

On the 7th, when brother Adams was supplying the station, a young lad, about seventeen years of age, presented himself as a religious inquirer, though without giving any very satisfactory account of himself. However, our practice is to give some kind of trial to all who present themselves to us. He can read remarkably well, better, indeed, than I ever remember to have heard a native read the printed character. He reads each day five or six chapters in the Gospels regularly; and in the evening I go over to Paunchoo's, and hear him read a portion of what he has been reading in the day, and explain it as well as I am able, and converse with him: but we have caught him in several lies.

Nov. 14th.—We had but very few people this morning, and none disputed. After breakfast, brother Paunchoo and I went to Baranagore, when, upon our commencement, several Brahmins came in for the express purpose, it was evident, of interrupting us. One of them, who seemed to be their leader, was excessively rude; and, knowing a little English, he seemed to expect that our attention would be paid to

him. We desired him to be silent, and that if he had anything he wished to say, he must reserve it until we had finished what we had to say, and that it would be a disgrace to him, a Brahmin, if he should behave worse than the poor despised people who were about him. After remaining about half an hour, until brother Paunchoo had concluded his address and I had commenced, finding no opportunity of effecting his purpose, he muttered something, and abruptly retired from the place.

That class of natives that know but little, and have acquired a mere smattering of English, we invariably find the most daringly forward and captious.

Prevented this afternoon from going to the iron foundry by a heavy shower of rain.

Nov. 15th.—This morning we were obliged, after eight days' trial, to part with the young man, Seebchundra, above named. He had told so many lies, and given such proofs that he was in search for his belly, and not seeking salvation, that we thought it hopeless to retain him any longer.

Nov. 17th.—After our regular worship in our meeting-house by the side of the road, we went out about half a mile into the city. Being in search of ground for a Bengalee meeting-house, I went to the house of a respectable native, who was in the habit of visiting brother Adams during his residence here. He attempted to dissuade me from expending strength

and money in so hopeless a cause as that of preaching the Gospel to the natives of Bengal ; adding, that he was persuaded they were too wicked to believe in Christ. He begged to know why, if Christ was the true Saviour, the Jews, his own countrymen, did not believe in him? I told him, that was amply explained by the Evangelist John, where it was declared that "Light was come into the world ; but that men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil." He also requested me to explain the doctrine of the Trinity. I told him that was not my business ; and before he determined to reject or to receive that doctrine, he had a previous question to decide—viz., Whether the Bible was a revelation from God to teach us the way of salvation. If we were assured of that point, we were then bound to receive whatever that taught, and our not being able to comprehend the doctrine would be no reason whatever why we should reject it. He must be very conscious of a distinction between his body and soul, and knew also that they were united ; and yet he could give no account of the matter—how they were united. So there might be in the Divine existence both distinction and union, and yet surpassing our comprehension as to the manner of its existence.

After taking our leave of the above native gentleman, we went about a quarter of a mile down the street, and collected a delightful congregation. It consisted of almost all sorts of people—Mussulmans,

Brahmins, Sudras. Both myself and the native Christian engaged, and, after concluding, distributed a number of tracts.

Nov. 20th.—Congregations much as usual these last two or three days, and nothing remains to be noted down of any interest.

Nov. 22nd.—Our morning congregations, both by the road-side and at Baranagore, pretty good; but we had none who disputed with us, and only one who received a tract.

In the afternoon our attendance at the iron-foundry was very good.

Nov. 23rd. — Our congregation was larger than usual to-day. At the meeting-house by the side of the road we found a rough antagonist, who determined to occupy the time in speaking the praises of Hurry, and in reconciling a multitude of Debtas with the unity of God. The arguments were the same as in a similar instance stated above. We provided ourselves with a boat after breakfast, and went down the river as far as Kidderpore, about six miles from the place where we live.

The population in that direction is immense. We collected two good congregations, gave away to those who could read, and were desirous of them, all the books we had with us, and then returned home.

Nov. 24th.—Our attendance very good to-day, both times, but especially at Baranagore this evening. The

chapel was almost filled with attentive hearers. After concluding, a respectable Brahmin attacked us warmly, though with old weapons. The position he assumed was, that unless we could work miracles before their eyes, it was impossible to turn them to Christ. I had just been reading to them the miracle of Christ feeding 4000 persons with a few loaves and fishes ; but all will not do, unless we can work miracles, can do the same over again.

It was urged upon them to consider the credibility of the testimony borne to this and other miracles ; and if that could not be shown to be in any degree suspicious, it was then their duty to believe them as much as if they had seen them performed ; and again, that miracles were not the things that were needed, but a heart well disposed towards God ; for instance, what could be a greater miracle than the rising of the sun amongst them from day to day ; yet who amongst them praised God for that universal blessing ? or who amongst them was disposed to him on that account ?

However, this did not satisfy, and the dusk of the evening alone admonished us to close our contest.

Nov. 25th.—After worship by the side of the road was over we went into the city. We stopped about a mile from our dwelling under the shade of a large tree. The people, remembering that we came among them about this time last year, behaved very politely

to us, and brought a morah for me to sit upon. We both addressed the people, but towards the end they became so crowded as to afford us but little opportunity of being heard. A number of Brahmins also at this time became noisy. When the truths of natural religion only are treated of, they behave very well; but when from them we pass to the truths of the Gospel, as salvation through the death of Christ, they invariably betray impatience. We proceeded about a quarter of a mile, and collected another congregation, which, though not so numerous, was much more attentive. We distributed all our tracts, which took us some time, as we see more and more the necessity of being very careful to *whom* we give, otherwise we might give away ten times the quantity, but with little hope of doing good.

Nov. 27th.—Our congregations these two days have been tolerably large, but no particular interest excited among them.

Last evening a Brahmin came to our dwelling, whom I had accosted in the morning as he was passing along the road. I offered to him a copy of the first number of our *Harmony of the Gospels*, lately out of the press, but he then refused, saying, he could not take anything from us then, nor stay to converse with us, as he had not performed his morning devotions, and should consequently be too late. He, however, made no scruple in the evening, but received

the book, and conversed nearly half an hour with us upon religious subjects.

Also another very respectable young man came and brought two of his neighbours with him. He has frequently been here before, when brother Adams lived here. His knowledge of the English language is very respectable, and he is well acquainted with the contents of the New Testament, especially with the Four Gospels. But his heart is unaffected. I pressed upon him the truths of salvation as well as I was able. I particularly begged him to reflect upon the great sin of living in idolatry with the knowledge he possessed of the Gospel, and the belief he professed in it. But though arguments and excuses failed him, what he heard seemed to make little impression on him.

Nov. 28th.—Brother Adams and I collected but few people at worship on the road-side this morning, but our congregation at Baranagore was very good. A great deal of hardness of heart was exhibited, and a constant attempt to interrupt us; but by answering some few questions, and promising to hear them more fully hereafter, we were enabled to get through our address.

The great thing required of us was to work a miracle. Such remarks as these—"If we see you change any one's skin from black to white, or if you can give any one of us four hands instead of two, we will

believe in Christ,"—were made, with other things of a similar nature.

LETTER ADDRESSED TO THE SOCIETY.

"November.—In our native work either at Calcutta or Doorgapore we can relate no important success.

"We have lately arranged a plan by which we are able to maintain worship in Hindostanee or Bengalee more frequently than before; generally at the places of worship, sometimes in the houses of inquirers, and at other times in the open air. The place of worship mentioned in our last (the one built by the poor Portuguese woman), is nearly completed, and will be opened in a few days, and we doubt not, from its situation, will furnish an opportunity of proclaiming the Gospel to thousands who never heard it before. With what success we must leave in the hands of him who has said—'I will give my Son the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost part of the earth for his possession.'

"Since we last gave you an account of the tract department, we have printed a small tract on the Evidences of Christianity in Sanscrit, and the first part of the *Harmony of the Gospels* in Bengalee, both prepared by ourselves; with a Dialogue between a Priest and an Officer in Bengalee, written by a native brother.

"The importance of the field of labour we occupy

daily rises in our estimation. Independent of natives of every country in Europe and Asia who reside in this city, or visit it for the purposes of commerce, with whose residence here we were previously acquainted, we have during the last month been surprised by the discovery of a number of Thugs, who, being without the fetters of caste, open to missionaries a new and promising field of usefulness. Their numbers in this city amount to thousands, and from the natural friendship which subsists amongst natives of the same country in a foreign land, they form little neighbourhoods amongst themselves in different parts of the city, and from this circumstance, as well as from their understanding the Bengalee, render their instruction the more easy.

“As to the Hindoos and Mussulmans within our reach, we cannot pretend to number them.

“The thought of their number and circumstances, contrasted with our weakness and fewness, is oppressive to our feelings. Could a member of our Society have visited us during the last month, and have beheld the multitudes of Hindoos who traversed our streets during the last festival of Kali, or have witnessed the innumerable throng of Mussulmen who for several days and nights passed our doors, beating their breasts in memory of Hussain and Hossain, and for a moment have indulged the reflection, ‘Amongst this host there is not one who knows the only true

God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent, whom to know is life eternal,' we are persuaded his heart would have melted ; and, if unable himself to have addressed them, the first retired place would have heard his fervent supplications on behalf of missionary exertions in this city. 'O Lord send now prosperity ! Help, for vain is the help of man.'

"Dear brethren, the harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few and weak. The state of this city is lamentable beyond conception. Many, it is true, hear our addresses, assent to our doctrine, and many receive and read the Scriptures and tracts, but remain careless, hardened sinners still. The darkness of the understanding appears in some degree removed, but the veil that covers the heart is not yet rent, and your missionaries in this city, after nearly two years' anxious, in some degree they hope faithful, labours, though they lament it has been with zeal so little proportioned to the miseries of those around them, or the value of the blessings they are commissioned to offer, have yet to lament that no one through their instrumentality has been induced to lay hold of the hope set before them.

"Notwithstanding this want of success, as it regards the conversion of sinners, we do not feel discouraged, and we affectionately hope that you, dear brethren, will not be weary nor faint in your mind.

"Our Serampore brethren laboured long unsucces-

fully, till at last the chain of the caste was broken, and Krishna embraced the Saviour. Brother Judson, after numberless discouragements, has at length baptized a Burman, and entertains good hopes of several others; and Otaheite, after twenty years' apparently fruitless labours, has yielded at once to the sceptre of the true God, and many of the inhabitants have been impressed with the love of Christ. And is the city of Calcutta, although it be wholly given to idolatry, to remain for ever in the power of the wicked? and shall the standard of Immanuel be here only erected without success? Are its inhabitants alone too wicked for Divine mercy to pardon, or too hardened for Omnipotent grace to subdue? Oh no, we believe it not. Had we laboured twenty years instead of two, and still been unsuccessful, we should have no reason to despair. Simeon and Anna, and others who believed the Divine promises, waited with patience, and at last unexpectedly beheld the Messiah in the flesh; and though we see at present but little that promises the universal extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, yet would we live by faith, yet will we labour in expectation of a triumphant day for Zion. To our success, and the success of our missionary brethren, one thing only is necessary—an influence from on high. By the translation and printing of the Scriptures and tracts, and the preaching of the Word, the work is commenced. So by these means multitudes in different countries

have read and heard, in their own tongue, the wonderful works of God.

“But we painfully feel what all certainly confess, that without Divine influence nothing will be effected. Assist us, therefore, British Christians, by your prayers. In the retirement of the closet and at the family altar, as well as in your public assemblies, fervently supplicate for your missionaries in this country that cheering and animating influence by which alone this ‘solitary place shall be glad, and this wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose.’

“As we were going to Doorgapore this evening, Mrs. — and myself called at the newly-erected school for Bengalee girls. As our visit was entirely unexpected, we were the more gratified with finding fifteen scholars diligently employed in writing the alphabet, figures, compound letters, &c. None of them appeared alarmed, as we had anticipated, by a European entering the school, but, on the contrary, seemed highly gratified by the attention paid to them.”

CHAP. XI.

EFFECTS OF IDOLATRY—CIRCULAR ROAD CHAPEL—LETTERS.

“Error is the most appalling when connected in its origin, or mixed up in its principles, with some confused notion—some profound, though obscure, feeling of the truth.”—SCHLEGEL.

THE reader will be able to judge from the foregoing Journal, how true the missionary in India finds the above sentiment, and how little he is helped in his attempts to reform the general opinions of the people on religion, much less their practice, by the few truths which ages ago were placed at the foundation of their system of gross pantheism.

Some modern writers seem to take great pleasure in the notion, that notwithstanding the admitted manifold practical evils of idolatry, its vice and cruelty, there is much to be found not only in its systems of belief, but in the very ferocious rites and barbarisms of heathendom, which if not Christianity itself, is something very much allied to some portions of religious belief amongst us.*

* *Westminster Review*, June, 1856.

Persons who hold this notion are for the most part found to be those who make a great boast of their charity and their universal brotherhood ; but who do less than any other men to alleviate the multiplied sorrows of those who hasten after another God. But this notion, which affords so much pleasure and relief to a host of philosophers and soi-disant philanthropists, is found by Protestant missionaries to have no particle of truth for its basis. If their testimony, which is one and universal, is to be taken on this subject, it must entirely overturn such a notion. It is in direct opposition to it, confirming as it does all the statements of Scripture as to the awfully appalling effects of idolatry on the heart and life.

One of the missionaries writes :—" Nothing surprises me more than to find how extremely limited are the points of agreement between a believer in the Hindoo and a believer in the Christian systems. How extremely few are the articles, even of natural religion, that can be adduced without contradiction.*

* " From the coincidence of certain conceptions in heathen mythology with truths and doctrines which are admitted by ourselves, we must be on our guard as to our conclusions. How much, for instance, would a man err who should suppose that there was any analogy in the Indian symbol and notion of the Divine triad, I do not say with the Christian doctrine of the Trinity, but with the opinion of either of the Platonic schools. The third in this Divine triad, Seva, the god of destruction, appears evidently to be that demon of corruption who brought death into all creation."—SCHLEGEL.

The Hindoo deity is a mere negation of all moral attributes."

Besides, if Divine truth be really concealed amongst this chaos of things in the East, it is strange that no one should have groped his way to it, and have spread far and wide his experience and his success for the encouragement and instruction of others. But it is not so; and the appalling fact that presents itself everywhere to the Christian missionary must still be kept before our mind, (for with this we have mainly, if not entirely to do,) that for the very few inhabitants of any heathen country whose practice is superior to their creed, there are hundreds of millions of whom it must be concluded, notwithstanding all their self-inflicted suffering and torture, that "God is not in all their thoughts." Should not this startling fact alone be enough to shut out from such a subject all trifling or unjust remarks, and to lead even nominal Christians to study and weigh it for the incitement of their zeal and their pity too, if they possess any quality half so precious.

The Christian teacher finds in India that not only are the religious doctrines which contain a modicum of truth unavailing, but the very portions of them which are traditional, and which float like fireflies around the Hindoo mind, making its darkness the more palpable, are a hindrance rather than a help. The following familiar sentences are given as illus-

trative of this remark, and of the manner in which the Word of God is rendered by them of no effect. These traditional sentences are almost word for word with our own Scriptures.

“There is one God, and not a second. Without shedding of blood is no remission. Sin is the transgression of the law.” With these doctrines, and with that of incarnation so distinctly taught, a casual observer might suppose the Hindoos were quite prepared to receive the Gospel; but he is prepared, alas! on the contrary, most entirely to reject it.

When the missionary stands up and takes a text from Scripture bearing on the above subjects, such as this—“Sin is the transgression of the law,” the Hindoo recognises this instantly. How does he pervert it? He interrupts the missionary, and says, “True—but of what law is sin the transgression? Pray do you mean that which you hold in your hand?” meaning the Bible.

The missionary replies—“No, my brother, because that, I know, is no law to you.”

“What then is sin?” says the sophist.

“I will tell you, my brother,” says the missionary. “When you went to the Bazaar this morning and bought an article for so much, and came and told your employer that you gave so much more for it than you actually did give, was that right or wrong? Tell me!” While he slinks away ashamed and

confounded, the missionary exclaims in his hearing, "You see *your* law, my brother, and your *transgression* of it. Now hear me again:—'Sin is the transgression of the law.'"

All who dwell among idolaters find truly that man by wisdom knows not God; and that nothing less than a positive revelation of himself in his Word and by his Spirit to the mind and heart can make any "wise unto salvation." In this respect it matters not much whether the man be Hindoo, Mussulman, or Englishman, the Divine process must be the same.

The reader has learnt from the foregoing Journal how great the difficulty was to which the missionary was subjected, by this frivolous questioning, in his attempts to maintain seriousness and devotion.

"What we have most to lament is that universal levity of character, and that total deficiency of principles and ideas upon all moral and Divine subjects, which render the natives fatally indisposed to think or speak with the least solemnity upon the most awful and momentous concerns. Sometimes, out of fifty or a hundred people, there are many whom, if you might judge from appearances, you would conceive to be engaged in solemn reflection; but all in an instant some of them will toss up their heads, turn it off with a sneer or a jest, start from the place, and take with them ten or fifteen others. These discourage-

ments are different, as we meet them in actual missionary combat, to what they are when viewed only in distant prospect; and are such as require strong faith in the Divine promises to overcome.

“The very great obduracy and depraved state into which the natives of this country are sunk present an obstacle still more affecting, and which seems to bid defiance to human exertions.

“While in all countries in which idolatry exerts its influence, it produces, in the human mind, cruelty, lust, hatred to God and Divine things, which completely justifies the description given us of the heathen character in the Word of God; it is our lot to labour among a people in whose characters are united all the above features, and added to cunning and fraud, which render our work peculiarly painful.

“It frequently happens, as you will see by our letters, that the most promising appearances, after exciting anticipation, result in disappointment; and are only profitable as they supply fresh reasons for sole dependence upon God, whose power alone can render our work successful.

“We are very thankful to state that the attendance at the chapel this last month has been equal, if not superior, to any former time; and we are now taking steps for obtaining ground for two additional places of worship in the very heart of Calcutta.

“We have begun a warfare with the empire of

Satan in this country, which we hope not to relinquish till death, nor till some signal success shall have been granted, indicative of the eventual overthrow and complete destruction of his at present uncontrolled power. We desire still to labour, assured that success is certain, and that the kingdom of our Lord shall eventually embrace the world."

The mention of one other beautiful work, completed by our missionaries in Calcutta in the year 1822, must not be omitted here. This was the erection of Circular Road Chapel, a building most chaste, simple, and refreshing to the sight. To the biographer of Mr. Carey it must be an object of interest, for he was a chief collector of the whole amount needed to defray its erection. Two or three hours were devoted to this work every day for some time, for which he was abundantly repaid by the great encouragement and success which he met with in Calcutta, from persons of all ranks in society, and all denominations of Christians, who seemed much gratified when asked to contribute their aid to this object. Many times in after-life the evening hour was beguiled by some fire-side relation of Indian life, when this collecting for the chapel was also mentioned. He told how he used up two or three horses in going about; at length he obtained a stubby sort of little horse, which suited well for the work.

Some of the rich natives gave their contributions

most willingly, and singular were some of the rencontres which he occasionally had. When collecting either for chapel or schools, one of them replied that he would give with pleasure, "for he had great respect for Jesus Christ."

To this Bethel, so soothing and resting to the spirit of him who has just turned aside from the distressing sights and sounds—the misery and sin of idolatry—the wearied missionary, or the heart-stricken worshipper, may go as to the inner sanctuary of his soul, where dwells the Divine Comforter, for peace and quiet. At evening time this was a joy, a rest, a consolation, and long will it stand, speaking out this motto—"Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." Yes, there is rest even here for the weary pilgrim, the keeping of a Sabbath; for they who have believed do enter into rest—that rest of which this house for God, in the precincts of idolatry and confusion, is the apt symbol. Here is the worship of Jehovah maintained in the service of song and prayer; here the administration of the Divine ordinances, the faithful preaching of the Word of Life, from whence the living waters are ever flowing, and are as fresh and as pure at this day as when these servants of Christ, now in the upper sanctuary at the fountain head of bliss, saw them issue from under the threshold of this sanctuary. Since their time the stream which flowed thence has

deepened and widened ; and now it is a river to swim in, which no man can pass over. “Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee!”

The following extracts, continuing the narrative of Mr. Carey’s labours, are from his own pen :—

“Nov. 2nd, 1820.—As Paunchoo and I were this evening walking to B——, we observed ten or twelve persons standing round a Sunyasee, who was sitting cross-legged, almost naked, and covered over with ashes from head to foot, under the shade of a tree. He professed to have relinquished all carnal and worldly enjoyments ; but, after engaging in conversation with him, we soon discovered from his incoherent answers and red eyes, as well as from the presents which the people were making, and the remains of former gifts that we saw lying before him, that he was in a state of intoxication from smoking Gouja, a drug of most pernicious qualities, but in very common use among the lowest and most depraved classes of natives.

“Turning from him, therefore, we sang a hymn, read a portion of Scripture, and then addressed the crowd which had by this time assembled round us, exposing the hypocrisy of the Sunyasee, and the total insufficiency, even if he were sincere, of bodily austerities or outward observances of any kind whatever, to procure the pardon of sin and the favour of God.

“The idea of obtaining justification in the sight of God through the righteousness of another, is at the farthest possible remove from all the religious conceptions of this people. Whether it be the performance of the daily ceremonies of bathing in the Ganges, repeating the name of a deity, self-inflicted penances, abstraction from worldly cares, Divine meditations, or whatever else, it is always something which they themselves *do* that they conceive renders them acceptable in the sight of God. This, it is true, is an affection of the natural mind in the more privileged European, as well as in the Hindoo; but in the latter it is formed into system, established by authority, supported by example, inculcated by their teachers, aided by sensible representations, and altogether makes such a formidable resistance to the humbling doctrines of the Gospel, as fully to convince me that Divine power alone can subdue the obduracy of their hearts, and bring down their high imaginations to the obedience of the faith which is in Christ Jesus.

“Nov. 5.—Paunchoo and I went out to the public road, and collected a small congregation. A company of Mussulmans, twelve or fourteen in number, passing by, stood to listen, but, hearing us speak in Bengalee, immediately went away, saying it was intended for the Hindoos, and not for them. Every man prefers being spoken to in his own language, and, unless he is so addressed, it is with the utmost difficulty he can

be made to believe a person in earnest who speaks to him on the subject of religion. This seems to be natural, because it is general; for whether you speak of English, Hindoos, Mussulmans, Portuguese, or Armenians, (all to be found in Calcutta,) the remark which has been made is equally applicable to every one of them; and hence the importance of acquiring all, or at least most of these languages, in order fully to do the work of an evangelist in this large and populous city. The remark may be extended further, for a learned Hindoo rejects with disdain a tract offered to him, unless it is written in Sanscrit; and learned Mussulmans would treat, I suppose, in nearly the same way, anything offered to them in Hindostanee, while they would probably read with attention the same tracts if presented in Persian.

“Nov. 26th.—This morning at Baranagur we principally endeavoured to repel the objections which the natives bring against Christianity, by saying that they acknowledge and believe in one Supreme Being, and that if Jesus Christ is that Supreme Being, there can no harm arise from merely rejecting the name, if they worship the person. ‘He that knoweth not the Son, knoweth not the Father who hath sent him.’

“Jan. 1821.—I went in company with our native brother, Paunchoo, to Baranagur. I read part of the 5th of John, and spoke of the case of the impotent man

at the pool of Bethesda. Our congregation amounted to more than fifty persons. Most of them heard attentively, and went away without a reply. Towards the close two persons sought occasion to scoff, but finding none except a few boys to second them, they left us. I dwelt at some length upon their hardness of heart, in having heard the Gospel now for nearly two years, and none of them had yet turned to God.

“ Jan. 4th.—Had worship this evening by the side of the road. Paunchoo read to them, and explained, the parable of the ‘Tares of the field.’ He insisted particularly upon the solemnities of the day of judgment. When Paunchoo had concluded, one of our old adversaries, whom I well remember to have opposed us a year ago, said:—‘ We preached salvation by Jesus Christ, but as for him, he could not believe without some sensible demonstrations.’ He added, that ‘ the Brahmins inculcated the worship of the Dehtas as essential to salvation ; and that if a person could subdue his passions and live austere, he would be saved.’ I replied, that yesterday I had seen a number of the very persons he referred to, who had left father and mother and their own native places, and in a shameless manner went about almost naked, and begged for their living. But they themselves were able to judge that could not be the way to obtain salvation ; for God had given us our bodies that we might take care of them ; and if we were all

to take up with a vagrant life, I asked who would be left to feed us? Moreover, they all knew that this sort of people were of all others the most proud and lascivious. I confessed that the religion of Christ was altogether different from this, as it called upon us to honour our father and mother, and to engage honestly in the duties of life, and as it secured the destruction of human pride, by calling upon us to repent of sin and believe in another for salvation. Upon this, our antagonist leaving, a young Brahmin came up quite hot for the encounter. The point he contended for was the necessity of implicitly following the gooroos as guides. It was asked him, amongst other things, whether, if his gooroo was to go with him to market and instruct him to give ten rupees for an article which was worth but one, he would follow his direction? If then in temporal things he would examine and decide for himself, he ought to do so in matters of salvation. He dealt out a considerable portion of invective, and the evening drawing on, he went his way.

“Nov. 5th.—We have on our premises two or three hundred people, all on their way to Gunga Saugur from the Nepaul country. But holy as these people are, or would be thought to be, one of them was caught thieving about sixteen rupees this morning from one of the women travelling with them; moreover, he was a Brahmin.

“We had a tolerable congregation on the side of the road. I read part of Matt. xv., and insisted particularly on the words—“In vain do ye worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men.” Two persons cavilled. One of them said, ‘You assert that we cannot be saved but by believing in Jesus. I may as well assert that, unless you believe in our Debtas, you will never be saved.’ I endeavoured to explain and to show the truth of what we advanced. Paunchoo closed in prayer, and silence was obtained. I have often seen that we are almost sure of attention when engaged in prayer, however unsettled the congregation may be during the discourse.

“Nov. 7th.—We had a good number of people this morning at Baranagur, though no disputing whatever. One old man heard very attentively for upwards of half an hour.

“In the midst of brother P.’s discourse, a man came up rather hastily, and demanded what sin was? We replied, as we have often done when the same question has been put to us, that sin was the breach of God’s law. I never felt the force of those words of John—‘Sin is the transgression of the law,’—until I came into this country, where all are groping in the dark respecting the very first questions of a moral nature.

“In the evening brother Paunchoo and I went to Dum-Dum, where we had a congregation consisting of nearly forty of our countrymen, all very attentive.

After preaching to the heathen, with whom we have few ideas in common, and with whom we have to communicate through a foreign medium, it affords a pleasing contrast to be able to announce the truths of salvation to those with whom we have a common language, and to whom the ideas and phraseology of the Bible are in some measure familiar.

“Nov. 10th.—A Bengalee, in the capacity of a Sircar, came to us this morning in quest of some books. The Bengalee female, for whom he manages a shop, received a tract some little time ago, when our brethren were preaching, and, being much struck with the contents of it, was anxious to make further inquiries.

“Nov. 11th.—We continued a considerable time at the place of worship by the road-side this afternoon. As we were commencing, we saw a few persons who had been offering to Kali. We called them to us, and began by interrogating them as to what they could expect from such devotions. Some of them turned it off with a smile, and said that was the way they had been taught. I tried to impress upon them the heinous sin of idolatry.

“While Paunchoo was discoursing, a number of persons came up, who discovered an evident uneasiness, and a desire to commence disputing. One began by asking, what was necessary in a sinner’s coming to Christ? We told him it was requisite he should repent of his sins; and illustrated it with a comparison

or two taken from earthly things. Another, an old adversary of ours, who encountered us more than a year ago, said we could give no sign that would be satisfactory that salvation could be obtained by Christ. 'For instance,' said he, 'we constantly see one sun and one moon; now, if you make them two, we will believe in Christ.' Again, 'If we could see that you Christians were delivered from death, then we might believe!' — 'An adulterous and wicked generation seeketh after a sign.'

"Went this morning in company with brother Paunchoo to Baranagur, where we remained for nearly two hours. Our hearers, however, did not come in so freely as usual; but we were obliged to call them in, and begin by directing questions to one or two only, till they became sufficient in number to enable us to address them more regularly and at greater length. An old Brahmin came towards the close, and held brother Paunchoo in debate for some time, and afforded a considerable degree of pleasure to his countrymen by representing us as people of no caste, destined, he said, according to the predictions of their Shastras, to destroy the caste and customs of other people. Brother Paunchoo, however, wearied him out by patiently urging upon him those difficulties respecting their Shastras, which he knew not how to solve.

"The person who came on the 10th came to-day according to appointment. The female about whom

he spoke came also in a palanquin, with a man before her carrying a very handsome present of fish, plantains, and oranges. She was attended also with her durwan, doorkeeper, and three children. She was more richly dressed than I recollect to have seen a Bengalee female before. They brought with them the tract, which was the first they had ever seen. I asked what she knew of Christ. She replied that they were come for the purpose of hearing. I endeavoured to explain as briefly as I was able the plan of salvation, by showing the necessity of an atonement for sin, the way in which Christ accomplished that atonement, and what was necessary on our part for obtaining an interest in it.

“I then read and explained the third of John, particularly the first twenty verses. After further conversation we sung the Bengalee hymn—‘O, my heart, forget not him who gave away his own life for the redemption of sinners.’ After dinner they requested to hear another hymn. We sung them two more native compositions, and another translated from the English.

“They remained with us about four hours. We promised to return the visit. The woman is a widow possessed of some considerable property, and seems altogether a sensible woman, considering she cannot read, and is obliged to have everything read and explained by others. I had some considerable con-

versation about establishing an additional girls' school, which she is anxious to see accomplished. We are not able to discern that deep concern of mind which accompanies salvation, but we are, nevertheless, much gratified, and believe there is reason to hope; and what renders the whole more pleasing and striking is, that they were entirely unknown to us, unsought after, and have made their way to us, having been led in the first instance by no other circumstance that we know of but that of receiving a religious tract.

"Nov. 16th.—The few people we were able to collect this evening displayed a distressing degree of levity. Two persons, one a very ignorant poor man, and another apparently in very good circumstances, and of competent understanding, asserted the very same things, though they came to us at distinct intervals, namely, that God was absolutely, and in the same sense, the author of sin and misery, as well as of all the holiness and felicity there are in the world. The consequence, as they readily confessed, was that they totally denied their accountability. The rich man left us asserting there was no hell, and the poor man told us he thought he suffered enough in the present world. Bengalees speak of God, and heaven, and hell with infinitely less solemnity than they do of rice and cowries.

"Nov. 17th.—Went up the river as far as Dukhin-

sane, where we took our stand upon a pretty large Ghaut, and continued about an hour and a half, first disputing with a Brahmin whom we found bathing and performing poojah. He stated that he worshipped Gunga and the sun, and many other things held sacred by them, under the idea that they were divine; and, to reconcile this notion with the unity of God, he boldly asserted that God was everything, and everything was God. I have never, that I recollect, found a Hindoo who discovered the least hesitation in admitting any consequences that might be urged as flowing from his opinions, however repugnant they may be to the nature of God or man. The fact is, their levity is such as renders it next to impossible that conviction should ever reach their hearts. Never could a people more exemplify the extent of human depravity, and its force in hardening the heart, and in showing the indispensable necessity of an Almighty influence to give effect to the Gospel, than the Hindoos.

“ January, 1823.—On the first Sabbath in September last, 1822, were baptized, at the new chapel in Calcutta, Mr. Harle, lately in connexion with the London Missionary Society; Serjeant Parry, of the Governor-General’s body-guard, and a young Brahmin, named Anunda, a very promising convert, the first fruits of the Doorgapore station. It was, say our brethren, a very solemn occasion, and many of the congregation

were in tears during the service. In the evening we commemorated the death of our dear Saviour, and were much refreshed we trust by his presence.

“Our friends in England will soon hear of the death of Anunda ; but it will be matter of thankfulness to them to learn that we have now at the station another Brahmin, who bids fair to be a second Anunda, the fruit of the Doorgapore station.

“Three years ago he was with us for some time, and read through Matthew and part of Mark, and then left us at the importunity, it seems, of an elder brother, a lawyer in the native courts, a man of consequence, and a great opposer of the Gospel. After three years he unexpectedly returns, and seems more hopeful than ever before. I had quite forgotten that such a person had been amongst us, and Paunchoo seems to have had not the least expectation of his returning. And after being long forgotten by us, he came one night, and walking slowly up to Paunchoo’s house, exclaimed, ‘*Brother.*’ ‘Who are you?’ was the reply. ‘I am Bagungee, the Brahmin, who was with you at such a time, and read the holy book. *I am come alone, with my life in my hand!*’ He was of course welcomed, supplied with a room, and has commenced reading the Scriptures as before, and is very diligent. The Lord deepen conviction upon his heart, and give him to his little church here as a brand plucked out of the fire. I sincerely trust this instance of Divine mercy, for I

cannot but hope the hand of God is in it, will tend to remove my scepticism. Often I speak upon the subject of salvation by Christ, rather as a duty than as a delight, and when persons present themselves for inquiry I am apt to decide upon it as a bad case in my own mind before I scarcely exchange a word ; and the many cases wherein we have had persons here for a little time, who have then abruptly left us, or given us cause to dismiss them, produced upon our minds a great degree of unbelief, and almost a temper of despondency, but God is to be trusted through all outward discouragements. ‘I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. Lord increase my faith, and the faith of my companions in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ.’

“The first conversation that I had with him left rather a doubtful impression upon my mind, but I have been better pleased the longer he has remained. The first morning, after a little conversation, he asked me whether or not infants were accounted sinners, and so in a state of condemnation. Instead of giving any direct reply, I recited the passage from Luke : ‘Lord, are there few that be saved?’ and took occasion to insist upon the importance of a serious attention to our own salvation.

“Jan. 10th.—The Brahmin continues to give increasing satisfaction. His diligence in reading the

Scriptures is very pleasing, and the increase of Christian knowledge proportionate. I have also perceived a very marked propriety in his deportment, no irreverence and levity, nor any unprofitable remarks. His diligence in reading the Scriptures puts me in mind of that illustration of the kingdom of God in the man who went out seeking goodly pearls. He truly answers the character of an inquirer, for the whole of his work seems to be the attainment of Scriptural truth. I have greater hope of him than ever I entertained of Anunda, previous to his baptism. He appears to have much more application and more determined seriousness, though he is an older man, and therefore it might be expected.

“In our place of worship this morning he made some very seasonable remarks to the people who were collected to hear him. His Brahminical thread, *malas*, &c., he has taken off, and given to brother Penney. Being a Brahmin of the Cooley caste, he might live in luxury if he pleased; but he says, ‘having found the way of life,’ he has as much as he needs. His brother, who is wealthy, says he will maintain him if he will leave us and go home. He says in reply:—‘You know I have been this way ever since I was here three years ago, and I am and shall be a Christian.’ Three or four people were sent by his brother to parley with him, but it was to no effect.

“I have often remarked, however the people may

have conducted themselves during preaching, they are generally attentive at prayer-time; and I remember dear brother Chamberlain observing the same thing.

“The Brahmin, Bagungee, after prayer was over this evening, making some remarks on that chapter in Luke where the Lord delivers the talents to his servants, and not getting through very readily, Paunchoo observed the meaning of it was to teach us faithfulness in our Lord’s service. Sitting a minute or two longer, he added, ‘We are very idle. Our Lord used to pray whole nights, we with difficulty pray an hour—we should pray more.’ Truly, if great things in the healing of bodily distempers were not to be expected without prayer and fasting, what can we reasonably look for in the way of conversions, among such a people as it falls to our lot to labour for, without an increased spirit of faith and prayer.”

AFFECTING INTERVIEW WITH A DYING INFIDEL.

“A gentleman of my acquaintance informed me that he had been kept up the preceding night in drawing out the will of a person whose life was considered in extreme danger. The disease had been induced through anxiety respecting a lawsuit, in which he had endeavoured to resist a fraud that had been practised on him to a considerable amount.

“I called upon him twice, and found him able to

understand what was said, willing to hear and to make many concessions respecting the wickedness and carelessness of his past conduct, but hitherto wholly ignorant of the power of religion, and even but little acquainted with the leading facts of revelation. He is captain of a ship, and, I have been informed, has been a noted duellist, having shot three men in his time. His circumstances are very affecting, and yet he is only one of many who suffer from injustice, tyranny, and fraud—only one of many who, groaning under the stings of conscience and the disappointments of life, do not have recourse to the balm of Gilead—the cure for every wound—the solace of every grief.

“Jan. 14th.—This evening brother Yates and I called upon Captain ——, but were received in a very different manner from what my former conversation with him had given me reason to expect. We were met at the door by a young man, whom I had seen there before, and who assured us that Captain —— was at present quite insensible, and consequently unable to understand anything we might say to him. We, however, entered, and found him very ill, but not worse than he had been the day before. After a short pause, gasping for breath, and scarcely able to articulate his words, he assured us that he was determined not to change his religious views, and begged us to say nothing to him respecting religion, observing that if he listened to us we should hurry him to the

grave; and that our religion was not sufficiently mild for him. We asked what religion could be more mild than that which held out to view a Saviour full of compassion and love, who had given his life for his enemies, and was willing to receive them into his favour, even after a life spent in opposition to his will. He said:—"Gentlemen, it is of no use to talk; your religion is too severe for me, it is too severe for me." We asked if he would permit us to pray with him; he said, "I had rather not:" or to call again, "I think you had better not." We were both much affected. He died two days after.

Mr. Carey often recited this anecdote, and exhibited it as illustrative of the fearful effects of infidelity. "How surprising," he has said, "is it that a creature in a world of ever-living, ever-present miracle; in the face of this fair creation in which are reflected, as in a mirror, the perfections of the great Eternal mind, that any one should say 'in his heart there is no God.'" May we not unite in the lament of our devout poet in this case also, and say,

"If ever thou hast felt another's pain,
If ever when he sighed hast sighed again;
If ever on thine eyelid stood the tear
That pity had engendered, drop one here."

Who could suppose it possible that a responsible creature could so cruelly cut away the fibres of faith

from their root in God ; and with these alike withering faith's green outgrowth and the fair blossoms of his belief which are to be found in a living, gladsome hope.

Like the silent, gradual, determined effects of cold on the high Alps or the northern regions of the globe, such is this influence on the heart. The day has departed, no ray of rosy light is left on the highest mountain-top ; every particle of moisture is extracted from every living thing ; all foliage of trees or plants, every blade of grass is stiffened and cold in death ;—nature itself, in awful sublimity, is enshrouded, and ready for the tomb. Such is the cold isolation of the soul's death in “rest from all consciousness of moral obligation.” In such a case it is too evident where “severity” lies ; not in our religion, but in the mental process by which the affections have been steeled—in the fact that the last pulse in the human consciousness has struck out the heart's funeral knell, apprising the whole range of the vital faculties, that *it* hath ceased to be for ever. Surely it were better to dwell among the morasses of the Niger, and to worship the loathsome Iguana, or, with the old Egyptians, the leeks and onions, than to be thus cut off from all hope, and to remain a blot, a contradiction, a lie upon the earth !

Of native female education the missionaries write, in July, 1821 :—“ We entertain great hopes that our

attempts at the education of Hindoo females will eventually succeed. Having at last secured a qualified Hindoo woman as a teacher, we are now building a small school-room for an experiment, and to-day I find she has twelve Hindoo girls as scholars. This may appear to our friends in England but a trifling advance, unless they recollect that this is the first school for *heathen girls* established for centuries in this vast city, and, with two exceptions, in this extensive country, containing nine times the population of the British isles; and take into account the determined prejudice which exists in the minds of the majority of Hindoos on the subject.

“A school-room built, a mistress found, and twelve scholars collected, who can tell but the progress of female education may yet be rapid?”

These were most cheering anticipations, and were confirmed by another of the brethren, who wrote a few days afterwards:—“We have just erected a little school-room for the instruction of Hindoo girls, at the expense of a little society formed in our young ladies’ seminary; and have been so happy as to meet with a Bengalee woman who can read and write, and who is willing to act as teacher.

“She has already eighteen regular scholars, besides nine or ten more (who attend occasionally at first, till they can overcome the shame which attends being known to go to school), and nearly twenty under the

care of schoolmasters, so that we have already nearly fifty under instruction ! At last several Hindoo gentlemen do not scruple to say, that ‘perhaps girls may be able to learn, and that instructing them may be a good thing.’ We anticipate a considerable extension of our exertions in this department during the present and succeeding years.”

ELUCIDATION OF MARK IV. 26.

“In the preparation of the *Harmony of the Four Gospels* I came to that parable where Christ describes the influence of his Gospel upon the hearts of men by the simile of seed cast into the ground, which sprung and grew up imperceptibly. This I thought was very applicable to the state of things with us in this city ; we, together with our fellow-labourers, are casting in this seed, we ‘sleep and rise night and day,’ but we perceive no effects. We call to repentance, but none seem to obey the call. The natives collect in numbers to hear the Word of God proclaimed ; they listen sometimes attentively, sometimes they nod assent to what we say, and some appear cordially to approve. At other times they ridicule or oppose with virulence ; but the service concludes, the people disperse again, and all seems forgotten.

“But are we not encouraged from this parable to hope and patiently wait for the salvation of God ?

May there not be in the minds of many of the natives, though quite unknown to us, degrees of light and conviction, struggling with doubt and error, which may finally lead to saving consequences, though the progress may be imperceptible, and the result tediously delayed?"

CHAP. XII.

THE JUNIOR BRETHERN—THE ORIGIN OF THEIR DISTINCT WORK IN CALCUTTA.

“Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity; in that unity of the Spirit which originates and strengthens the bond of peace. It is like ‘the precious ointment,’ which regales the senses, and the perfume of whose presence makes the lips of them that sleep to speak!”

SEVENTEEN years before the events now to be recorded took place, the following sentence was penned and addressed to a friend by the noble-hearted founder of this missionary enterprise:—“And thus, amidst a thousand difficulties, we are attempting to prepare materials for the temple of the living God in this country.” When these materials had been prepared and fitted together, without the sound of the workman’s hammer,—as were those materials used in the erection of that glorious building on the top of Mount Moriah,—who did not, on casting an eye to India, to these workers in gold and in silver, in wood and in stone, from the first artificer there, down to the mere hewers of wood and drawers of water, exclaim, “Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity?”

When this house for God in India, "this joy of the whole earth," began to stand erect amidst Hindoo idolatry and English irreligion, and long after the missionaries had fearlessly said, like true Englishmen as well as true Christians to an opposing government, "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye;"—when it had erected its altar, and attracted, by means of its various stations on the continent and islands of the sea, more than a thousand to its shrine, and ten thousand to its outer-court worship—when its sublime silence had been broken only by the higher praises of God, ascending as its daily incense from the worshippers, a "sacrifice acceptable and well-pleasing to God," a strange anomaly was presented! The noise of the workmen and their tools was heard distinctly, and then confusedly in their screechy dissonance; and in this respect "our glorious and our beautiful house," on the continent of India, shared the fate of all other human structures.

And not only so,—when God's own gifts had descended on these builders who erected the house in all but Pentecostal power and variety, in the wonderful gift of tongues, in the herculean bodily strength and apostolic pertinacity in labour, in the flexible, versatile talent, the eloquent utterance, and, what was best of all, in the saving influence of the Divine Spirit on the souls of the heathen, "as the

dew of Hermon and the dew that descended on the mountains of Zion,"—this strange reverse took place, as if the degrees in our sun-dial had been ruthlessly thrust back, and so far gone as to give no index of time; as if chaos would take the place of order, night of day, disseverance of union, discord of peace. "How is the gold become dim! the most fine gold changed!"

But he who in the beginning cast his cormorant eye of envy on *two* who lived together in unbroken harmony was not unobservant of the advantage which he would gain, both as to time and influence, by his mingling discord amongst these eight or ten sons of God in the East. A keen and devout writer says,—“Oh, that I could a sin once see!”* This he conceived would be a great advantage; but how much more so to the Church of God, if some of its members could but see sometimes the foul spirit which works amongst them so darkly even in the sunshine of their prosperity. Luther certainly had this advantage once at Wartburg, when he threw his ink-bottle at the devil. And now, if we may judge from subsequent events, this same Evil One seems to have placed himself on some elevated spot here in India (perhaps on one of the trees in Dr. Carey’s garden), to have viewed well the scene, and then to have thought aloud thus:—“Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the house of the kingdom, by the might

* George Herbert.

of my power and for the honour of my majesty!" Had Dr. Carey,—who was in the habit of visiting his garden every morning at sun-rise for prayer and meditation, and who said, in his journal, "I sometimes walk in my garden and try to pray to God, and if I pray at all it is in the solitude of a walk,"—seen Satan's imp squatting there, he would have been aware of him, and have said, (as good Dr. Luther did) when writing to a friend who procured him some garden seeds, "If Satan and his imps rave and roar, I shall laugh at him, and admire and enjoy God's blessing in the garden." But ever since the prayer-conflict of Deity, wrapped in the garment of humanity in the garden of Gethsemane, the Evil One has had less resort to this spot. The full city, where the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lust of other things supply ample covert for his secret and subtle working, suits him best.

At this time (we go back in our chronology to the year 1817) the painful misunderstanding commenced between the Serampore missionaries and the Society at home, to which allusion has been before made here. This distressing occurrence, and the differences which arose between the elder missionaries and younger on the spot, ultimately changed the whole plan of missionary operations in Calcutta, and led the latter to the occupation of an independent, and,

in most respects, a new sphere of action in this vastly extended field of labour.

It is by no means the design of the writer to discuss the merits of this painful affair, which, after ten years' correspondence and attempted adjustment, led to a separation of the principal parties,—the Serampore Missionaries and the Parent Society, in 1827.

Although recording the life of one of the "Junior Brethren," the writer is thankful to remember that this matter now lives as history only; and it is hoped the reader will fully understand that as history only it is introduced here now. As the biographer of one who shared so largely, both abroad and at home, in bearing the burden which this disagreement originated; as he was, moreover, from the beginning to the end of the whole affair, one of the Society's public vindicators, it is concluded that any record of his life would be incomplete which supplied not a few sentences expository of the part which he took in it, and which expounded not the views which he held in relation thereto.*

In order to do this, the writer must refer to the chief matter in dispute between the parties. This had reference to funds which, in the course of years,

* Should any reader wish for further information upon this subject, he can obtain it by referring to the records of these times at the Baptist Mission House. The Life of Dr. Yates also gives an analysis of the whole subject.

had increased at Serampore, and which at this time consisted of certain vested property held by the missionaries there in the name of the Society in England, which sent them out, and which yearly contributed largely to the support of their objects. In order to preserve this and other surplus property intact to the Society, a missionary family union was formed by Dr. Carey and his colleagues in 1799, and strictly maintained for many years. The principle then laid down, and which was repeatedly referred to by Dr. Carey in his correspondence, formally placed before the committee in 1816, and fully recognised by the Christian public at home, was, "that all property in lands or moveables already acquired, or which may hereafter be acquired, shall be held by the Serampore mission family station as trustees to the Society; that it can never become private property, nor ever be sold or alienated from the Society, except by their own previous consent."

In 1818, Dr. Ryland, the then Secretary of the Parent Society, wrote to the missionaries, proposing such a legal investiture as should place this matter, already conceived to be well understood by each party, beyond the possibility of future doubt.

To the surprise of all, the missionaries called in question the Society's right of interference in this matter. Before this letter reached them, a letter was written, signed, and printed, by the Serampore mission-

aries, to which was appended this clause:—"Sept. 4, 1817. That no persons belonging to the Baptist Missionary Society shall have the least right or title to the property, or administration of the premises, unless lawfully appointed thereto by themselves, as trustees for that purpose. All this was duly certified before a notary, published in the European Court of Judicature, entered on the protocol, and attested in all due form, so as to give it the validity of law."*

Another communication adds—

"The solid rock does not more firmly resist the wave than we shall resist every attempt at interference with our funds, our union, and the premises originated by us for the mission at Serampore."

In a private letter of Dr. Carey to his sisters, he seems to have viewed prophetically the issue of this afflictive controversy. He writes in reference to this property in Nov. 1800:—

"We now form a public family; and though we have been blessed with outward things far beyond what any of us ever expected, yet we have no private property; and it is happy that we have not, as I believe the existence of the mission depends, in a very great degree, on our never engaging in private trade, or anything which shall divide us from the common family of missionaries."

As months passed on this controversy increased in

* Dr. Yates's Life.

difficulties, and other matters and principles became mixed up with it. Although in the first instance it was between the Serampore missionaries and the Society, it soon became evident that the interests of the younger missionaries would eventually be seriously affected thereby. This was the case; and their relation to Serampore was soon entirely dissolved on account of private matters in dispute among them, but chiefly because of the course which their seniors had adopted with regard to the above property.

This course, and all that it involved, being an infringement, as they conceived, of the grand original and fundamental principle of the Society, led them to take this important and ultimate step, and also to the formation of their new missionary union before mentioned. The fact also must not be concealed, that so early as 1816 they were placed by the senior missionaries, both for direction and support, in the hands of the Society at home; it was but natural, therefore, that to the principles and interests of the Society they should warmly attach themselves.

To show the reader that the matter in dispute did not originate in any unbecoming interference of the young men with regard to the property at Serampore, Dr. Ryland supplied this sentence—"I must observe that two things ought to be kept far more distinct than they are; viz., the dispute about the premises at Serampore with the Committee, and that with the

young men at Calcutta. True, both originated in the same cause but the dissatisfaction at home would have been just the same if *no one* of the Calcutta brethren had ever gone out."

Such is a passing glance of the history of this controversy. Of the part which Mr. Carey now took the reader has been already informed, and of the union which existed between Mr. Lawson, Dr. Yates, and himself, in Calcutta. All that it is needful for the writer now to record, in reference to Mr. Carey, is, that he held the same view of this whole affair from the beginning of it to the end of his life; and, as will appear in these subsequent pages, he never swerved from the line of conduct which he and his brethren prescribed for themselves in the "missionary union" which they formed at this time. It is clear, from the whole of Mr. Carey's conduct as a missionary, as well as from his writings on this subject, that he deemed a moral principle of the first importance to be involved in this disagreement, and one to which he felt himself pledged by the most sacred of all bonds. And as *principles* are vital existences, unaffected either by time or space (for he has often said, in every period of man's history, and in every latitude of the globe, they are the same) his opinion was unaltered.

And not only so, it must be apparent to all who reflect on this subject, that for him to adopt a course

directly in opposition to that which was taken by his uncle, must have been deemed by him matter of sternest *duty*, and not of mere *choice* or *opinion*.

Moreover, as this controversy involved on his part a "great fight of afflictions"—a large amount of the real heart-struggle and life-trial of every day for some years as the public champion of the Society in every part of the home-country, it must be evident to the reader that he would not have adopted this line of conduct from any considerations whatsoever, except as conscience dictated and the highest sense of duty to the cause of Christ demanded. In his unswerving adherence to the principle that no missionary, or missionaries, who are sustained at public expense, ought to allow themselves to accumulate private property, was a main part of the high honour which attaches to him as a missionary. Here we have one of the boundary lines which are pointed out by Mr. Hall in his address, beyond which he never stepped:—"By the nature of your undertaking all the avenues to secular reputation and emolument are shut against you. On the brilliant illusions with which the children of this world are enchanted, you have closed your eyes, and nothing is left but the sublime satisfaction of following in the steps of those apostles and prophets, who in the midst of the derision of the world, exhausted themselves in a series of efforts to enlighten and to save it." This subject will be further illustrated in Mr.

Carey's after life. Yet here we cannot fail to observe that while we, in these days, are removed far from these events, by the passing away of time, yet that the lessons which they teach us are close at hand. For while these facts stand as beacons, they distinctly point out the pitfalls and the ground which is treacherous to the unwary traveller. And while, again, no man must glory in his fellow-man, in any time of great prosperity and well-doing, "for, he that glorieth let him glory in the Lord;" so neither may we exult over the failing and irresolute, for, "let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

The reader is already aware that, with reference to the Society and the Senior missionaries, the "contention was so sharp between them that they departed asunder one from the other;" and during ten years two distinct societies were in operation both at home and abroad. That which was most surprising in reference to this disagreement was, that the Junior brethren, as the Calcutta missionaries were called, whom we have just seen so successfully and unitedly at their work, were equal in labour and devotedness with the Senior brethren in the most thorough honesty of intention and oneness of aim. Amongst this company there was no John Mark, "who departed from them from Pamphylia and went not with them to the work." Then might our Paul at Serampore have displayed his just resentment. It was,

therefore, to these latter a matter of most affecting moment to find themselves really placed in opposition to their seniors, and that in a matter which involved no mere opinion, but a principle from which they could not depart without the most serious dereliction of their own sense of right. In persevering, therefore, in this opposition, "they felt that they were maintaining a stand for the original principles of the mission."*

The esteemed author of the *Life of Dr. Yates* remarks, respecting the Senior brethren of this missionary compact—"Applauded to the echo by the tongues of senators, and immortalized by the songs of poets, the Serampore union was, after all, but a human institution. A specific dispensation was entrusted to it, but the men themselves were not suffered to continue by reason of death. Such seems to beth e Divine ordaining with many a social organization; they live their day and serve their purpose,—then lose their influence, and their resources are dried up."†

This was eventually the case with one branch of the work before us; but, as has been mentioned, a formal separation did not take place until 1827. A few remarks from the pen of Mr. Carey himself, while they give no part of the matter of dispute in detail, will yet afford the reader an idea of the manner in which he viewed this whole affair in after life.

* *Vindication*, p. 97. † *Life of Dr. Yates*.

“In 1817 there commenced a misunderstanding between the Serampore missionaries and the Parent Society. The latter recommended a new and more satisfactory investment of the mission property; and that, in connexion with the missionaries themselves, a number of gentlemen in England should be associated in the trust. To this the missionaries objected, and issued a declaration from the Danish Court of Serampore expository of their own views, and investing the property accordingly. To the statements and design of this instrument the Society, in their turn, could not feel consentient. Explanations followed, which, though they mitigated the evil, and somewhat arrested its progress, yet left it essentially unsolved. The primary matter of dispute remaining unadjusted, unity of counsel and feeling was impaired; and, other economical difficulties supervening, in 1827 the Serampore missionaries and the Parent Institution separated their connexion.

“If I were writing the history of the Baptist Mission, it might be expected that I should trace out the merits of this controversy, and exhibit its facts and events in detail. But I am writing the life of an individual; and being convinced that neither his, Dr. Carey’s, character was affected, nor his usefulness compromised, by the views he entertained, and the course he adopted, I have not thought it incumbent on me to dwell upon circumstances, and renew a

dispute calculated to awaken no pleasurable feeling, or serve any useful purpose.

“Moreover, as from the very origin of this controversy to its last discussion, and throughout all the interests it involved, I, with the brethren with whom I acted, entertained opposite convictions from my honoured relative, and committed myself to a different procedure, I should deem it ungenerous and impertinent to make this Memoir the vehicle of my own ideas, or the instrument of my vindication. Beyond, therefore, the above very brief notice, I willingly abstain from any analysis of the controversy. Enough has been said by each party, it is presumed, fairly to expound, if not exhaust, all its legitimate topics. If any are of another mind, I leave them to find an occasion, and select their own mode for reviving it.

“Sensitive and decided, too, as Dr. Carey was known to be upon the subject above referred to, the ensuing section will afford abundant evidence that the difference between himself and his Junior brethren did not interfere with the current of his affection towards them, nor render him insensible to the importance of their labours.”*

The following extract from Dr. Carey’s Will is a standing proof of the truth of these remarks, and that, notwithstanding the warmth with which he entered into this controversy, his views were unaltered.

* Dr. Carey’s Life, p. 542.

The clause is as follows:—"First, I utterly disclaim all or any right and title to the premises at Serampore called the Mission Premises, and every part and parcel thereof, and do hereby declare that I never had, nor supposed myself to have, any such right or title."*

Dr. Cox, the author of "The History of the Baptist Missionary Society," sums up the controversy with the following paragraph:—

"The preceding details will show that the true cause of the separation between the Society and the missionaries at Serampore was the refusal of Dr. Marshman, acting on behalf of the latter, to render accounts of the distribution of moneys, and his tenacity in retaining the stations under their separate control in connexion with the irresponsible body constituting the college council. Surely it is a correct principle, from which they in this instance departed, that those who originate and continue to contribute to the support of missionary stations should not only be informed of the objects to which their pecuniary supplies are appropriated, but should also possess a proportionate share of influence, either directly or indirectly, through an acknowledged agency; and that agents, that is in this case missionaries primarily sent out by the funds of the Christian public, are not entitled to act independently while deriving

* Dr. Carey's Life, p. 571.

support from the Parent Institution. The Committee, therefore, had no alternative but to yield to the painful necessity of separation.”*

It now only remains for the writer to point out one fact connected with the history of this controversy, with which those are familiar who are acquainted with its details. The fact is this, that at this very time (1817) we have in Calcutta a new missionary dynasty arising before us in bold vigour and activity, and that not so much out of the glories of the older one as out of plans and efforts originated at this time by a distinct party, and prosecuted by them in comparatively a new field; so that had the Serampore missionaries left the world or their work at or before this juncture of affairs, it might have been said that their younger brethren had entered into their labours. But this was not the case. Now that “we are through the wood” of this controversy, we can breathe freely, and take our leisure amidst sunlight and warmth, and “the old paths;” in the course of time it will be seen, if the reader will watch the landscape before him, that the first beautiful panorama thrown upon the canvas, becomes “a dissolving view.” While the objects at first seen so distinctly gradually fade away, during this very process they are seen to be mingled strangely and heterogeneously with other new and indistinct ones, and we read, “the Calcutta

* Vol. i. p. 296.

missionaries," and behold various works in all their brilliancy of colouring and scenery; could we add to these the interior of that printing establishment which was at first "one press in a contemptible mat hut," with its many presses, with its profound translator, its skilful and persevering superintendant, its numerous workers casting off tens of thousands of tracts and copies of the sacred Scriptures, we in England should indeed say, "The Lord *hath* done great things for them, whereof we are glad." If to these could be added the wayside chapels, the missionary residence at Boitakonah; the new stations at Howrah and Intally; the bungalow at Doorgapore, with its mat walls, its room for native inquirers; its pond, too, and alligators; and (were it not too fearful a sight for a panorama) the awful suttee, as Mr. Carey saw it from his residence; the poojahs or hook-swinging, and the processions of Juggernath with all their attendant horrors; we should add in this case also, What hath God wrought!

Nobly did these brethren bear their trials, and in their greatest troubles cheerfully do they "sing the Lord's song in a strange land!" When they separated from their brethren at Serampore, one of them said to Mr. Carey and Dr. Yates, to the effect, "The land is before you, and you may decide where to choose your place of rest." The cold bleak wilderness was not much more desolate to our first parents than

was this advice to the young men. But they had their reward in another direction; for to them history looks as the founders of this new dynasty, and as the originators of the work which exists at this day in India, and is now on a much larger scale, and more vigorous than at any other period of its history. Instead, therefore, of "The Particular Baptist Society for Propagating the Gospel amongst the Heathen" of 1792, we have "THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY" of 1827, and of the present day.

If praise has not hitherto been equally awarded to those to whom it was due in their lifetime, these facts alone will be sufficient to hand down their names with honour to posterity. There is no design here of attempting to lessen the works of the first missionaries in the esteem of any reader, as may be evident from the character of the introductory pages to this book. But the simple fact which is here recorded is this: while in the works of the Calcutta missionaries we have *no* dissolving view, we may justly conclude (if such a use of a Scripture text be admissible), "if that which was done away was glorious, how much more that which remaineth is glorious."

All honour to the Junior brethren, who, when they found the Society wounded by the way, poured in the oil and the wine, and took care of it. All honour to them, may every reader respond! If the Senior brethren led them out of Paradise, with

“Providence for their guide,” they were soon led back again.

While high praise is justly due to them, we must not forget those worthy men at home, who by their prayers and their efforts to raise contributions, sustained these brethren, however “cautiously at first,” in their great work. All honour be to their memory also, for, with a few exceptions, they rest from their labours, and their works follow them.

Thus originated the work of the Society in Calcutta in the year 1817. So early as the year 1819 it is stated in the Report of the Society that fifty thousand tracts, in English, Bengalee, Sanscrit, and Hindoo, had been put into circulation by means of the press conducted by Mr. Pearce; and a Sanscrit grammar was about to be issued by Mr. Yates. The schools had proceeded favourably, and a small beginning had been made in female instruction by the formation of two schools for that purpose. These became increasingly attended, and no fewer than six were established by the close of the ensuing year. Impressed, also, with the great importance of preaching the Word, they increased the number of their places of native worship.

It is the design of the writer, in thus telling the story of one, to tell that of the whole of this noble-hearted band of men, who might, had they lived in the days just after the Flood, have been artificers, musicians, orators, patriarchs. At the dispersion,

what order would they have brought out of the confusion of tongues; and at the Reformation, what preachers and circulators of the Scriptures and tracts, equal to any in any time or history of the Church! And so harmoniously and beautifully did these five work—as much so as if the ten feet and the ten hands, and the five heads, had been two hands, and two feet, and one mammoth-head, that truly “were they many members, yet but one body.” And not only so, they were of one heart and one soul; no one said that aught of the things which he possessed was his own. A second missionary family is now before us with “all things in common,” which honourable distinction they preserved intact to the end of their lives. To complete the glance which has been taken of these works in Calcutta, the briefest outline is given here of these co-workers.

The first in the field was Mr. Lawson, who handled the harp and organ; he was a poet also, and an artificer; a man of select and accomplished mind, and generous heart. “His knowledge of conchology, mineralogy, and botany was considerable. In the last class of botany, which treats of cryptogamous plants, he carried his researches to a great extent; perhaps no one in India exceeded him in this department. The great work which he accomplished, and for which he is certainly entitled to the gratitude of the religious public, was the reduction of the types

used in the Eastern languages, particularly the Bengalee and Chinese."

The second who arrived on the field of labour was Mr. Carey, who, of the five, was the chief preacher to the natives in their rich and copious language, and the leading promoter of native female schools.

The third was Dr. Yates, so wonderfully fitted by nature for the mastery of languages, and in this respect so much like the first missionary with whose success in the translation of the Scriptures in India we are so well acquainted. In this, his favourite pursuit, he was a man of gigantic labour and research, and most persevering and constant in application. It was surprising what he effected in this way, both in the translation of the Scriptures, and other books immediately connected with the spread of the Gospel and the advancement of education in India. Dr. Yates, indeed, was a sort of walking library of books on language, all arranged in order in his mind on their proper shelves, and brought down from thence for use whenever he needed them. When adding another shelf to the case, he had only to say, "I shall master 14,000 words in such a time," and both grammar and words were speedily ready for use.

What a blessing to such a man the confusion of tongues at Babel! We should never, without it, have seen the capabilities of his mind to restore order in language, and, out of an apparent jargon of words,

concord and beauty. Mr. Carey once said, on a missionary platform, when speaking of this wonderful faculty in Dr. Carey and Dr. Yates, "These men learnt languages while other men slept."

The fourth was Mr. W. H. Pearce, printer and type-founder; a man excelling in business tact and exactitude. While Mr. Lawson succeeded in reducing the types, it must be gratefully recorded of Mr. Pearce that to him we are mainly indebted for the erection and superintendence of the printing establishment in Calcutta, to which allusion has been made before, and which continues at this day to send forth myriads upon myriads of tracts and portions of the sacred Scriptures. "To the honour of Mr. Pearce it must be said, that, belonging as it does entirely to the Society in England, it never cost them one farthing from its commencement to the death of its founder. Every year it contributed to the objects they were engaged to support."* Besides this, Mr. Pearce was a beautiful preacher to the natives of the gospel of God's grace and mercy.

A fifth we have in the joyous-hearted, ever-buoyant schoolmaster and preacher, Mr. James Penney, who, amongst his companions, when they were heavy-hearted and cast down after the duties of the day were over, was like a sunbeam suddenly making its way through the clouds, or the harmless

* Dr. Yates.

play of the summer lightning in their night of toil. Mr. Carey loved all his companions as his own soul: but his friend Penney, always gay-hearted, simple and sincere as a child, entwined himself about his heart. All sorts of pleasant raillery and repartee followed this cheery companion wherever he went, so that his return to his brethren was the harbinger of joy in their social circle. Although he shares not equally with the first four the title of one "of the Fathers of the Calcutta Mission," as distinguished from Serampore, who "laid the foundation of all that has since been accomplished by it,"* he yet deserves a place with them. With a light heart he said to Mr. Carey and Dr. Yates, when they were weighed down with their anxieties, "After my work is done in the school I will come and help you."

Thus have we a five-fold cord which was not easily broken. While these men "laboured with indefatigable zeal and success,"† they were at the same time pre-eminently men of God, and the savour of their name is yet fresh and odorous. Their works praise them in the gate. While the present generation lives, their names will remain as pleasant memories in the minds of those who loved them as well as their great work in India. They were thorough missionaries, and no more noble-hearted and disinterested persons have ever trodden a foreign shore. But while

* Baptist Manual, 1856, p. 46.

† Baptist Missionary Report, 1819.

the generation who knew these brethren personally is fast fading away, it is hoped the present one will not be unmindful of the honoured men who have entered into and sustained their labours. A future time must make known their names and their praise. They shall share, if "faithful unto death," the same reward as the first five, and each the welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The curtain will now soon fall on the history of the "Junior brethren." The last life of the last one will soon have exhausted its matters of detail and of interest. Upon the volumes which contain the record of their successes and their trials, the dust of this world will soon re-accumulate, but it shall accumulate on their memories never. So long as the Circular Road Chapel stands will their names be worn upon its walls and engraven on its stones. Now that each beloved builder is taken to his heavenly rest, we need no monuments of stone or marble, on which the world's eye should fall with admiring gaze, to proclaim their worth. Their works are their memorial; these will live in their effects on the minds of men during the whole length of time, and their connexion with the vast world to come, eternity alone can reveal: while their motto now is, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee. Lovely were they in their lives," and by death they are now no longer divided.

CHAP. XIII.

HEALING OF DIFFERENCES—SERIOUS ILLNESS— LETTER OF MR. STATHAM.

“For the missionary spirit was so much incorporated with all he thought, and felt, and did, that to commemorate the missionary is to describe the Christian.”—MR. E. CAREY OF DR. CAREY.

As time passed on, the painful differences noticed in the preceding chapter happily subsided in the quarter where the subject of this memoir would have felt a continuance of hostilities to be most distressing. It is true that a brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city; yet while these disputes were like the bars of a castle, they were found not to be those of the castle of Giant Despair. Had Dr. Carey ensconced himself in a niche beyond these, such was the tenacity of his nature and the power of the presiding genius there, that the “Junior brethren” might long have attempted to storm it in vain. But as a Christian, who had learnt the law of love from his Divine Master, he conducted himself towards his younger brethren. He did not stand and look at them through the wicket, but he took down the bars

with his own hand, walked boldly out to them, and wished them good success in the name of the Lord. Having opened the gate and walked out to them, that which served him for egress was equally well suited for ingress to his younger brethren. However painful and bitter this controversy was to him, he neither lost the spirit of love to his brethren, nor, as the reader has already seen, did he adopt any other than their own intention regarding missionary property.

He writes to his sisters, in March, 1820 :—"The affairs of the mission are on the whole encouraging, though mixed with distressing circumstances. It will afford you pleasure to find that our differences with our younger brethren are terminated. They had formed a distinct church, and begun to erect a separate place of worship many months before, and we did not mention a wish that they should relinquish either. We leave them to follow their plans, and they leave us to follow ours, and we assist each other as much as we can. I trust the cause of our Redeemer is making considerable progress in different places. We are seldom a month without a baptizing, and this is the case throughout the country, wherever our congregations are found. I need your prayers continually, being yet in the flesh, and surrounded by every species of evil."

The manner in which Dr. Carey always alludes to his nephew, in the family correspondence, is another

confirmation of this high order of Christian character. The most private part of this the writer has had the privilege of reading, and has found expressed in it no resentful feelings. The most that he says is to this effect, in a sort of short-tempered moment:—"Eustace has written a volume of small talk; but we do not answer it, that the fire may go out for want of fuel." In his letters, after Mr. Carey's return home, there are various messages of "love to Eustace," which, although they are not to be considered wonderful for a Christian to express, yet are they a beautiful and striking exhibition of that love which "never faileth and which thinketh no evil." While the expression of such feelings was only that which was right towards his nephew, yet we know the infirmities of our nature, and, alas! as too often displayed by persons who are professedly the subjects of a holier influence.

Feb. 17th, 1822, he writes to his sisters:—"Eustace has had a very long illness. I suppose six weeks or more. He is getting better, but very slowly; and is as weak as a child. I have expected him at my house every day this week. He is at Chinsurah, about twenty miles from us, among our Independent brethren, who are excellent men, and *half Baptists*.* I have a great esteem for them.

"I rejoice to say, all our contentions are at an end,

* Two of these were afterwards baptized at Calcutta by Mr. Lawson.

and I believe we all, namely, Senior and Junior Baptists, Independents, Churchmen, and General Baptists, love one another with a pure heart fervently.”

The sisters of Dr. Carey fearlessly avowed their adhesion to the younger missionaries, because, they said, they thought “If the latter had not might, they had right on their side.”

The illness of Mr. Carey, to which his uncle alludes in the foregoing letter, was of a very serious and alarming kind. It was deep and deathly; the longest and most trying bodily affliction that he had in India, and from which he did not fully recover until he finally left in the year 1824. At one period of the disease it was thought, by the weeping attendants in his room, that life was really extinct. Mr. Carey’s eldest son remembers being taken to his father’s bedside to take a last look at him, for both the pulse and respiration were imperceptible; and to the ordinary spectator he was as if dead. His physician came in at this crisis, at which the disease had exhausted itself, and almost destroyed him. He asked the attendants to throw open the windows, and on putting a wineglass to his nostrils he perceived the least moisture, and said to the friends present—“There is hope yet.”

Prayer was made daily by the church unto God for him. Many were the tears which were wept over his bed by the natives, to whom he had broken the bread

of life; and by his beloved Yates and Lawson, Penney and Pearce. He and his had then also the sympathy of his kind-hearted friend, Mr. Statham, who, with Dr. Yates, took turns in nursing him. To these never-failing attentions, both by day and night, he owed instrumentally his life; and there was no social feature in his missionary history which made a more grateful and lasting impression on his mind.

But this affliction did not come alone, heavy and appalling as it was. While her husband was considered to be at the point of death, Mrs. Carey was lying in another apartment very ill, and sharing the kind attentions of her missionary sisters.

Mr. Carey lay for days in deep salivation. The doctor often addressed him in these words—"Sir, you must possess your soul in patience." One day, when lying in this state, a strange doctor entered his apartment, which gave him great uneasiness. On the return of his own medical attendant, who had been absent for a short time, Mr. Carey said his very footsteps inspired his confidence. He entered his apartment, threw a flood of light upon his countenance, and said to those about his bed—"There is life in his eyes!"

Never was an exhortation from a doctor to his patient less needed than in the case of Mr. Carey. His patient endurance of bodily suffering was, both now and in after-life, most remarkable. No word of

complaint ever escaped his lips. But his patient submission to the will of his heavenly Father had its source in his love for the Divine character, and the unshaken confidence which he reposed in God. If one may judge of another, it would appear, from all that can be learnt of him from youth upward in life, that his mind was never subjected to an influence which produced the least wavering of thought with regard to God's dispensations. Hence that cannot be true, it is conceived, which is so fearlessly stated by some persons, that it is needful to doubt first, before faith can be strong and vigorous. Here we have his youthful, simple faith confirmed and strong; and its trial, too, blooming with a cheerful and an abiding hope.

The following is a paper written by Mr. Statham, the beloved fellow-labourer of Mr. Carey, whose name has just been mentioned here. The help which he afforded to the brethren in Calcutta was very considerable, and most welcome at the time when their strength was failing them.

“The recollections I have of our dear departed friend, while residing with him in India, are of a most pleasing character. That period will ever be looked back upon as one of the happiest of my life.

“I joined the mission family in Calcutta in the year 1820. There were two houses occupied by them. One in the Circular Road, by Messrs. Lawson and Pearce, where their wives carried on a ladies' boarding-

school; and the other in Boitakonah, in which, being a large and commodious dwelling, four of us resided, Messrs. Carey, Yates, Penney, and Statham, each having a study and bed-room, with large dining-room, &c., in common. Mr. Adams at that time occupied the bungalow at Doorgapore. After the business of the day was over, we all met around the supper-table in the large hall, when each recounted the incidents of the day, and the work of the morrow was arranged. Mr. Carey was the life of the circle; so affable and kind, always ready to do a kind office, or to console others under trials. The native servants were all very fond of him, and would serve him with cheerfulness by day or by night. But soon he was seized with a most violent bilious fever, which brought him very low, so much so, that his life was quite despaired of. In the morning, I used to take him in my arms and carry him down to the marble hall, and lay him on a cot there for the sake of cool air, and in the evening carry him up again without much exertion, he was so emaciated. One Lord's-day morning the doctors pronounced his case hopeless, and said they did not think he could live till evening. I had to preach over the water at Howrah that day; so after morning service I told the people there would be no service in the evening, as we expected dear brother Carey would be called to his heavenly rest that day; but that was the crisis—and about three o'clock he

began to revive, and from that period continued to improve; yet it was a long time before he was able to walk. Soon as practicable he accepted the offer of a kind friend, one of the Honourable Company's pilots, and went a cruize with him to the Sandheads. This was productive of much good. The sea-breeze braced his nerves, and he returned from his voyage much recruited. Never did I hear him murmur or repine during all his long afflictions; for after that time he was constantly subject to renewed attacks of fever or diarrhœa; but he bore all with lamb-like meekness—ever resigned to the will of his Heavenly Father, and calm and serene in the prospect of death.

“Our dear brother was a very acceptable preacher to the Europeans in Calcutta; and several persons who had left their native country strangers to God, were by his instrumentality brought nigh to God in a heathen land. The soldiers, in particular, were all devoted to him as a preacher, and to many of them he was highly useful. As a preacher to the heathen, he excelled all his brethren at that time in Calcutta. He had a good knowledge of the idiom of the language, and spoke it very fluently; and no doubt many have welcomed him to glory, who are now the crown of his rejoicing. In preaching to the natives, he was often interrupted by fierce Brahmins; yet he was never out of temper, though they did all they could to provoke him to wrath. His patience and meekness

bore it all, and constrained his most furious assailants to acknowledge that Carey Sahib was a man of peace; and on one occasion, when a certain Christian had whipped a lad who had got up behind his buggy, the natives cried out—‘*Carey Sahib* would not do that!’ ”

Another incident is illustrative of this remark.

Once a Hindoo said to him, as he began to preach, “Do *you* think to teach us anything? Why, see! you have no beard.”

The preacher stopped him, and said, “Hold, my brother, do not goats have beards, and do *they* preach?”

The applause on this occasion was most vociferous. But while the missionary attempts to proceed with his discourse, the reader can imagine how much the devout worshipper, and the serious inquirer, will be discomposed in thought and feeling. The missionary is expected to stop and answer their questions. If his opponent be a Brahmin, and he defeats him publicly, he receives great applause from the people present.

Mr. Statham continues—“At one time in the cold season, our dear brother used to ride out in the cool of the morning and evening, on a little pony, of which he was very fond. One day, whilst passing through the Loll Bazaar, where the sailors’ taverns are, a company of half-tipsy Jack Tars surrounded his pony, and began, as they termed it, to quiz the

parson ; and one of them, clapping his hands on the pony's back, jumped up behind him, and held him round the waist. Instead of being wroth, he kept gently on with the sailor behind him ; and by his kind, pleasant, and persuasive manner, soon induced the man to dismount without further annoyance, and he proclaimed to all the sailors around that this was the best fellow he had ever seen, and called for some grog to treat him ; but our dear brother cantered off before the order was obeyed.

“Great was the sorrow of the native Christians when they learnt that brother Carey was about to leave India. ‘Our father is going,’ said they, ‘and what shall we do?’ But this sorrow was not confined to the native Christians, but was equally shared by Europeans of all denominations in Calcutta, to all of whom he had endeared himself by his truly Christian deportment ; and many and fervent were the prayers offered on his behalf. These prayers were heard and answered, in the restoration of health and protection from dangers. When my new chapel was opened, brother Carey preached a most admirable sermon from—‘O Lord, we beseech thee send now prosperity.’ There was an American gentleman present on the occasion who was much delighted with the sermon, and earnestly entreated that it might be printed ; but we could not persuade dear Eustace to comply with the request.

“ When Mr. Adams gave up the bungalow at Door-gapore, Mr. and Mrs. Carey went to reside there for a short time. Brother Carey took much interest in that station. One night, whilst lying on his cot, he felt the mattress lifted up in a strange sort of way,— he put out his hand to ascertain what it was that caused the heaving up, when he laid hold of the tail of a large jackal. This alarmed him much, and caused him to shout out to his bearer, who slept in the verandah. The jackal was as much alarmed as he was, and fled without his prey. The facts were these :—under the cot, a basket, which had arrived from Calcutta, with a loaf of bread, had been placed the evening before, and the jackal, which had eaten a hole in the *mat* that formed the wall of the bungalow, had scented the bread, but as the basket reached from the floor nearly to the cot, the creature could not get the loaf out ; in struggling to do this he had lifted the mattress and alarmed our brother. It caused great mirth when our dear brother described this to us all at Boitakonah. Rammohun-Roy was particularly fond of Mr. Carey, but never could gain any advantage over him as he did over Mr. Adams, though long and elaborate were the arguments which the Rajah employed to shake our brother’s faith in the essentials of Christianity. Carey was on the rock. Since my return from India I have been associated with brother Carey in numerous tours on

behalf of the Mission, and always found him just the same. The interest of the Mission lay near his heart, and all his energies were put forth on its behalf."

RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. W. F. CAREY.

While residing at Boitakonah it seemed desirable to extend the operations of the Calcutta Mission among the natives of the immediate neighbourhood, and it was resolved that my father should reside at the station at Doorgapore, a village about five miles from Calcutta, situated on the high road. We accordingly left Calcutta and took up our quarters at this place, though I was left behind as a weekly boarder at the Mission school for a time. As we left Calcutta we passed several native villages till we came to Mr. Basin's stone house, which, with its grounds, formed one of the bounds of the Mission premises on the south-west. The first object that greeted the eye was the native chapel, the front of which faced the high road, separated from it by a rather deep ditch, across which, to connect the chapel to the road, was a wooden bridge. The chapel was a plain building, erected of bamboo, matting, and thatch, the floor of which was of raised mud; the front all thrown open. At the back was a door for our admission; and as we entered, a raised mud dais, on which was placed a garden seat for our accommodation. It was my pleasure and delight to go with my father and

Paunchoo, accompanied by my sister. It was a beautiful sight to see these two, and a very vivid impression my mind retains of these occasions. There was Paunchoo, a muscular, tall, jet-black man, giant-like; and being dressed in the flowing robes of the East appeared to me a supernatural being. My father was thin, pale, and like a spirit, clothed in white. They begin the service by singing "Je Jon apron pran," or, "O mon bohloo, na a ta re." Our infant voices joined them also, and we thought ourselves missionaries too. Papa or Paunchoo read, and either one or the other prayed. Then came the discussion. Paunchoo was fiery and impetuous. The Brahmins malicious and full of heat. Then my father, calm, quiet, cool, with his voice silver, yet earnest and tender; by his skilful use of these natural weapons he would disarm opposition, and silence the discomfited Brahmin. It was a beautiful sight; and my childish mind was often struck with surprise and astonishment at such encounters. My father would often thus address the natives. Seeing a coolie carrying a basket, or any other wayfarer with his wallet, though strangers, he would thus address them: "Brother;" the man would stop. "Whither are you going?" "To market, with my goods." "I can tell you of a good market, where you can get great riches, great wealth." "Tell us, Sahib," and laying down his burden, he would squat on the ground, and

into his ears, for the first time, the rich, mellow tones of my father's voice poured forth the news of salvation. Paunchoo would stop a byragee or fakir in the same way. "To Juggernaut?" "Yes." "What for?" "To get rid of my sins." Then did Paunchoo unfold to his astonished mind "the no other name given under heaven." So, what with one mode and another, a good congregation used to be gathered, and thus for two or three hours every day these two apostles proclaimed the truth as it is in Christ. But these scenes are past—their memory is still sweet. Oh, that I could but once more enter that humble threshold, and walk on that very ground, and tread that raised dais, and Simeon's prayer and my own feelings would be somewhat in unison. To labour thus has been my heart's wish—my life-long prayer. After leaving the chapel, from the high road, over a wooden bridge, we entered the compound or grounds. The carriage-road or path was bounded on each side by a cactus hedge, the branches of which, when broken, yielded a milky, resinous juice. On the opposite side of the road to our premises was a beautiful and extensive native garden, abounding with the large, cultivated white lotus, which was much in request for Doorga and the other gods. As we passed along our own drive to the house, on the right were several large cotton trees; when these were in flower it was indeed a rich and beautiful sight, and then

came the pods of cotton. Our compound was like an immense orchard : jack trees, cocoa-nut, mango, pome-loos, guavas, tamarinds, plantains, oranges. It may be asked what we did with the fruit? Except the small fruit trees in our little garden, all used to be sold, and most rigidly did my mother carry out the agreement, that all the money should go to the Mission. Mango was a fruit I much liked. Well do I remember longing to have the fruit, hanging down in large, red, oblong lumps. Asking for some, "No, William; they are not ours; they are sold for the Mission." Our own garden only contained a guava, and a few small-podded gooseberry trees. From the carriage-road, to the left, was a path leading to a native village, which was a preaching station, and where my Hindoo play-fellow resided. This path was skirted by a ditch and a jungle of bamboo, and other forest trees and bushes, where jackals and other wild animals located. This jungle led up to the back of our house. Leaving this village path to the left, we proceeded on till we came to a wooden bridge, over the ditch which connected itself with the large tank or pond in front of our house. Crossing the bridge, on our left was our plain, simple garden, at the end of which were the stables for the buggy or chaise, and our horse. A bamboo railing and a gate by the house separated the garden from the wide pathway. The garden was my pride—my enjoyment—for the green peas, and small, round, yellow-seeded goose-

berry, and the guava, sweet potatoes, cudhoo, &c. My little mouth used to water till I got to the fruit part. Dear garden—many a remembrance centres in thee, with all dear to me on thy walks. Past the garden was the bungalow—a thatched house with a large verandah in front—three steps led up to it. Here we used to sit of an evening, and talk and listen to the serenade of the frogs. Right and left of the verandah were the store-closets for the family.

Here my mother went every morning with Paunchoo the housekeeper (not Paunchoo Christian), to give out the day's provisions, and to settle other house affairs. Our little feet (Annie's and mine) came behind to look after the sugar sweetmeats, or any other lawful spoil for little folks. Sometimes the provisions fell short, and there would not even be money to buy more. I shall never forget those times. My mother would cry; I, child-like, would ask her why; she would tell me the reason. My young heart could not bear this. Out I would slip, unperceived, to Bobarchee the cook, and our pet goose or fowl, once even our loved little kid, was soon killed for the family meal. Our young treasures thus were sacrificed; but our mother's tears were dried. This is only mentioned to show it was no light or trifling matter, at that time, to be a missionary's wife. Her anxiety was solely for his life and ours, and his was for the mission service.

The floor of the bungalow was all of mud, raised

about three feet from the ground; bamboo poles and matting for the walls, open lattice-work for the windows, and bamboo shutters. The rooms were divided by matting. This matting was something like the bags in which the East India sugar is sent over. The roof was high, somewhat conical for ventilation, and all of thatch. After the rainy season, this thatch used to be taken off on account of the rot, large horrible-looking grubs, centipedes, and lizards. It was not uncommon to have a centipede fall down.

From the verandah we entered, by folding-doors of bamboo and matting, our large dining-room. This served all the purposes of sitting, dining, and living room. In this room worship was held. A large table in the centre, chairs and stools, were the only furniture. Every morning and evening the native Christians and inquirers used to come in to worship—Giant Paunchoo, and dear old Rose his wife, and Anunda, and others. One or other used to pray and conduct family worship. Conversation on some passage took place—remarks were made or advice given according to circumstances—then a hymn, and then prayer by my father or Paunchoo, or some other friend. After it was closed, mutual inquiries after health followed—plans for mission work were made—where to go and what to do, &c. All was carried on in Bengalee. I used to drink in all that was said; for, in my own estimation, I was a missionary too, and where these two went, my father and Paunchoo,

would go also. Then the mission family broke up, and each went about his day's work. My whole soul was centred in Paunchoo. After morning service he would say, "Come, Billy, boy, get on my back;" and away he would carry me on his broad back to his house, where Rose had always something nice, either a tamarind or sweetmeat for me. On each side of the dining-room were two large bedrooms—that on the right was my father's, the other was reserved for friends. A door from the bedroom led into the nurse's room, opposite to which was the study.

At the back of the house was the bathing-room, at the side of which was a deep dry ditch, bounding the house, and separating us from an immense jungle. Here hundreds of jackals every night assembled together, keeping up one incessant howl all the night long: on a moonlight night you could distinctly see them. In the ditch which separated the jungle from our bungalow, wild pine-apples and water-melons used to grow. Leaving our house, and walking still towards the east, on the left was our cook-house or room, a straw-and-thatch building. Here Bobarchee, the cook, between whom and myself a generous friendship had sprung up, plied his black art (truly black was the whole paraphernalia, and enveloped in continual smoke), and many a time, to oblige his young friend, would he turn-to and cook a handful of green peas and sweet potatoes fresh-gathered from the garden. Good old Bobarchee, I well remember thy love to me!

Adjoining the cook-room were additional godowns, in which were deposited the cocoa-nuts for sale, which not being perishable fruit, could lie by for a favourable market. In one of these stores a poor pilgrim to Juggernaut died. During the year from three to four hundred pilgrims to Juggernaut encamped on the mission premises under the trees, and among them work was to be done by the family. Paunchoo had his hands full among them. On the occasion of one of these encampments, my father being engaged at Calcutta, mamma, Annie, and I were left at home, Paunchoo opposite us. At the least four hundred of these poor creatures came to us in a body, and demanded admission into our garden. My mother met them, and questioned them as to their intentions. It was the festival of Doorga, and they wanted the flowers (particularly the marigold) to make long garlands for their idolatrous dances and festivity. My mother firmly refused them. Courageously single-handed she stood before them to prevent their entrance through the gate. They vociferated, abused, and even threatened; but still she stood firm. We children stood by afraid; calm and undaunted stood our mother, and by her firmness and courage she overawed the multitude, and they slunk away disappointed and threatening revenge. One of these poor creatures was left behind (ill with dysentery and cholera) by his brethren, who went on their journey

the following morning. He had managed to crawl into the native chapel, and there he was found. My mother instantly went to him, and administered such remedies as she knew of, and spoke to him in Bengalee about Jesus. Annie and I were by—and were missionaries too in our little way—and mother and children were not *yet* separated. She had him removed to one of these stores, that she might the more readily minister to his wants, and talk to and pray with him. On one of these visits he died, while she was trying to pour down his throat a cup of warm tea; but his teeth and jaws were closed, and not all her power could recover him. While kneeling and supporting his head with one arm, and ministering relief with the other, the man died. Now arose a great difficulty—no one could be found either to bury or remove him. What was to be done? The natives refused because of their losing caste, and there was the great probability of the dead body being left unburied for some time at least. At last, Paunchoo the Kitmudgar found two men, of the very lowest caste, who, for a large bribe, agreed to throw him into the Ganges, the sacred stream. So we were obliged to submit. They came with a long bamboo, and placing the man in a sitting posture, with his knees up, and arms fastened to them, slung the body to the pole, and carried him off. We were all on the verandah, and were distressed at the sight. These were the

tender mercies of those days among the Bengalees to the dying and dead. On one of these pilgrim visits, a man came to my mother with a little baby a few days old. Its mother had died on the travel shortly before. The father loved the child, and fondled and hugged, but could not pacify it, and no one cared for it. As soon as my mother saw it, she knew what it wanted, and as long as the man stayed she gave him goat's milk, and rice and arrow-root for the little one.

Leaving the cook-room and stores, and walking a little further, we come to the end of the mission grounds on the east, bounded by the Mussulman burying-ground, in close proximity to the jungle of jackals. In the middle of this were two large upright beams buried deep in the ground, another beam was transversely fastened to the top of these uprights. To this beam was suspended the remains of a native, hung in chains for the murder of a European. The body had been surrounded with iron hoops. The crows and vultures and weather had revelled on the body, and a great many of the bones had fallen through the hoops on to the ground below. We children were always frightened at this gallows, and never could pass it without a shudder. In this ground was a little mud and straw hut for the officiating peer or saint, and his attendants, supported by the offerings of those who needed their services. A Mussulman burial was a strange sight. The body, attended

by its friends, was carried to the grave-side on its bedstead. The graves were very shallow. The prayers being said, the body was placed in the grave. The bedstead, clothes, and other things belonging to the deceased were broken up by the relatives and friends, and all thrown on the dead body, which, being then covered with only a little earth, was left, soon to be food for jackals and India's scavengers,—the vultures, &c.,—and consequently the place was literally strewed with bones and skulls. We always went through this burial-ground to see our friends the Baboos. Leaving the burying-ground, and turning to the right, another boundary of the premises, was another native village, of shoemakers and washermen principally. The hovels of these natives were every night visited by the jackals, and many a babe was carried off while asleep in its mother's arms. Fearfully distressing were the cries in consequence. Passing the village we come to the south of the mission compound. Here was dear old Paunchoo Christian's house, where I was always a welcome guest. By Paunchoo's house were two beautiful pomeloo trees, always laden with rich fruit or blossom. Between Paunchoo's house and ours was a very large tank, for supplying ourselves and the villagers with water. At one time the natives bathed there; but this was soon stopped when we took possession, though the washermen were allowed to wash their clothes on its banks.

Here three or four men every day fixed their smooth black slanting boards, and themselves standing knee-deep in the water did their washing. Throwing wide open their linen on the water surface, they gathered it together in long rolls, and one end in their hands, and then changing to the other end, beat the clothes upon the slanting boards, at each beat crying out, "Ash," "Ram," "Krishna," thus remembering their gods at their daily work. We should do well to take a pattern from them, and not forget our own Lord so much as we do. In all tropical countries vegetables soon arrive at perfection, and animals of all kinds multiply very fast. So also with fishes. The pond three or four times in the year was fished. What was done with the fish? The pond was mission property, and was hired by fishermen, who bought the fish for market. The money, as in the case of the fruit, went to the mission fund, and if we wanted fish we bought it. Many were our necessities, but not a fish was ever taken for food, though we were often in want; so rigidly did my dearly loved father and mother carry out the self-denying ordinance. On the periodical visits of the fishermen, boy-like, I must fish too. A broken Venetian blind was my net; fastening one end close, the other being open like a fan. This end I pushed along the water-side, and occasionally a stray fish was my prize. Carrying it in-doors, it was laid by, waiting

the men at the close of their work—to *pay them for it*. The fishing took place at very early dawn, just before the sun rose. They brought bundles of bamboo cane slips about four feet long; these they tied firmly together, and slid on to the water as a raft, capable of bearing one man, who, balancing himself upon it, would throw his net, and then pull and haul in the draught. Six men were so engaged; and when the tank was thoroughly depopulated they finished, came and gave the hire to us, we paid them what was right, a pice or two for that which I had taken, and if more was wanted for food, it was paid for.

Passing by the back of Paunchoo's house, was a ditch right down to the chapel bounding the mission compound. In this ditch an enormously long cobra di capella snake was killed, and sent to Mr. Lawson for preservation, who was the naturalist of the mission family, as Mr. Penney was the horticulturist, Mr. Yates the linguist, my father the working itinerist. We now turn our back on Paunchoo's house, and walk by the side of the pond back to our own bungalow. From the tank to the chapel all the vast ground was covered with fruit and cotton-trees as before described. Through this little forest a small pathway from the house took you direct to the chapel. And here I would mention, that in one of these visits to the chapel my dear father, wrapt in thought, with the Bengalee New

Testament under his arm, and his eye fixed on the ground, was suddenly arrested in his progress by a cobra snake, which stood erect, with hood expanded, ready to dart on him and inflict its venomous bite. Both, however, stood still. My father was possessed of remarkable presence of mind, and this feature of his character was manifested on various occasions afterwards in England on his missionary journeys. He fixed his eye on that of the reptile, and there they stood, neither would move. Tired of this work, his cry of distress rung through the compound, and the syce (or groom) ran to his rescue, and with a bamboo cudgel cut the creature in two, but he had to make a circuit to the back of the beast. This presence of mind saved my father's life on this occasion: other instances occurred in after-life. The side of the pond nearest the chapel, had a flight of steps down to the water; and here my father once administered the rite of baptism. Passing along we come to the house, which we again enter, to review some things which took place during our residence there. Before our verandah grew the rich water-melon, a dangerous fruit for Europeans. One evening while we were all talking with some friends from Calcutta on a visit, suddenly the earth trembled and shook, "and everything reeled to and fro like a drunken man." This was my first and only experience of an earthquake. It was a dreadful evening for us, and more particularly for the

natives, who went about beating their tom-toms, and raising dolorous cries by Paunchoo's house. Though the earth was moved, and its very foundations shook, we were undismayed, for the God of Jacob was the refuge of the mission family. An eclipse of the moon once took place, at which the natives were similarly alarmed. While at Doorgapore, my father received intimation that a suttee was to take place on the banks of the Ganges near us. At the peril of his life, (for he might at that time have been killed by the enraged Brahmins, and none been the wiser) before sunset off he started. By all his persuasive eloquence and his rich Bengalee tongue, he could not make these Brahmins relent and stop the sacrifice, and the poor widow ascended the pyre, and was burnt. I arrived at the time when the pyre was burning away, and saw the half-consumed body of one of them, and there was my father preaching and talking to the natives undismayed, and they shouting "Hurrybol." I shall never forget this scene. My father's time was now very much taken up with visits to Calcutta, to collect from European gentlemen and merchants subscriptions for building Circular Road Chapel; and consequently we were left much alone at the bungalow. While he was absent, Paunchoo conducted the stated services. But our time did not hang heavily, for the rich native Baboos near us sent their elephants for us to ride on to visit them, till an accident to my

mother prevented our rides. We then used to walk through the Mussulman burying-ground to the houses of these friends. These native gentlemen were brothers, very rich, and each had his favourite pursuits. One we called "the Beast Baboo," for he spent his time, money, &c., in the purchase and keep of wild animals, and had a very extensive menagerie. The other delighted in horticultural pursuits, and him we called "the Flower Baboo." The "Beast Baboo" was very fond of us children, and of my father and mother. Always anxious after our welfare, if we delayed a visit for a day or two, a messenger was despatched to know the cause. A welcome, kind and generous, ever awaited our coming, and to us it was a great pleasure of course, as children, to go and see his beasts. He always accompanied us, and any new animal he purchased was first shown to us. I remember his buying a fine rhinoceros, which struck me with wonder. His table, loaded with all Eastern delicacies, was invariably set out for us—and sweetmeats and preserves in Benjamin portions were given to my sister and myself. Having one day sent us a special invitation to tea, my father being at home, and Mrs. Penney and Yates on a visit, we all went, and these native gentlemen received us in truly English style. During tea, Circular Road Chapel was brought up, and what was being done; and, to the astonishment of all, this princely man gave of his own

accord a handsome donation, begging us to accept it for "Mr. Jesus Christ." It was odd and funny to my idea, but was done in all sincerity; not knowing any other mode of expressing himself, he thus gave utterance to his kind and generous feelings. His brother also, the "Flower Baboo," was very kind, and whenever we liked we might visit his grounds. These were richly cultivated, and beautiful productions of the East might here be found in all their exuberance of beauty. He was piscatorial also, and had several ponds filled with all the varieties of the finny tribe. To one pond we always went—it was the pond of tame fish—positively tame, for they would come and eat out of our tiny hands the paste for feeding them, and let us stroke their backs as we stooped to feed them. At a call they would rise to the surface of the water and come towards the steps by shoals, immense huge creatures, but as gentle and tame as you could wish. They were fed with paste and dried boiled rice. We used to give the "Beast Baboo" the preference, however, because he was kinder, and loaded us with sweetmeats. The money for Circular Road Chapel being collected, other and more important duties arising calling my parents back to Calcutta, we had to resign the living at Doorgapore, much to my sorrow. Back to Calcutta we removed, and took up our residence at Pilot Jones's house in Circular Road. Here I could

not do as I liked. Soon Circular Road Chapel was opened. O how delighted was dear Mr. Penney—how he skipped about and danced like a great boy, and we too enjoyed the fun with him. Mr. Lawson, Mr. Yates, and dear papa, were the ministers; more particularly papa and Mr. Lawson, between whom the pastorate was divided. During their residence at Mr. Jones's, my father was laid aside, and for his recovery he took a sea-voyage in a pilot-schooner to the Sandheads. We all accompanied him, and it was a very painful and trying voyage, no Europeans but ourselves, and all of us in ill health. We returned in safety, my father's health was restored, and that was enough for us. While at Pilot Jones's, one of the Independent missionaries, Mr. Keith, died, and left a widow with three little children, and one unable to walk. All the missionaries were united to each other by more than common ties, such as are not known in England. Great was the sympathy shown to poor Mrs. Keith. My father and mother were at her house, and comforted the bereaved one—and as usual, Annie and myself went too. In less than a month after Mr. Keith's death, poor Mrs. Keith died—and the children, as their legacy, were divided among us. My mother took the infant, and brought it up as her own, loving it and watching it as tenderly as she did us, and we also took her as a sister. The time was approaching

when a change was to take place in our family circle. I never was well, and a change of climate was advised, and I was to be banished to England. Mr. and Mrs. Townley were also returning, Mr. Sherar and several boys, children of our friends, were going also, and, as it was a good opportunity, I was doomed. So arrangements were made, clothes were got ready, and the time at last arrived for our separation. We sailed together in a budgerow to the ship lying off Calcutta, and here we parted; bitter was our parting: I cannot tell our sorrow. Tears from all three of us—their arms thrown around me—and at last the moment came, and we were torn from each other. I now leave these recollections with you. I can only say all is true, and it has been my life-long business to cherish these Indian memories, which have always been my delight and happiness.

Yours ever,

W. F. CAREY.

The bungalow at Doorgapore was quite unfit for a residence. It was made chiefly of bamboos, and was ill suited to protect either from the burning sun or the heavy rains of a tropical climate. Besides this, the very rigid plan under which these missionaries voluntarily placed themselves was an additional trial of their bodily strength. On perusing the record of their work at this time, it is impossible not to be struck with the amount and continuity of it, as con-

ducted by their united efforts. Mr. Carey's post at Doorgapore, to which he was so much attached, perhaps admitted of the least relief. His house here was near the roadside, in a great thoroughfare, where thousands of natives were in the habit of passing on the great festival days. It was also, as the reader has learnt, within sight of suttees, hook-swinging, and other fearful modes of torture, proving how true that text is which declares that the "dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." On such a spot, with the choicest sympathies of the heart in exercise daily, how was it possible to prevent the harrowing up of the feelings under a sense of the most poignant sorrow. This daily calling out of his sympathy and courage was too much for his physical energies, and he sank into this most deathly illness. But God had mercy upon him and his brethren, lest they should have sorrow upon sorrow, and he lived to tell of the goodness and faithfulness of the Lord. But we must continue our narrative.

And now let us accompany the missionary to one of the native chapels, those pools of Bethesda, where the angel goes down at a certain season into the water, and there sing with him "one of the songs of Zion." It is the chapel by the road-side at Doorgapore. The singing of the hymn strikes the attention of the passers-by; for these reformers of British India, like the great reformers of Europe in early days, sang their hymns in the streets and in the little way-side

chapels, and wherever besides they could get a hearing. Here stands the missionary like the prophet of the Lord. Yet amongst these hundreds of thousands of idolaters he can pour out his song of triumph as well as the sweet singer in Israel.

Our eye is now directed intuitively to that wearied, dejected one who has come, apparently, from a considerable distance. The hymn sung, the missionary closes his eyes in prayer: and here, in this little Bethel so simple, so unattractive, formed more by nature than art, the idolater beholds the sublime spectacle of a human being in contact with the Divine Majesty of heaven and earth through the simple medium of prayer, unaided by any external rite. How striking must this sight be to the idolater, and how new, also, to him this voice of affectionate entreaty—so loving yet so pitiful and earnest. This distressed, this broken-hearted one listens to the prayer. The power of the Lord is present to heal. The compassion of Jesus, set forth in the devotion of the missionary, is just that which his heart needs. It is that, also, which the Spirit of God applies with power to his conscience. So instantaneous and so complete is this conviction, and the accompanying persuasion that he has found that which he needs to heal his wounded spirit, so sudden also, that there is no more spirit left in him. He swoons quite away, and at the close of the prayer is taken up in a state of unconsciousness.

After the service he told the missionary his

simple story. He stated that for some time his mind had been oppressed with an intolerable burden; that, wearied with bearing it, he had started on a journey with the vague hope of finding some relief. He knew not what it was that he wanted; but he knew that he was wretched, and could not rest again until he should find something to quiet his mind. Many a *weary* step did he take; for, like Bunyan's pilgrim, he carried a burden on his back, and sought for that which he had not found—the healing of a wounded spirit. Thus he wandered he knew not whither, until he reached the metropolis of British India, and was invited by the service of song into the house of the living God. And now it was that the Lord touched his heart. After the devotional service, “the glad tidings of great joy” were fervently presented by the preacher, and now he obtained that which he has so painfully sought. In the identical words of the Greek philosopher, when he had succeeded in making another sort of discovery, this man exclaimed, “I have found it, I have found it.” Did not the waiting, watching, longing soul of the preacher rejoice in that day and leap for joy?

This beautiful anecdote is equalled only by another of similar import. Mr. Carey was preaching one day in one of these native chapels, or in the open street, and during his address a woman stepped into the circle of his hearers, and made her way as close up to

him as she could. Her countenance was filled with great concern. She stood by him, heard him to the end of his address, and then, without uttering a word, took out of the folds of her garment a tract, worn and almost illegible. This tract had awakened in her soul a longing after the waters of life in richer abundance. The countenance of the woman, the appearance of the tract, which bore on its title-page the words, "from the Mission press, Calcutta," were matters of great interest to him. These, and other scenes in India, were never effaced from Mr. Carey's mind.

The reader now learns the effect of these "leaves of the tree of life," which are for the healing of the nations. Well might the Calcutta missionaries write, when addressing the committee at home, "We record our labours, not our success." If the supporters of missionary societies would more generally consider the former instead of the latter, when taking an estimate of such work abroad, more justice would be done to missionaries in general.

At an early period of this history an allusion was made to Mr. Carey's description, on the missionary platform, of scenes in India. One of these was a graphic description of a suttee. The pile of wood was brought before the audience, the dead body placed upon it, the terrified widow seen making her way to it; and by the side of him who went with light steps

to kindle the fire,—the eldest son of the widow bearing a torch; a slender figure was seen approaching that distressed one, who tries to whisper some word of mercy and of salvation to relieve her of her anguish. This one comes close to her, with firm steps, yet with agonized countenance, and says to her, “My mother, oh, why will you die?” With quivering lips and a bitter cry, she answers—“My son, why do you trouble me?” Before the missionary can interpose another word, she hurriedly says to him—“See you that sun there?” pointing to the heavens: “Pluck it thence sooner than turn me from my purpose and my fate.” The murderous priests fetch her away, she is bound to the dead body, the fire is lighted, and the shrieks of the dying are drowned only by the horrid yells and music of the murderous, maddened idolaters.

It may appear to us strange that this rite was practised in India under the sanction of the British Government less than thirty years ago; but it will be seen there no more for ever.

One instance of the power of Divine truth was frequently alluded to by Mr. Carey. It was the conversion of a Byragee, who had taken a vow of silence; in some such manner as the following:—“See, I pray you, that devotee, in a temple not far from Calcutta, as if by a thunderbolt of the Almighty he had been transfixed there. He has taken a vow of silence, and

for these four years he has not opened his lips to friend or foe, to God or man. The hair of his head confusedly covers his person, and his finger-nails protrude over the back of his hand. There he stands, his eye is tearless, his tongue is speechless, his heart is motionless; he is as silent as a marble statue. By means of a religious tract falling into his hands, his attention is arrested. He reads it again and again. The night falls, and he folds it away; but the thoughts which that tract has elicited return with returning day. He reads and ponders, and then was his tongue loosed, 'The tongue of the dumb did sing, for in this wilderness did waters break forth, and streams in the desert.' This man was baptized by Dr. Carey.

The reader has seen the missionary by the sick bed of a dying infidel. Let us now go with him to the sick beds of native converts, as Mr. Carey related his recollections of these on missionary platforms.

To one he said, on entering his apartment—"My brother, how is it with you?"

The dying man replied:—"Stay, my brother, and I will tell you. See you, I pray, that river just before me, and a boat coming across it and making direct for the shore? See you him who sits at its helm, and who presses the boat on this side, up close to the land? He who sits there is my Saviour. By the help of my Saviour I get me safe over, I get me safe over."

To another he said:—"My sister, you are very ill.

Shall I fetch you some bread, and would you like some tea?"*

She replied, with emphasis :—"No, my brother, Christ is my bread, Christ is my tea."

Of a third, he inquired :—"My brother, is it well with you? Is your Saviour with you now?"

He lifted his hand, and laid it on his breast, and said — "I have Christ here." Then grasping his Bengalee Testament, he said, "I have Christ here;" and then, lifting his almost strengthless hand to heaven, he said, "And I have Christ there."

On another occasion, he asked a poor woman — "Well, how is your mind? I see your body is weak." She replied — "All is well. I have no fear of death. Jesus Christ has suffered for me. All my trust is in him."

Thinking she was thirsty, he asked her if she wanted water? She said :—"I have living water within which my Saviour has given me, the same that was given to the woman of Samaria. You know you read the chapter to me the other day." After this she fell asleep.

Of Mr. Chamberlain's wonderful labours and itineraries, Mr. Carey used often to tell on the missionary platform. He was present once when he addressed two hundred soldiers with his usual earnestness and fervour. Suddenly he stopped in his discourse, fixed

* These being luxuries to the natives.

his eye on one of the young men, and said to him :—
“ You, young man, you know that you enlisted for a soldier, and broke your mother’s heart ! You know you did, and that she wrapped up a bible amongst your clothes, but that you have not looked into it since you came into this country.” Then continuing his address, he pressed home upon their attention the great salvation. The young man was pricked in the heart. He accused his comrades of having told the preacher his history ; but God made it the means of his salvation.

Of Mr. Chamberlain’s old friend Brindabun, many a pleasant incident was told. This native first heard the gospel at a place between Cutwa and Berhampore. When Mr. Chamberlain was preaching he paid great attention, sometimes he laughed and sometimes wept. In the night he went to him and said :—“ I have a flower that I wish to give to some one who is worthy of it. I have for many years travelled about the country to find such a person, but in vain. I have been to Juggernath, but there I saw only a piece of wood ; that was not worthy of it : but to-day I have found one that is, and he shall have it. Jesus Christ is worthy of my flower.” He was a Byragee.

The following testimony to the effect of missionary labour the writer has recently received from Mr. Morgan, who has been many years united with our mission in India :—

“Now that your mind is more immediately directed to the early scenes of our dear brother’s labours, the question naturally presents itself to you—What is the result of these labours, on whom do they operate, in what manner or in what degree, or is all lost? I cannot admit that any are lost. My firm conviction is, that moral forces are continually acting and reacting, gathering, increasing, and concentrating their influence on some great point.

“Permit me to illustrate this topic by a reference to India. Contemplate the millions of its inhabitants,—whose Shastras, Vedas, Purans, and Tontras are religiously, morally, philosophically, and physically false—absolutely false. A system that is incapable of producing either a patriot, philanthropist, or a moral man. Remember that for two thousand years or more this system of evil has been rolling, accumulating from age to age, and from family to family, and rushing like a broad flowing river with irresistible force.

“Let us next look upon the amount of *good* that has been brought to bear upon this tremendous evil. In estimating the good, we must exclude the so-called Christian government, whose policy has ever been to tolerate Hindoo prejudices; the corrupt Christianity that was introduced by the early settlers in India, and propagated by more corrupt means; also the nominal Christianity, imported from Europe, which, like the marsh miasm of Bengal, exercises a deadly

influence. How small, then, is the amount of genuine Christian influence, when compared with the gigantic evil by which it is opposed.

“Let us come now to the inquiry—What is the effect of missionary labour upon the masses of Bengal? What acts have emanated from the people, spontaneously, as the result of missionary exertions?

“One of the first effects of missionary work is, the favourable impression that the missionaries have produced upon the minds of the natives in reference to themselves. The number of books which the missionaries have published—the large number of young men they have educated—their disinterested labours, being the worst paid Europeans in India,—have led the more intelligent natives to regard missionaries as philanthropists. If you will look at the subject from a statistical point of view, and ask how many missionaries have come out from the commencement—how many defections? the answer will be highly creditable to the missionary body. This good impression affords a firm basis for future success, and the very counterpart of the impression produced by the early continental settlers, and which remains to this day. Three years ago I was in a large town, about eighty miles from Calcutta—a town rarely visited by any Europeans—late in the evening; some very respectable Pundits were introduced to me. I offered them some books, which they at once refused. Pre-

sently they asked if I had the same object as Pundit Carey Sahib, and were the books I had the same as he prepared? I answered in the affirmative. They immediately fraternized, and asked for the books, and spoke of Dr. Carey in the highest terms of commendation.

“The Hindoos have been subjugated by several foreign races, yet they adhere with singular tenacity to their social and domestic institutions. The re-marriage of widows is abhorrent to the Hindoo mind. It is a custom fraught with evil—a centre around which crimes, and those of the most revolting character, continually revolve. You, my dear friend, in the hour of sorrow and trial have many Christian friends to comfort you. Look at the Hindoo widow: when the husband dies, she is stripped of her ornaments, compelled to wear the coarsest clothes, to subsist upon the coarsest food, no bed is too hard for her to lie upon—the drudge of the family—driven to distant pilgrimages, to endure fatigue and privations, and, perhaps to the joy of the family, dying unknown, unpitied—deserted by her companions—to become the prey of the vultures and ravenous beasts, while consciousness remains, and the warm blood circulates through the veins. At last the dormant and callous feelings of the Hindoos were roused, and a petition, numerous and respectably signed, was presented to the Legislative Council, praying for an Act to legalize

the marriage of widows, such marriage not being cognizable by any Hindoo laws. When I was out in the cold weather, I found tracts, written by Pundits for and against, industriously circulated, and for once the Hindoos are divided against themselves. In a few days more I expect to hear that the Act has passed the Council: this will be a great and signal triumph. The 'Redan' and the 'Malakoff' of Hindooism will then be taken.

“Since my arrival in India there have been considerable relaxations and violations of the rules of caste. Generally speaking, it has more of a *conventional* than *personal* value. Men in private violate the rules of caste without any scruples, though at the same time, in their intercourse with their fellow-men, they will have some regard to public opinion. The natives now feel that caste is attended with many evils, especially in the case of marriages; parents are obliged to marry their daughters to men of the same caste, and that often to men utterly worthless, whereas they could often make much more advantageous matches from other castes. One of our most popular tracts is on caste. In my missionary tours all classes come and ask for it, and frequently at home.

“However, in connexion with the relaxation of caste, there is one great evil, and that is, the increasing habit of drinking spirits. This is a great and terrible evil. In Calcutta, some common native shops which supply

the native community only, pay to Government as much as 4*l. per day* as duty. A gentleman told me lately, that a captain of a ship came to his office very ill. Some brandy was given him, the bottle being left on the desk open. After a short time the gentleman returned, and found his head writer quite insensible, having drank half a bottle of raw brandy. This man was a highly respectable Brahmin. The bottle was before him, and he could not resist the temptation. When I first came to India, when a respectable man was found intoxicated, he was held amenable to the head of the village, tried, and punished. At present such conduct is winked at as a matter of mutual convenience.

“From this disagreeable subject let us turn to another more pleasant, and one in which you are deeply interested—female education. It is quite understood among the Hindoo women, that if they learn to read and write, the husband will die; and that writing and reading are the accomplishments not of reputable women, but of disreputable women. These, you will admit, are serious hindrances to female education.

“The education of native Christian girls in boarding schools has no influence whatever upon the heathen community; they might just as well have been educated in England. There are, however, a great number of respectable and educated young men, who are anxious for the education of their wives, and

many do educate them *privately*. But then the poor young woman has to endure the taunts, the ridicule, and every opposition from the more bigoted females of the house. At present this is the only feasible plan, and which ultimately will lead to a more open and general custom of educating females."

Subjoined are the last letters written by Mr. Carey while in India:—

"Alas! for us, we are feeble indeed. I fear so long a neglect of the mission here in this respect will be regretted when it is too late. Chamberlain, Harle, and now also Mr. Ward, are gone to glory; my uncle Carey is evidently waxing very feeble. Lawson has had a very long and threatening illness; Yates has been unable to leave home these four or five weeks, until, with much difficulty, he attempted to preach on Lord's-day evening last. It is hardly to be supposed that I could survive another attack, if anything like the last, but be that according to His will.

"Blessed be the Lord, I baptized a Coolin Brahmin a few days ago at this station, the second fruit of Doorgapore, also a poor old Portuguese man, upwards of seventy years of age; both, I trust, sincere believers in Jesus. My work was never so pleasing as now. Oh, that we had two or three such stations, where we might not *merely* call to repentance, but witness the penitent daily growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour.

“Would that some of our English friends had been here on Sabbath last, when our two new brothers, the Brahmin and poor old Gomesh, were received at the Lord’s table.”

The next letter, written to his child in England, is given as an evidence that the parent was not lost in the missionary, even amidst all the hard work. Its simplicity will need no apology.

“Doorgapore, March, 1824.—Mamma and I are very often speaking about you. We say—‘Where is our beloved boy? Oh, that he may be a good boy—that people may love him and be kind to him.’ Would you not be very pleased to know how we all are? I am quite sure you would. Well, I will tell you. Don’t you remember that I came down to the ship with you after you had taken leave of mamma, and all your dear Calcutta friends. After I left you I went on board Mr. Thompson’s pilot vessel. I stopped there a fortnight, and then went back to Calcutta. When I got there I found poor Eustace so very ill that the doctor thought that he could not live. He could not take a bit of food for many weeks. Mamma thought that once he was quite dead, and papa was not at home at the time. How much your poor mamma suffered—her dear William gone on board the ship to go to England, papa not with her at the time, and poor, darling Eustace seemed to be dying—then she kissed his dear little face, and her tears fell

down upon his cheeks all so cold, and thin, and white. But God was so good that he heard mamma's prayer, and baby did not die. Will you not, my dear William, kneel down and thank God for his goodness to us in not allowing poor Eustace to die. Then, afterwards, your mamma was so ill I did not think she would live, but the Lord was very merciful to spare her, and she became well. When you know what sorrow we have had, will you not pray for us every day? Try, my dear boy, and pray from your heart. God will help you to pray if you ask him for his Holy Spirit. Remember the words of Jesus — 'Suffer little children to come to me and forbid them not.'

"Some time ago I went to see a poor little girl who was very ill, and sent for me to speak to her about Christ. She wished me to sing hymns, and speak to her about heaven, and to pray for her. I said to her, 'My dear, do you love Jesus?' She said, 'Oh, yes, sir, very much.' Then I said, 'Why, my dear child, do you love him?' 'Because he died for sinners.' I asked her what I should pray for; she said, 'That I may die and go to Jesus.' She said, she wished every one was as happy as she was. Your sister, Annie, went with me to see her, and put into her hand some pretty, sweet flowers from the Door-gapore garden. Your loving friends, Paunchoo Christian and Rose, both send their love to you; Paunchoo prays so sweetly for you, and almost cries when he

speaks of you. Poor old Gomesh was baptized by papa in the large tank at Doorgapore. A great many people were present. The little garden that was yours we take much care of. Your dear friend, Mr. Cox, also sends his love to you. Do you not remember how much he loved you?

“Annie is so much delighted that I am writing to you, and tells me to send her love to you and plenty of kisses, and wishes you would send her some sweetmeats.”

The last bereavement Mr. Carey sustained was early in the year 1824. Dr. Carey notices it in a letter to his sister:—

“Feb. 1824.—Dear Eustace and Mary have been called to mourn the loss of their daughter Annie, a fine and most interesting child. Her talk when on her dying bed gave great hope to the afflicted parents that she had a saving knowledge of Divine things.”

The writer remembers Mr. Carey speaking of this little girl with much feeling. She often said in her illness, “Papa, how nice everything is which we have.” This sentence alone, how indicative of a renewed heart! Contentment, nay more, thankfulness, how much does it imply! Where this is as the secret outflow of the grateful soul, it is evident that there is an under-current of deep humility.

TO MR. DYER.

“Doorgapore, May 4th.

“We have just heard from Mrs. Leslie from Madras, from which place they expected to sail for Bengal in a few days. They have been a long time on their passage, but land, and friends, and Christian ordinances, we trust, will be the sweeter to them when they arrive. We had almost begun to despair of ever seeing another missionary brother in Bengal. Nearly six years have elapsed since the last of the Society’s missionaries, viz., Adams and Sutton, came to India. Indeed, considering the extent of country over which, to a more or less degree, the Baptist Mission has spread in this Presidency, its having been so long left without succour is a circumstance we cannot reflect upon without poignant regret.

“Now that a gracious Providence has extricated the Society from pecuniary embarrassment, we most fervently hope more help will be speedily forthcoming. The Lord grant it may be so! Scriptures, school-books, &c., being now prepared, and half the expenses by means of auxiliary societies, being almost everywhere obtainable, nothing seems wanting now but the Lord’s servants and his blessed Spirit with them. On the other hand, we are failing for strength. Yates is weakly, Pearce no better.

“I am broken in body and mind in a most distressing degree. I never had much flesh, but now

my bones literally prick through my skin, and my poor mind is as much shattered as my body. My domestic afflictions are yet more in my esteem than those I suffer in my person. To weep over my sorrows in private, and to sigh to God for help, are all I can do. I think it was since my last addressing you that I have been called to follow my lovely child, Annie Yates Carey, to the grave; the fourth we have committed to the care of our compassionate Jesus, to be kept until the *day of redemption*. Blessed Lord! what a day will that be! This was our sorest trial. The hymns, passages of Scripture, and catechisms she knew would be deemed hardly credible, could I enumerate them. She knew much of Christ. The few last hours were sweet indeed. But we are parted, though I trust not for ever. Her poor mamma and she were ill on the same bed, the doctor not knowing which of the two would go first.

“Thus it is, dear sir, we are called to substantiate by our own experience the declaration of our Redeemer, ‘through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of God.’ Yet it is a *kingdom* we are to enter, and men will do much and suffer much for a kingdom. May we but enter, and all will be well enough, and that for ever!

“When I first began preaching in England, I too must preach about the afflictions of God’s people, little indeed I knew of them at that time!

“The doctor has ordered me forthwith to the Eastward, or to the Cape, or to Europe; having little hope, he says, of my being able to get through the oppression of the hot weather and the succeeding rains. But I am quite at a loss to know at present what the will of the Lord is. Oh! that I knew it, and had faith to follow it. I hardly know what the best method may be of solving my difficulties upon the subject, so many present themselves, and of so formidable a nature every way. I think of requesting the brethren to meet together, and entreat direction for me from the Lord, and make up my mind to abide by their decision, as the will of Providence respecting me.

“We expect within a few days to baptize a Mussulman, who promises to be a useful man, if he continue steadfast to the end.

“Paunchoo yet continues to give, as before, great satisfaction. Indeed, the native church connected with our branch of the mission, though but small, is promising and consistent; were they but ten times as many.

“Adams (the late missionary) is proceeding in a career of very painful opposition to the Gospel. In a reply to a number of questions forwarded to him from a Dr. Ware, I think, of America, he has discovered more bitterness than at any former time. I know not to whom this fallen brother can be com-

pared, except to *Alexander the coppersmith*. He is so sadly bitter—he is bitterness itself. You will doubtless see the pamphlet.

“Would you kindly endeavour to make our beloved W. F—— acquainted with the death of his sister. She spoke of him with much affection a little before her death. Dear boy, may a gracious God take him by the hand! Having lost all the rest of our sweet babes, we are doubly anxious as to him.

“The season is hot, almost beyond example in any previous year. No rain for six months and upwards; a most intense sun, the ground burnt up, natives and Europeans dying very fast; few of either class are seeking after God, their Maker! Alas! what a world is this. What an empire Satan possesses in this part of it, where no judgment can terrify, no mercy win! However, ‘the arm of the Lord is not shortened that it cannot save, neither is his ear heavy that he cannot hear.’ There is a sinful propensity in us to limit the operations of Jehovah by the scanty conceptions of our own minds, and the apparent forces of the enemy. But ‘our ways are not his ways, nor our thoughts his thoughts.’ In conversation with brother Lawson a few evenings ago, he observed, that probably the Lord would take the conversion of India into his own hand, and work in a manner and at a period we least expected, as in other parts of the world.

“A very wonderful revival has been just experienced at Ceylon. Oh that the skirts of the shower had reached Bengal! Do you in our native land continue to pray for us, that our faith fail not?”

The question naturally arises—Have we done what we could for India,—all that we could for India in sending missionaries and funds; and have we sustained them by our constant prayer and sympathy? Have we thought of them as those who were doing our work, and who were bearing the burden and heat of the day? The manner in which our monthly missionary prayer-meetings are responded to in too many cases, the interest exhibited at our annual assembly for prayer, and at our annual meeting, and the coldness and stillness of death in so many cases where neither cry nor prayer is offered at all, is no intimation that we *are*.

“The female department of the Benevolent Christian School Society is prosperous. Mrs. Coleman is a steady, devoted superintendress, and the Society has been highly favoured in being able to avail itself of her services. Ten schools are now in operation; and we hope more will be formed as soon as funds can be realized, and suitable places and situations found out. We trust for some small portion of your interest in favour of this important work. It is, indeed, a most important and delightful feature in the present state of missionary work in Bengal. It is a demonstration

that the labours of these past thirty years have not been in vain ; but that over and above the actual conversions of the natives, much is doing, yea, much has already been achieved, in favour of the great object for which Mission Societies exist. The way of the Lord is preparing, mountains and hills of prejudice are levelling, and valleys of ignorance are filling up with speed. We need, dear sir, to reflect upon these things, that we may take heart."

The following notice of a meeting for prayer, held at Messrs. Yates and Penney's residence, will record the decision of the missionary brethren in Mr. Carey's case :—" May 10, 1824.—That the brethren deeply sympathize in Mr. Carey's circumstances, and taking into consideration the conviction of his own mind—that which they have themselves observed of the state of his health for a long time past, and the opinion of Dr. Brown so fully and frequently expressed—do, as missionaries of the same society, consider his voyage to England, as proposed, both desirable and necessary."

To this meeting Mr. Carey alludes in a letter to Mr. Dyer :—

" Calcutta, May 29, 1824.—I had just written a letter to you, and the very next day was compelled to leave our beloved native station and come into Calcutta without delay for medical advice. The doctor salivated me very deeply. It is now three weeks I have been under his hand, and am now but just able

to articulate a little. In the mean time he again insisted upon the absolute necessity of removing before the approach of the rainy season, as the peril was greater than should be ventured.

“The brethren having met for prayer and consolation, concurred in recommending my taking a voyage to Europe as the best resource they could think of for the recovery of my health. Mrs. Carey having now for a long time been in as bad a state as myself, they strongly advised her accompanying me.

“This dispensation is very unexpected on my part, especially, too, under such circumstances. I say under such circumstances, for some things respecting our passage have turned out unexpectedly. The American ship *Factor* arrived here some months since, and having a pious gentleman for supercargo, he made his way to our little chapel at Circular Road, made himself acquainted with us, visited our native station, felt a love for what we were engaged in, brought his captain to see us too, and the doctor of the ship, and all of them were kind enough to express an interest in what they saw.

“When my going to Europe was determined on, they all were anxious we should go with them to America, and wait our convenience for a passage home. They have kindly agreed to take us for about one-half what we could have procured a passage for on board an English vessel.

“ We have a very bad season for our voyage, are very weak to encounter it, and are sufficiently depressed at the prospect. The Lord may be better to us than our fears. Oh ! that he may mercifully sustain us. We dare neither forbid nor anticipate : our present troubles being sufficient to exercise our faith and our patience, and our present mercies more than we can be sufficiently thankful for.

“ Our dear friends the Leslies are well. Oh that you had sent a dozen instead of one. He appears a sweet, lovely fellow, but his countenance, I fancy, indicates he will soon, in constitution, be a second Eustace Carey.

“ Were there but a competent number of missionaries to carry on our matters with some vigour, things would promise well.”

This last letter from Calcutta was addressed to his cousin, Mr. Jesse Hobson, of London :—

“ Calcutta, June 7, 1824. By favour of your friend, Captain T——, we have received your kind communication, enclosing a letter from our beloved child, welcome indeed to his dear mamma and myself. We are doubly concerned about him since the loss of his dear sister Annie, a loss to us not soon to be repaired. Of five sweet babes, William Fosbrook remains now alone our solace—a solace may he prove.

“ I have little more to say upon this interesting

topic, unless to solicit of you a continuance of those kindnesses we have already experienced.

“I am just rising from another deep salivation, after more than a month’s confinement and deep depression. To return to Europe is my last resort. This has been advised by our medical attendants as absolutely necessary to secure a prospect of living. With the concurrent advice of my brethren the step is resolved upon, the passage taken (on board the American ship *Factor*, and in all probability we sail this month, June). Anticipations of seeing you all again, and renewing my poor climate-worn constitution, sometimes dart a momentary beam of light, and administer a portion of comfort to a mind more than ordinarily depressed; but distance of time and place, the discomfiture of a long voyage, the leaving my precious babes behind me sleeping in the dust, the relinquishment, for a time, of my companions in labour, and the little sphere of usefulness I am already engaged in, and what else shall I say. All these things concur to eat up the pleasures of hope.

“Best love to our dear aunts and cousins; make the same acceptable to your dear wife.”

December, 1824.—The *Missionary Herald* records, “We are grieved to add that the health, both of Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Carey, has been so much impaired, that the physicians have recommended a return to Europe as the only probable means of their

restoration. At the very period of this decision, and after, at Mr. Carey's request, his brethren had met especially to pray for direction on his behalf, an American vessel was in the port, the supercargo of which, being a pious man, had attended their worship at the Circular Road Chapel, bringing the captain and other officers with him. When these gentlemen knew that it was determined that Mr. Carey should leave India, they proposed his taking Philadelphia in his way, and agreed to convey him and Mrs. Carey for about half the usual sum.

"It is probable, therefore, that Mr. Carey has arrived by this time in the United States; and if it should please God to grant him strength sufficient for the voyage, he may shortly be expected in England."

CHAP. XIV.

VOYAGE TO AMERICA—ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND.

“And they all brought us on our way with wives and children. And we kneeled down on the seashore and prayed.”

SOME of the most painful emotions of which the human mind is capable are brought into exercise when separating from those whom we love on earth. While the daily exercise of the natural affections in ordinary intercourse and in the common relationship of life is like a spring or fountain of waters, ever new, ever varied, and ever pleasing; yet in what a high degree do these affections become refined and elevated when brought under the sanctifying influence of the spirit of Christ! Truly may it be affirmed that there are no relationships which produce a closer union of heart and affection than those which arise from a oneness of spirit in the service of the Redeemer. If, in doing the will of his Father, we become his “mother, his brother, his sister,” how effectually must the grace of the one Spirit, through whom all believers have one hope, one faith, one baptism, unite heart to heart, and hand to hand, whilst it enables them in

the light of the new commandment to comprehend those words of their Divine Master, "All ye are brethren." "We took sweet counsel together, and walked to the house of God in company." How suggestive this of the purest friendship. But what heart in this cold and desolate world of ours knows not the full meaning attaching to the words Farewell—"they accompanied him unto the ship—sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more!" Yet is there even here this consolation, that those who part with the greatest difficulty are those who meet again with the greatest joy. "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you." May we not find thus, at the root of our bitterest parting, the germ of the most gladsome meeting, and of the blessedness which will ensue from a final reunion with those whom we love in the mansions of the blessed,—in our Father's house "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Perhaps there is nothing which suggests more strongly than holy friendship, the reality of a better life, where such shall be perfected in everlasting fruition, and the hope realized that, that holy affection which yields us

"Rills of comfort here below,"

shall become at God's right hand "rivers of pleasure for evermore."

Of this nature was the friendship which existed

between the missionaries at Calcutta. "What comfort of love, what fellowship of the Spirit;" what tenderness and kindness! How greatly was their trial of parting also enhanced by the difficulties which they had together encountered; by their successes, and the very facilities which they had originated, and which were now at command for their work.

Over Mr. Carey all these swept as a confluent stream; and his silence and submission gave expression to the words, "The deep waters have gone over my soul." Gladly would he have remained, had there been in his case the least promise of health, or even of life itself.

It must now be either death or a voyage home, when, literally, his bones pierced through his skin, and he became a sort of transparent, breathing shadow. Added to all this, there comes the thought of the graves of his children, all of whom, except his eldest son, he had committed to the dust. But, as when quitting his native shores, his thought was never to return; so when giving himself to this work, it was for life; emulating as he did the example of his uncle, who had now for thirty years laboured incessantly without once returning to his native clime. With an all but broken heart he now bids adieu to his loved companions, to the few native converts, to his Paunchoo, and others whose hearts the Lord had touched by his ministry; to the soldiers at the Fort, to whom he had broken the bread of life;

and to the graves of his four children, to which he so touchingly alludes in the following letters from Philadelphia. But he left with the full hope of returning again; for, after all his suffering, his love to India was the same. For love is stronger than death; and so strong when exercised on behalf of Christ, that deep waters cannot quench it, neither can fire consume it. "Oh, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God," which are employed in directing the path of only one of his saints across this wilderness! How confounding to our feeble vision the infinite variety in those lines of direction, the intertwining of those paths (for each has one, in some respects different to that of any other), in (to us) a labyrinth without beginning and without end. But not more surely did he choose and direct the stars in their courses at the beginning,

"When love divine did sway
Those bright things first into the path designed,"

than does he now guide the steps of his people! He knows the precise point at which to give their path a new direction, "for he keepeth the feet of his saints."

He who binds the sweet influence of Pleiades and who looses the bands of Orion—who propels the planets through their vast orbits—those "wandering fires that move in mystic dance not without song"—it is he who fixes the bounds of his people's habita-

tion; and who imprints his own unerring and indelible providence on the footsteps of his flock.

“Farewell, then, beloved companions, and all dear to my heart in India. Farewell, until health returns, and the same hand which now afflicts me shall lead me back to this country of my choice, this people of my love!” Farewell!—For to thee it must be, as the sequel shows, farewell for ever.

The following letters from Mr. Carey announced his safe arrival with Mrs. Carey at Philadelphia. They allude not only to his work in India, but in a most affecting manner to his past trials in connexion therewith:—

ADDRESSED TO MR. HOBSON.

“Philadelphia, June 2nd, 1825.—Your kind favour, accompanied with one from Phebe, we have duly received. We esteem it kind in you thus early communicating with us, especially considering how exceedingly bad a correspondent I have been in my long absence from you. I little thought when the Moxons left us we should so speedily follow them. The whole affair seems to be mysterious, certainly it has not been of my own devising; and this gives me hope it may be for good in the end. I never remember to have adopted any important scheme of *my own* that turned out much to my comfort. May a gracious Providence guide our steps in future. Though the concurrence of providences was *truly painful* that

issued in our leaving Bengal for a season, yet we anticipate much pleasure in the hope of meeting with our beloved friends again this side eternity.

“I am gaining ground, though but slowly. Certainly for the five years I never felt at all as at present. I can walk two or three miles without fatigue, whereas, in India, the walking a hundred yards would be attended with painful exhaustion. By the time we reach England, I am ready to hope I shall be nearly strong and in good health. But I must not be too sanguine. I must pay a visit to my friend and pastor, Mr. Heely. He lives at Havehill, near Boston, is much respected, and, I believe, much more comfortable than when in England.

“Sad accounts from India; all my brethren and friends have been ill from prevailing epidemic. Twenty persons in one house ill at once. Poor Uncle has not escaped. I fear he will hardly be able to resist these repeated and severe attacks.”

TO MR. DYER.

“Philadelphia, Jan. 28.—The enclosed (letter) is just come to hand from my dear Lawson. It is full of the most painful intelligence as to the health of our beloved connexions in Bengal. Containing a somewhat detailed account of the prevailing epidemic in Calcutta, it occurred to me it might be of interest, though painfully so, to you and others of our es-

teemed friends in England. I tremble for Pearce and Yates. Indeed, unless speedily recruited, what can be expected but that our mission must fail for want of strength. May He, whose cause it is, interpose and graciously relieve our anxiety!

“The work never was more promising in India than at present; I believe, never so much so; but the institutions and the growing means of usefulness, now injured, must languish speedily if missionaries go not forth. The friends to the advancement of religion and education will give their money; but Christian people from *home* must provide MEN. Missionaries are few to lamentation, and these few are bowing under the pressure of the climate, and it may be expected will speedily yield. If the Mission, my dear brother, is to live, it must be succoured. I fear its critical situation may not have been duly realized, otherwise it becomes difficult to account for the lapse of six or seven years without an addition scarcely to the number of missionaries engaged, notwithstanding the ravages of disease and death, and the augmented facilities for usefulness among all classes of the community, and in every province in India.

“We enjoyed, through the mercy of God, on the whole, a safe and pleasant voyage hither. We had twelve days’ severe weather off the Cape. Mrs. Carey had twenty-six days of most trying affliction at the commencement of the voyage, but afterwards bore up

pretty well. As to myself, I generally revived in the colder latitudes, and fell off again as the heat increased, but was much better on reaching America than when we embarked; and have gained considerably since landing. Health and spirits are returning in a hopeful degree. In these four years past I have not felt so free from depression. Our ship is found upon examination to be completely rotten, and is now being broken up, so that it appears wonderful we were preserved. Thus our mercies, *great mercies*, are continually manifested in our favour. May lives so often redeemed be devoutly surrendered to the Lord!

“I am not competent, at present, to more than one exercise on the Lord’s-day; so that my preaching, being casual, and not always at the same place of worship, it becomes of no importance to any distinct church, and consequently I have no means of mitigating my expenses. We had conceived it possible some Christian family might receive us as their guests, but, this not being the case, we had no alternative. Dr. Baldwin in a letter, noticing this, expresses surprise; but different *places*, as well as different ages, have their fashions; and as life advances and experience enlarges, surprise lessens. The Baptist interest in this city is surprisingly low, and grievously distracted. The pleasure of Christian intercourse is, therefore, not so great as we had anticipated: still

many individual friends have shown us much tender sympathy.

“I fear it will not be safe to leave this before April. It will be May, therefore, before we see home—did I say *home*! We truly have no home on earth! Nor, indeed, am I desirous my condition should be materially different from what it is.

“Mrs. Carey is recovering from her confinement. The infant is well.”

“April 6th.—I wrote you some little time after our arrival in America. Your engagements, it is well known, must be numerous and very urgent, or we should probably have been favoured with a line. This would have been an additional pleasure, as we have learned so little from any other quarter. We must now rest satisfied until our arrival in England, should Divine mercy favour us so far as to conduct us thither.

“What adds to our depression in no small degree, is our utter disappointment at not receiving letters from our dear friends in Bengal. This is cause of uncommon solicitude to us. May we hear they are well continued. The last rains must have been perilous beyond example. But ‘the *Lord liveth*; and blessed be my Rock!’

“I hope to hear that some have been sent to their help, that the work may advance with comfort, and the grain not be suffered to perish in the field for want of reapers.

“I have been trying hard to get up a little Auxiliary Society to support a female school; but all in vain. I then thought I would try and obtain donations; but the heels of my shoes are worn down with *much walking*, and I have only obtained 140 dollars. The state of things is low, very low here; though there are some most precious people. The eminently pious and liberal, however, are much fewer than I had expected. It strikes me, that if soliciting liberality for the work be thus arduous, if strength be granted, I had much rather work in India than beg in America. I am informed things are better in the New England States than in these parts.

“I long to see my native country. I long to see many Christian friends very dear to me,—we long to see our dear boy.

“It would have been very pleasing to have been present at the annual meeting of the Society; but it may now be out of our power. Our health is improved, though not so much as we had anticipated. I have been able to preach once most Sabbaths. For the first two or three months exclusively for the Baptists, but a little of late for the Presbyterians, which I thought my duty, though it has not been taken in good part by the former I am told. I would fain please all who are kind enough to invite me, but my strength would not allow it.

“Dear Captain Weeks, who took Messrs. Marsh-

man, Ward, and Grant, to India, is yet alive, and happy in the ways of the Lord. Mrs. Carey unites affectionate regard with yours most truly,

“E. CAREY.”

With his stay in Philadelphia Mr. Carey was not so much gratified; but nothing could exceed the pleasure which he had in his visit to Boston. Here he was welcomed by his well-known and much-esteemed friend, the Rev. Daniel Sharp, who opened to him both his house and his pulpit. Great was the affection which some of the good citizens of Boston manifested towards him; so much so, that they were determined to leave no vestige of an argument unused which should induce him to take up his final abode there.

Mr. Carey's health, which had much improved by the voyage, was yet more benefited by his stay in America. Although distant from his home, he felt returning cheerfulness and hope.

He retained a most favourable impression of the descendants of the pilgrim fathers; and made a frequent use of this impression, and of some things which he saw in religious circles in America, in his missionary speeches, for some time after his return home. Nothing struck him so much as the liberality of their giving to the cause of Christ, more especially in the breaking-up of new ground for erecting an altar to Jehovah. On this interesting

feature of American munificence he used freely to remark, and often compare with the stinted means provided for this purpose at home, and "the beggarly way of collecting dribblets to meet this important outlay." He used to say—"Some of our metropolitan chapels, as also those in large towns, have continued the same from year to year for the space of thirty and even fifty years. But in Boston, as soon as the congregation was large enough to fill the first place of worship, and to sustain its expenses, some of the members amicably separated, went to some destitute part of the city, and there began a new interest." Thus there were formed the first and second Baptist churches in Boston, when Mr. Carey was there, and even a third was in contemplation. These congregations were large and wealthy, and constantly increasing.* The pastorate of one of these churches was offered to him; and so earnest were his friends in pressing upon him their request, that they almost extracted a promise from him, that, if he did not return to India, he would come again to America.

Mr. Carey visited New York, and was present during the week in which several societies held their anniversaries. The New York Sunday School Union, the American Tract Society, the United Foreign

* Mr. Carey often remarked—"By thus extending the knowledge of the gospel, and bringing all its appliances to bear on the population of a new locality, the savour of the name of Christ was spread abroad on every hand."

Mission Society, the American Bible Society, and Jews' Society; most of these he attended. Here he met Mr. Ellis, from the Sandwich Islands, and Mr. Boardman, who was on his way to Burmah. Mr. and Mrs. Boardman, Mr. Coleman, and Mr. and Mrs. Wade, names which are well known and honoured in missionary life, occupied Mr. Carey's house on their arrival this summer at Calcutta. The time that Mr. Carey stayed here was a season of great refreshment to him. He had the pleasure of seeing most of the then leading American ministers; and his interview with Mr. Boardman was long remembered, and often referred to in after years. With Dr. Sharp also he had the pleasure of forming a most agreeable and lasting friendship.

Unsparring as Mr. Carey was in his praise of America, there was no one who more regretted than he did the fearful institution of slavery. But he regretted also that some Englishmen spoke of Americans as if they were all a slave-holding, slave-dealing, and slavery-promoting community. He used to say that we should remember with gratitude to God that there are thousands in America who will give their legislature no rest until their utmost wishes are accomplished in the abolition of slavery.

As our poet apostrophizes our own country—

“England, with all thy faults I love thee still!”

so Mr. Carey ever spoke of America; and while he

gratefully remembered the kindness there showed him, his words on missionary platforms in regard to it ever were as an excellent oil which would not break the head. His prayer was also for it in its calamity.

From New York Mr. and Mrs. Carey sailed for England. The *Missionary Herald* for September, 1825, announces their arrival:—

“We have great pleasure in stating that Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Carey, with their infant, arrived safely at Liverpool from New York, on Wednesday, August the 3rd. The health of Mr. Carey, though far from being restored, has much improved since he left India; and it is very gratifying to add that during his stay in America he experienced much kindness from the Christian friends at Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and other places which he visited, and received many liberal contributions towards the important object of Female education in Bengal.”

His first visit was to his relations at Leicester and Northampton. The following paragraphs are from the pen of a cousin, addressed to the writer:—

“For my part I can only think of the disinterestedness, the unselfishness, the unfeigned charity, the untiring, never-wearied benevolence which formed a beautiful whole, entire character. My mother met him at Northampton after his return from India. He asked for her room, where he at midday retired

to pour out his soul to God in prayer. This grace of humility it was which so rejoiced my dear mother. 'I bless God,' she said, 'for he has kept Eustace humble, through all the attention and almost flattery which he has received.'

"Crowded houses and long parties of old and new friends met to welcome him, to whom he was courteous and entertaining in the highest degree, but yet from whom he, as soon as he could, retired for communion with God. This was at Mr. Hobson's, of Northampton. My mother was stopping there.

"One lady at Northampton said to me, mentioning a little society they had, 'I will always subscribe to that, because dear Mr. Carey began it.' She was a devoted admirer of your dear husband. The church at College-lane was very prosperous then. Many attended at early prayer-meeting."

Dr. Hoby writes as follows respecting his voyage, and his reception at home, and makes the remark to which the writer before alluded. It is that respecting Mr. Hall's beautiful discourse at Mr. Carey's ordination, which might now be read as an eulogy on him whose course it was then intended to guide:—"As in his labours abroad the missionary received grace to display many virtues, so in all his sufferings, which were not few, the joys and consolations of the Gospel abounded. A living faith sustained him throughout; and when the time arrived for his bidding farewell to

India, and he was to cross the ocean to the United States, on his return home, he was enabled, with calm acquiescence in the Divine disposings of him and his, to possess his soul in patience.

“A voyage is ordinarily attended with considerable discomfort, even under favourable circumstances. Mr. and Mrs. Carey soon found that the old and crazy vessel in which they had taken their passage was overrun with rats. This proved a clear indication that it was absolutely destitute of all the alleviations required by one in feebleness and affliction. Instead of refreshing repose at night, it was found necessary to sleep with a stick in each hand in order to strike off the vermin, which often awakened them by gnawing at their feet. It was surprising that he was at all recruited so as to appear in public, and occasionally to preach while in the States. A residence there of a short time, and then the voyage to England, wrought a much more considerable improvement; and, on reaching his native land, he was enabled to commence, though in extreme feebleness, the work of a missionary evangelist and advocate.

“With whatever acceptance Mr. Carey’s earliest ministrations had met, it was greatly surpassed by the intense delight and interest with which he was listened to on his return. The silvery tones of his feeble voice sounded sweetly on the ear, and thousands were enraptured with those musical cadences in

which he conveyed the heart-stirring intelligence of what he had so recently witnessed. His graphic delineations of scenes that had passed before his own eyes, and his narratives of events and discussions among heathen inquirers and antagonists, were full of fire and pathos. That his more recent appeals should have lost something of their freshness is far less surprising than that they should have retained so much of their pristine power, while no public advocate of missions could more quickly grasp every new phase which presented itself in the current course of events. Hence to the very last he was everywhere heard, with some few exceptions, with as much interest as the greater number of deputations, whether from the missionary field or from the churches in this country.

“He certainly could not, through thirty years of home service, and advancing in years towards old age, be supposed to have retained the touching interest of appearance which was so impressive when called to preach in Great Queen-street Chapel, shortly after his return; then, while speaking with seraphic ardour, he was regarded more like an ethereal messenger from Christ than a worn and exhausted missionary; but often his pulpit eloquence, down to his very last ministrations, was listened to with devout attention; and his sermons, characterized by lucid order of arrangement and simplicity of illustra-

tion, indicated the rich and varied experience of the preacher, and his deep concern for the souls of his hearers. Few men, so frequently before the public in the pulpit or on the platform, so long retained their hold on the attention and affections of Christian assemblies.

“The biography of his uncle, Dr. Carey, proves that if the press had more frequently engaged his attention, he would have been a writer of no mean celebrity : that volume contains displays of discrimination and powers of illustration which entitle it to a lasting place among the best lives of deceased missionaries. When his pen was also employed, with that of his associates, in explanation and justification of their missionary career, he proved himself no weak advocate of the measures which had been regarded by many with some distrust.

“On one occasion, while in India, he was employed in the arduous and exhausting work of tuition, and for some time took part with his brethren in conducting an establishment for the education of boys. About the same time, also, in concert with the beloved Pearce, a man of like spirit with himself, he made a successful application to the wealthy community of Calcutta, and obtained from many munificent contributors the entire cost of the elegant chapel they had built in that city. He thus evinced a diversity of talent, as occurrences required, far beyond what

many who have known him only as the travelling representative of the Missionary Society supposed him to possess. It would not be doing justice to his name to neglect mentioning the minute accuracy and strict, truthful integrity with which he felt bound in conscience to transact all these concerns. It would have disturbed his repose to omit a nicety of record even to small fragments, in all matters of expense, where the funds of the Mission were concerned. He is now entered into rest, having rejoined the companions of his early labours, who, together with himself, presented patterns of Christian excellence and of missionary worth, justifying the use of the words—‘whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.’”

Respecting Mr. Carey’s reception at home, after these remarks, nothing needs to be added by the writer. On his arrival, he addressed letters to Mr. Dyer:—

“Leicester, August 8, 1825. — Through the tender mercy of our heavenly Father, we have reached in safety our native country. With some little fatigue, and through the kindness of our friends, we got through our business at the Custom House the day after our arrival at Liverpool. Yesterday I spent with my dear Leicester friends. I have suffered from *pain*, now I suffer from *pleasure*.

The excitement of seeing my beloved friends after the lapse of eleven years is rather more than I know how to sustain. I trust my mind will soon become tranquil. How great is the Divine mercy to me and to mine, that I should see again my country, my relations, my dear Christian friends! 'Bless the Lord, O my soul!

"The Committee will excuse my not coming to London first. It appeared most suitable, and was most convenient. Should you meet the Committee in the meantime, permit me, through your medium, to assure them of my respect and affectionate regards.

"Your suggestions as to preaching, will be attended to as scrupulously as may be. Forgive my brevity."

"Leicester, September 5, 1825.—I cannot but think with most intense concern of this boon of £1000 per annum to Serampore. I ask myself is it possible that the Committee, after all they know and have been made to feel of the extreme mismanagement of Serampore, that they should strengthen that establishment, by pouring into its already enormous treasury the ample provision of £1000! For what? Not to enlarge the Society's own legitimate sphere of operation, but to deepen, and widen, and impart energy to a compact more hostile to our Society than any existing religious institution

upon the face of the earth. How great the misery and harassment the Committee have experienced from pecuniary connexions with that doubtful establishment you know more than any other man."

"Leicester, September 8, 1825.—The very indifferent state of my health since I left London induces me to believe I shall be unable, without considerable inconvenience, to fulfil the engagements upon my card. The restlessness and fever induced by much moving and other engagements, are such in their effect as to destroy my rest, and aggravate that nervous irritability which is the distressing attendant of my complaint.

"Since I left you, I have been much less comfortable than when I landed, so the fear is of retrograding instead of advancing."

Amongst the pleasures which now greeted Mr. Carey on his return from India, there was no one which was more grateful to him than his renewed intercourse with the Rev. R. Hall. To meet once more on earth this kind friend of his youth, to hear him preach, to preach for him, and to join him again in the afternoon social meal, was a great delight. But while thus in each other's society they had foretastes of a better world, these interviews were now often interrupted by Mr. Hall's paroxysms of the most poignant suffering. Mr. Carey was often a witness of these. He used to relate that some of the

most brilliant passages in his sermons, and his most wonderful prayers were expressed by Mr. Hall when under excruciating suffering. In tracing these last efforts of his, as they gradually, in a few years after this time, drew to a close, "We pensively turn," as John Foster says of him, "to look at the last fading colours in the distance where the greater luminary has set."

The writer here presents the closing paragraphs of the paper contributed to this Memoir by the Rev. E. Hull:—

"The years of Mr. Carey's foreign service passed away. I saw him immediately after his return to his native land. He early revisited Leicester, and once again stood in the pulpit of Mr. Hall. His appearance was indeed partly altered, yet there was a captivating interest in his pallid countenance. He had lost none of his mental ability. On the first Sabbath evening after his return to Leicester (where his first wife's relations resided) he preached to a crowded congregation. His discourse was on 'Deliverance from the present evil world.' There was a chasteness of style and beauty of illustration in that sermon which I have never known him to exceed. The evil character of the world, as its moral aspects had presented themselves to his attention, especially abroad, were depicted with moving power. His voice trembling at the close under the strong emotions

working in his soul, penetrated every heart, and left impressions tender and subduing.

“He soon began the missionary tours, which in every part of the country became for many years so welcome. In several of these I had the pleasure of joining him, and can bear testimony to his courteous and fraternal spirit, his pleasant intercourse and his public power. He will live in my kindest recollections. I feel joy in hope of meeting him again, with the many friends once united with him on earth, but now associated before the throne.

“I feel ashamed of this imperfect sketch,—it is, however, the best I can now give you under many interruptions. It may create a momentary interest in your mind in leading you back to the early days of him whose closing years you so happily witnessed, and whose calm departure to glory still lives in vivid imaginations in your mind.”

With Mr. G. Pearce and Mr. Thomas, who left this year for India, Mr. Carey had many pleasant interviews. Respecting them, and the scene of his recent labour, he thus writes to Mr. Dyer :—

“December, 1825.—I would respectfully suggest to the Committee, that, in the present state of things, the necessity of a missionary brother at Howrah is imperious ; indeed I fear it will be found destitute before help can arrive, if it be true that brother Statham intends coming home. A native chapel and

school already exist there, besides a good English chapel, in which three services a week are to be attended to. An Auxiliary Society also exists, which serves our cause.

“If brother Thomas goes to Hindostan, I would submit to the Committee whether it would not be well to revive the Digah station.

“The Society have most excellent premises there, of great extent and value, the half of which Mrs. Rowe cannot occupy. Within a mile in one direction is Dinagepore, and within a few miles on the other the populous city of Patna, where is a chapel; and whenever a regiment is in cantonments, there might be an Auxiliary Society formed, and good opportunities present themselves of usefulness. A great portion of missionary funds are thus realized with facility to carry on native work, and many souls are generally saved by these labours of benevolence among our countrymen. I trust both Howrah and Digah will in due time each have *two* brethren, as the labour in each will be far beyond the strength of one. Cawnpore has long been crying for help. A band of religious people there will hail a missionary brother as an angel of light, and would, in return for his labours, abundantly supply him with resources for native work. A brother there would be able in certain seasons to make mission-journeys to the most populous parts of Hindostan; and Bibles, Testaments,

and tracts would be disposed of, whereas now they are perishing for want of hands to distribute them. I doubt not the Committee will, to the utmost of their power, think of providing for all these important parts."

In May, 1826, he writes from Nottingham, requesting that, if possible, he may be relieved from preaching the annual sermon of the Society in London, which he had been invited to preach by the Committee.

The following extracts are from an address which Mr. Carey delivered at a public meeting in June, 1826, at Great Queen-street Chapel. This address, although very imperfectly reported, will not fail to interest the reader.

"The Rev. Eustace Carey, from Calcutta, considered the recent crisis as a most trying one for the Committee. Those, said Mr. C., who have conducted the business through this eventful crisis, do indeed deserve your increasing confidence. Though I have been connected with the Society ever since I was a boy fifteen years old, my respect for the Committee is now greater than ever it was before, on account of the labours in which they have engaged to bring matters of such magnitude to a termination. I sailed from Bengal to America with a captain in whom I had unbounded confidence, yet this confidence was increased after we had passed the Cape of

Good Hope. He enjoyed the respect and confidence of all the passengers: in fair weather we never entertained the least doubt of his ability; but when we witnessed the anxiety, and care, and judgment he displayed in a violent storm, our confidence increased, and our respect rose even to admiration. Such are my present feelings towards the Committee. I am only afraid that the friends of the Mission may regard the separation with too deep regret. The separation is certainly to be regretted, but there are circumstances which may considerably diminish this regret. Though the Committee, consistently with their trust, could not concur in the establishment of the college, yet they bore no ill will to the literary part of it; and as far as it contemplated strictly religious objects, they were ready to assist, and engaged that the expenses of those native students who had embraced Christianity, and were preparing to become preachers of the Gospel, should be defrayed from the funds of the Society. And now that the separation has taken place, we feel pleasure in believing that the labours of the Serampore missionaries will be undiminished; their income is considerable, and we wish them success in the name of the Lord. The literary pursuits at Serampore, and other literary institutions, will have a favourable aspect in missionary exertions. We consider them as auxiliary to the cause, and as such we regard them with good will. Besides the

Serampore College, there are several other institutions with kindred objects. There is the Calcutta School-book Society, for printing and circulating books of useful instruction in the native languages; the Calcutta School Society, for the introduction, extension, and improvement of the system of education; the Bengal College, for the literary and scientific education of natives and Europeans; and the Diocesan College. All these we hail as fraught with great advantages to the natives of India. Yet with the Committee, the more simple and spiritual their plans and operations are, the more success may be expected. We should not forget that the intelligence of the people of India may be resuscitated, and they may rest in infidelity. It is not merely the march of intellect that we are desirous of seeing, but the progress of Christ and his cause in the East and in the West. Literature has its pleasures, but Christianity has higher pleasures still. We might have taught the Hindoos to read, and to reason too, without introducing the doctrines of Revelation. But we aim at a nobler object. 'God forbid that we should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ!' and the unsearchable riches of Christ are never preached for any long time without considerable success. Some of the natives have lived fifteen, others twenty or twenty-five years after their conversion; their lives have been exemplary, and they have died the death of the

righteous. This holy living and happy dying has been the result of the labours of this Institution; and I cannot but congratulate its friends in having been instrumental in sustaining such a blessed agency. Those parts of the report which are painful are more than relieved by the statements in other parts. It is too frequently said, little, if anything has been effected; but this is a mistake. At a meeting held a few months ago at Calcutta, at which my dear and venerated uncle, Dr. Carey, presided, he made the following remark:—‘You, Junior brethren, are often lamenting the want of success; but I have been in this country two or three and thirty years, and, when I compare the state of India now with what it was then, I find abundant reason to bless God and take courage.’ And if this was his language and feeling in India, surely we have no reason to despond at home; with persevering spiritual exertion and humility in pursuing our labours, God has said—‘Mercy shall be built up for ever.’ But it may well excite our wonder and deepest humility, that the purposes of Christ’s death should be identified with human agency. The most successful instruments employed in this work will feel something like what the apostle felt when he called himself less than the least of all saints. This experience and temper of mind has been eminently preserved by Dr. Carey. About four or five years ago, when he was apparently within an

hour or two of dissolution, he said to Dr. Marshman, —‘ If you preach a funeral sermon, let it contain no laboured eulogium. Let your text be—“ Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness : according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions.” ’ This was his language after a life of assiduous labour in the service of God. Fuller died in a similar spirit, expressing his reliance in the mercy of God and the merits of Christ. Let us cherish this spirit ; let us be self-subdued and self-renouncing ; let us gird up the loins of our minds ; let us augment our labours and multiply our missionaries, not doubting of the Divine blessing.”

Mr. Carey was prevailed upon to preach the annual sermon. A brief notice of it was recorded, as follows :—

“ On Wednesday morning the first of our annual sermons was delivered by our missionary friend and brother, Eustace Carey, from Calcutta. The health of this valuable servant of Christ still remains, we regret to say, so precarious that considerable anxiety was felt, up to the very day, as to his physical competency to the service ; but we are happy to state that, though Mr. C. was much exhausted by the effort, it did not appear to have injured him ; and, as far as we can learn, he was distinctly heard throughout the vast assembly. The passage of Scripture selected as the foundation of his discourse was John iii. 25 :—

‘The Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into his hand,’ from which the preacher took occasion to insist, first, on the complacency of the Father in the Son; second, on the glory with which the Father has invested him. Under the first head, Mr. Carey remarked that the affection mentioned in the text could not be considered as fixing itself principally on the *divine* nature of Christ, nor on his *human* nature, viewed distinctly; but on the complex character he bears as mediator, the design of his coming being the great cause of the Divine complacency. He traced the proofs of this love in the sparing mercy exercised towards offenders against the majesty of heaven, in the exhibition of a redeeming economy in all the ancient revelations of God to man, and in the numerous instances in which pardon and grace were actually conferred on men, prior to the advent of the Saviour; while the active and passive obedience of the Son of God were such as to call forth the infinite complacency of Jehovah. The donation spoken of in the text was stated to include all that relates to government, salvation, and judgment; and from this view of the subject various inferences were drawn bearing upon the great object of the meeting.”

At the annual meeting it is reported the Rev. E. Carey, from Calcutta, could speak but few words. “Much, however,” said Mr. Carey, “is not necessary,

after what has been said by our esteemed brother, Mr. Peggs.

“However we contemplate the idolatry of India, we must be sensible that that unhappy country is full of the habitations of cruelty. The people there are born and grow up in cruelty, till cruelty from its frequency ceases to be horrid, and becomes almost the very element of their being. The Gospel contains the only balm for suffering humanity. The natives are dying men without any hope for futurity. ‘There is a spirit in man’ which dies not with the body, ‘and the breath of the Almighty giveth him understanding.’ But ask the dying Hindoo how he expects it will be with him hereafter? He says, who can tell; is there a God? he says, who can tell? As fate has written, so it will be. The funeral pile is attended with the din of idol drums and shouts.

“There youths, for the first spectacle, perhaps, behold a dead and living parent on the same pile, and multitudes dancing around, as unconcerned as the rudest mob at a rustic festival. Hence Mr. Thomas said, in one of his early letters to the Society:— ‘Send not men of feeling, they will die; send men of feeling, or they will be of no use.’ But other sounds are sometimes heard, even praise for him who loved, and lived, and died for sinners. Sometimes when we are about to despair of seeing any fruit of missionary labours, we hear from some cottage the voice of joy

and thanksgiving to him who redeemed them to God by his blood. Only the sounds of mercy and life from the cross of Jesus can inspire true joy ; and this cross possesses sovereign efficacy at all times and in all countries, in India as well as in England. His love is as effectual there as it is here ; send missionaries then to proclaim it, and rely on his blessing to give them success."

CHAP. XV.

HIS DEPUTATIONAL WORK.

“We therefore ought to receive such, that we may be fellow-helpers to the truth.”—*Third Epistle of John*, 8.

So early as September, 1825, Mr. Carey commenced his deputational work, and became the earnest advocate of the Society's claims throughout the home country. Although at first, through ill health, he found the work oppressive, yet the constant change which these journeys afforded him contributed much to his recovery.

In 1827, Mr. Carey welcomed in England his friend and coadjutor, Dr. Yates, from Calcutta. They were now associated in another sort of work, in preparing for publication their *Vindication of the Calcutta Baptist Missionaries*.

Mr. Carey gives a somewhat amusing account of the manner in which they shut themselves up for days together at Leamington, not admitting any one into their apartment.

Like his friend Mr. Carey, Dr. Yates was in ill health, and when the final close of the pen-warfare in

this controversy came, it was to them both a great relief. They now, in concert with the Committee, originated and carried out plans for the consolidation of the Society under its new regime ; for in this year the separation before mentioned took place between the Serampore missionaries and the Society. They had also the pleasure of meeting several times on missionary platforms. At Bristol, this year, there were not only Dr. Yates and Mr. Carey, but also their friend and brother missionary, Mr. Statham, from Calcutta.

While Dr. Yates returned to Calcutta, to conduct with the beloved Pearce the most important affairs of the mission abroad, it was remarkable that Mr. Carey was providentially detained, quite contrary to his own design and expectation, to plead the Society's claims at home. The reader may easily conceive how much depended on the character and mental habitude of the person who should plead from county to county, throughout England and Scotland, the great interests of the Society at this critical juncture. No one could be more suitable than a kind-hearted, courteous missionary ; no one more likely to make an impression on those who listened to him. He visited the churches as one who could tell what his eyes had seen, and who poured out with rapid utterance his appeals on behalf of those whom he had left on the field of conflict in India. But not only was he kind-hearted and cour-

teous, he was considerate of the feelings of others, and suited to soften and meliorate the differences of contending parties. While his judgment was never warped by a departure from the original constitution of the Society which he and his brethren in India had so nobly maintained, he yet was invariably conciliatory towards others who differed from him. The reader may imagine the difficulty that there was in this work at home, now that two societies were in operation in the same denomination of Christians—presenting, as the advocates of each thought, equal claims to the attention and support of the public. For these divisions of Reuben there were great searchings of heart; and so much were the denominational interests affected by the means of the foreign Mission, that in one town, in one congregation, advocates would perhaps be found for both Societies—distinct meetings holden, distinct deputations to represent each, and distinct funds raised. This state of things, in a matter so entirely religious, was most of all to be regretted.

While Dr. Carey, as a lover of peace and of all good men, wrote again and again, “our differences are healed, we help each other as much as we can;” here rancorous feeling ran high, and, unhappily, opposition assumed a personal bearing; so that some manifested a hostile position to the advocates of the Society. Mr. Carey used to remark upon certain indi-

viduals, in after years, in the following manner: "When I first came to England, —— was one of my greatest enemies;" or, "when commencing the work of the Society at home, —— was the worst opponent I had." The task, to say the least of it, was no easy one to which our missionary was now called in Providence. It was costly, and enjoined upon him much of the life-trial of his earthly sojourn. Even when the storm became a calm, the waters yet were easily ruffled. The meekness of wisdom and the spirit of peace were so pre-eminently needed; and these, in some measure, Mr. Carey had by God's grace. He whom he served was with him, and gave him, from year to year, not only his protection and favour, but great acceptance with the churches.

Thus commenced his deputational work. His introduction to it was so gradual and imperceptible at the first, that he used to say, "I was some years engaged in it before I had any intention of continuing it as an office." During these first years he longed much to return to India; but medical opinion was unfavourable to his encountering the climate again for some time. Mrs. Carey was also in ill health, and incapable of taking the voyage.

For nine years after Mr. Carey's return to England he had no fixed place of abode. He often remarked that, in leaving himself thus at liberty, he had a greater satisfaction in awaiting the leadings of Pro-

vidence. His correspondence will show in what manner he sought to serve the Society at home ; to remember his work abroad, and his companions, now so few in number. The beloved Lawson was at rest. He died in 1825 with songs and everlasting joy on his head. He said, before departing, to Mr. Penney, "Tell Carey that I am now passing through the valley of the shadow of death, and that I have the presence and assistance of my Redeemer. I have strength equal to my day." His last words were the well-known lines—

"I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last labouring breath,
Then dying clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death."

Besides this loss to the missionary band, Mr. Statham as well as Dr. Yates were in England.

The following correspondence is selected from Mr. Carey's many letters addressed to the secretary. It has reference both to his home-work and to the progress of the cause of Christ in India. During the three or four coming years, there was not a nook or corner of the Baptist world in this country which he did not visit.

After discussing many things in relation to the Serampore affairs, and more especially the proposal of a gift of a thousand pounds per annum to Serampore, Mr. Carey writes :—

“July 13, 1827.—I am more anxious about other things in connexion with the mission than the decision of any number of its members respecting Dr. M.’s present measures, or any opinions formed or to be formed of Serampore ; and my principal solicitude is that the Committee should be compelled thus to occupy its attention and energies, instead of concentrating them all in multiplying their own stations upon the continent as opportunities present themselves, and in vigorously augmenting the strength of those already formed, by which they must secure their own comfort and the glory of God. If the Society could determinately summon its efforts to this purpose, they might, in a few years, double their sphere of action, and occupy a continuous line of stations at the distance of one or two hundred miles removed from each other. These stations, by their contiguity, might mutually help each other, and prevent any from becoming extinct by sickness or death ; and being in every temporal point of view separate from one another, and dependent solely upon the Society, the whole compact of the Mission at home and abroad would be uniform and entire. I am convinced in less than ten years from this time the Society, upon this plan would produce, by sending only one or two missionaries every year, a sort of effect which would keep the public mind alive and in a wholesome exercise in favour of the Mission—possess ten or twelve excellent stations, which might, by a

well-regulated correspondence, yield enough information proper for the Parent Institution to report upon. This would resuscitate the public mind, and command support without the humiliation of returning, from year to year, to the memoirs of translations and reports from Serampore already in circulation. This would place the Society upon elevated ground. My desire is to address the Committee at length upon these topics; but, until these calamities, for such I call them, are overpast, I find no opportunity."

"Salisbury, Nov. 9, 1827.—After finishing my visit to Trowbridge I returned to Bath yesterday. I obtained a meeting with Messrs. Langdon and Mr. John Smith. My object was, first, to ascertain how far the separation from Bristol was intended to affect the relation of the Bath Auxiliary to the Parent Institution; and, secondly, to assure them of my firm belief, that, if it were contemplated to alienate the auxiliary entirely, and make an appropriation of a portion of its resources to any other interest, the Committee would feel it their duty to represent themselves by the presence of the secretary and other gentlemen, who would come and be present upon their anniversary, to offer to the assembly a defence of the Society's proceedings with Dr. M. They all disclaimed most unequivocally any purpose of separating from the Society; and I think we may rely upon their giving us timely notice of the meeting.

"I cannot say, however, that no fear is to be

apprehended from those who are now absent from Bath.

“We have so far succeeded, I trust, and that no scheme will be allowed to take effect without our knowledge.

“But mark well the following particulars. Neither of these gentlemen has yet received a report of the Mission for this last year! This is a singular mistake of some to whom they were sent at Bristol, or mismanagement, for some purpose. Be this as it may, it was promised on my part that it should be remedied without delay. Could they not be sent off to Mr. Langdon’s address by the first coach after your receipt of this? Send a dozen. No wonder we should be in danger of losing our friends, if those in whom we confide can permit themselves to intercept those attentions which are due from the Society to its constituents. Two of Dr. M——’s friends came from Westbury to try me with hard questions.”

The following is a report upon “estimates of missionary translations,” written by Mr. E. Carey for the Society, in 1827:—

“To report definitely upon the subject of translation is by no means an easy task.

“The plan of labour early projected, and for some years pursued, was too extended to justify any rational accomplishment. My conviction is, that many versions were commenced which were never carried

forward to any great extent. But it was the habit in the Serampore writings to dilate upon all things contemplated, and all things commenced upon, as well as all things done. Hence a great, I may say glorious work, became the subject of statement and of eulogy in a style altogether prodigious, and such as no ultimate results could possibly justify.

“My Uncle, I have reason to think, was concerned himself for the last ten years of his life to increase the efficiency of his labours by somewhat narrowing their circle. Such was my cousin Felix’s statement to me, and such was evidently the fact; for the New Testament was brought through in several languages, while the Old Testament in many remained stationary for years.

“Another reason may be assigned for this, I am aware, and which must be allowed to have led to this course; and I think it was just in the Serampore brethren so to determine. The Bible Society, some years ago, resolved to apportion £500 for any new *completed* translation of the Testament. The attention, therefore, of Dr. Carey was thenceforward pretty much concentrated upon a few versions, as far as the New Testament was concerned; others being attended to but very partially, and the Old Testament in many dialects almost entirely relinquished. Add to this the facts also that for some time previously to his decease his capacity for labour was necessarily much dimi-

nished, and that no one since the death of his son Felix has taken any part, at Serampore I mean, in this important department; and it will cease to be matter of wonder that the Society should be shy of that style of exhibition which was at no time wise, but which to resume under present circumstances would be something more than folly.

“Let the Committee ascertain, by their missionaries upon the spot, what versions really exist in the various languages, and in what degree of forwardness others were left by my Uncle. And then again, whether any means can be devised for putting the former in circulation; for it can answer no purpose for ship-loads of them to remain as food for worms; and whether it is possible to devise any plan of labour for completing those left imperfect. The Committee can do nothing in this matter but inquire, wait, and advise. I feel for the Committee in their present circumstances; they have the mortification of exhibiting in miniature style, and in a manner which will not fail to be deemed brief and disparaging, matters which for many years held the Christian world in amazement and ecstasy.

“But there is no help for this. It is better they should press on patiently and build solidly. The Baptist Mission has plenty of good work to do in both East and West, and good men engaged in doing it; no society better. Let them well succour and sustain them by recruiting their strength, filling well those

spheres of labour which the Divine Providence presents to their view, and then report *literally* and in *detail* upon things *doing* and *done*, and no lack of subscribers to support need be apprehended.

“What has been remarked upon the subject of translation is applicable in a great degree to that of missionary stations. Some will perhaps be relinquished, and disappointment will be experienced, but neither the brethren nor the Committee will be precipitate, and nothing is more easy than to commence new ones as men are raised up to supply them.”

“December 31.—Respecting my cousin William’s letter. It is a great business to surrender a station like Cutwa. But a change, I feel no hesitation in saying, might be very beneficial. Indeed, a *system of change* respecting the purely native stations, might prove productive of much good. This is one particular in missionary economy to which very decided attention is and will be required. At present our Mission is all detached. There is no plan by which the accumulated wisdom of each is available for a common good. We may become more united, more mutually beneficial. Could William Carey be turned to the account of which he is doubtless capable, he might be of double advantage to the Mission. But more of this when we have opportunity.”

“April 28.—I have no need in any place to utter one word against Serampore. I am rather called

upon to restrain others. The fate of idols is to be admired, and then dashed to pieces with little mercy. I may be supposed to be *ultra* in my aversions to what we felt to be wrong; but I begin to feel myself a *moderate* man, and am called upon to moderate others who have neither seen nor felt one-fifth as much. You may safely rely that the matter is seldom, I may say never, introduced by me, and when introduced, I feel little inclination to entertain it, much less to aggravate. I am convinced we have much other work to do. So long as the Society has determined upon a *separate* course, I care not for all that is past, vexatious as it may have been at home or abroad.

“The missionary feeling is everywhere growing, as far as my observation serves; and I sincerely believe the Committee may take much encouragement. I do fervently hope they will feel induced to make an effort for the establishment of an *additional station* on the continent without delay; and for this purpose that they will look out a *good* and *substantial* man this year. As much movement and courage as possible should now be shown, in order to command attention at home and usefulness abroad.”

“Muswell Hill, October, 1826.—My desire is to attend the call from Newbury, for they are a little people with good and large hearts. But the labour is more there than in most places. Two sermons and

much walking and much talking, which to me is worse than all."

"July 13, 1827.—An excellent feeling in regard to the Mission seems to prevail at Coventry. On Wednesday we came on to Bromsgrove. Thursday evening we came on to Birmingham, and were heartily welcomed." He reports various meetings in neighbouring places, and adds—"I preached at Mr. James's place in the evening. The collections were good, exceeding by £40 that of the previous year. No alarm respecting the secession of Serampore. All the concern now is, that the Society should well occupy the public mind at home, and that new and additional energies may be employed abroad. Upon this latter subject, you know how I feel and have felt these seven years. I can scarcely express the poignancy of my disappointment that the annual meeting should have passed over, and no determination formed for recruiting our missionary strength beyond that most prudent, I confess, but most chilling reply, 'We will do so when the public place funds at our disposal.' Was it ever known, my brother, that public bounty flowed in by anticipation? Is it not by actually contemplating and making the effort that a gracious Providence sustains us?"

"When my Uncle Carey *designed* to go to India and commenced the Mission, he was supported in the attempt; but if he had said, 'When funds are raised

I will go ;' he might have been at Leicester at this moment. I conceive, were the Committee to resolve *immediately* to look out four additional missionaries, two for the East and two for the West,—they, in the very act of fulfilling their intention, would be borne out by the public, and commended for the attempt ; whereas the *not* doing it, may leave it supposable by many who are not well informed, that the Institution will not need so much now as it did formerly, by all that it has saved by the withdrawment of Serampore. I recommend it as important to be making new, and even *bold efforts*, to reinforce and enlarge the Mission in both parts of the world. It is not the simple fact that the Society has done *right*, that will avail for the future welfare of the Mission,—they must be noble, enterprising, and prompt, if they will arrest the public mind in a crisis like this in their favour, and secure an ample field, the report of which shall command the public countenance in future years.

“It is with great sacrifice of feeling I advert with importunity to this subject ; but day and night my heart is oppressed with the burden of it. When I consider how many of us are sick, and how many dead, and how much the sphere of promising labour is increased, how many choice opportunities we forego, how can I rest?”

“P.S.—This letter will trouble you, I fear.”

Mr. Statham accompanied him on this journey. He mentions engagements in Northamptonshire. In a letter to Mr. Gurney, he writes:—

“Leamington, July, 1828.—Yates and I sit at our work eight hours a-day, or nearly. People here think us very strange, misanthropic beings. We go out to no one; and if any one comes into our room (we both occupy the same room), they are frightened by our sedate appearance, all beset with papers and pamphlets. For my own part, I never felt so official and author-like in my life before.

“I did not get back from Bromsgrove until to-day. Next Friday, at the latest, I must go to Liverpool; the next week come back to Birmingham, and then, if it may be, spend two or three days with Mrs. Carey here.

“We drink most copiously of these Leamington waters. About my dear Mrs. Carey I hardly know what to affirm. I hope she is better. She also hopes so.

“Our book, if book it may be called, may go to print whenever you please. We cannot feel as much zeal in its circulation as though it were some good and holy subject.”

“Exeter, April 22, 1828.—I gather that a meeting may some time or other be expected of the Bath Auxiliary, but *when* is not so evident. More than six months have now elapsed since the proper time

for their anniversary. Now, to me it appears necessary, for the interests of the Society, that the Bath Committee should be written to, and brought at once to a point. More than six months' subscriptions will be lost. This, however, is not all. If I learn correctly, a plan is devising to hold, on an appropriate season, the meeting, saying nothing about the differences with Serampore and the Society, and then dividing the proceeds between the Society and Dr. M. This is to be an example for succeeding operations throughout the country. The Society's agents, as I understand, are to be invited, and all matters are to go forward before the public as in perfect harmony. Thus, under a cloak of Christian love, we are to be instrumental in diverting the confidence and the resources of the public to a channel alien to the Parent Society, and to subserve plans and policies in the end subversive of its existence.

“I like not to be busy; but if, by going again to Bath, I could, on the behalf of the Committee, urge any questions or make any communication, I would gladly do it.

“P.S.—I fully believe, from all I observe in different parts of the kingdom, that if the Committee manage with vigour and with *Christian wisdom*, not with *cunning*, for that is not needed, they will have little to fear. The Committee will commit irreparable injury to the public cause if they permit

their agencies to slumber until their adversaries seize by stratagem the field of action."

In the autumn of 1828 Mr. Carey paid his first visit to Scotland. He arrived there in September.

As his and Dr. Yates' pamphlet had just come out, the feeling in Scotland, in the minds of some leading persons, was by no means favourable to the object of their visit. In some others it produced a contrary effect.

Mr. Carey writes, in September:—"A good woman got hold of our pamphlet last evening, and told a friend to-day that she could not sleep until she read it through."

Mr. Carey visited Glasgow, and preached at several places *without a collection*. He writes, in the same letter—"If we can obtain collections at Glasgow, we will alter our determination to remain longer or come again; but we will not preach any more without a collection. Let not the Committee be disappointed if we get but little money."

He reports further particulars of this journey:—

"I believe the feeling of friends there of all denominations is more securely and definitively with the Society than ever. . . . At this last place (Montrose) the best collection was obtained we have ever had all this journey. It is a small place, but I brought away £33. The feeling, as far as I can gather, in every place north of this, is exceedingly good."

“I was to proceed to Glasgow, but now information is forwarded, saying the sacrament in the church is held that day, and I cannot engage there until the following Sabbath.”

“Dundee, October 20.—Mark well the following particulars. I am going for Edinburgh the latter end of this week, after Arbroath, Brechin, and Montrose have been visited, where two large additional chapels are engaged for the next Sabbath—Mr. Wardlaw’s and Mr. Kirkwood’s.”

“Sabbath, Nov. 22.—I have obtained a church at Glasgow, in which Dr. Chalmers once preached. Now if you or the Committee can devise any mode of conveyance, whether by air, or land, or water, by which I can be at Bristol by the time you specify, and I am in suitable condition to undertake the enterprise, I do not decline. Otherwise I must pursue my course. There is no room for anger; for this is the first moment of my being informed of any such arrangement, unless I except that some one told me, a day or two ago, that I was advertised in the *Magazine*. I am very sorry I cannot be at Bristol, for I must, according to my present engagements and convictions, believe it utterly impossible; for I was anxious to be there, not merely from my sincere love to *many* there, but from my perfect willingness to be where the *roughest* of our opposers dwell. I do not, nor have I done so scarcely anywhere, introduce

gratuitously the matter of controversy; but neither will I anywhere be backward in sustaining the just interests of an Institution whose only fault has been, respecting the now complaining party, an excessive charity and an over-strained endurance. This latter circumstance supplies the greatest difficulty to the advocates of the Society in some parts of Scotland, here, Dundee in particular. If I could describe to you the singular scene which presented itself in a meeting Mr. Morgan had with the Auxiliary Committee here, you would be astonished; and some of the very gravest of the Committee would shake with laughter."

This incident Mr. Carey does not relate, but continues:—

"However, let the Committee know that in no place, either in England or Scotland, do the merits of the controversy appear better understood; nor in any place can the Society calculate upon more enlightened and hearty friends.

"I am much worn down in body and mind with heavy engagements and light collections. Mr. Russell made collections for us yesterday three times. I preached for him in the morning, and for Mr. Donaldson in the evening, where we had a *mass* of people. We have much cause for thankfulness. Can you not so arrange it that a Sabbath may be spent at Bath, and a new auxiliary formed there?

“I wish, unless you write peremptorily to the contrary, to spend Nov. 9th at Newcastle, to see what we can effect there. Then, the next Sabbath, I could go to the new congregation at Bath, preach for them, and assist in forming a new society, or rather in reviving the old one.”

The following is a very imperfect report of a speech delivered at the annual meeting of this year:—

“The Rev. Eustace Carey came forward, amidst the warmest applause, and spoke to the following effect:—‘In reviewing, my Christian friends, the labours of this Society, we have, indeed, much cause for thankfulness on account of the past, and of encouragement for the future. We are thankful for the success which has crowned our efforts, but we have reason to hope for much more. Difficulties, it is true, have arisen, great difficulties still exist; but we should remember, that the cross of our blessed Lord, all the sufferings he underwent, were but the way to his triumph, the path to his glory. Much money has been expended, as well as hardships endured; but all this money will bear an abundant interest, and if we wait patiently we shall, ere long, reap a large harvest. When our friends began their labours in India, there was not a single school throughout that immense country where Christian principles were taught; there were not, at that time, six female children receiving any instruction; but now, there

are hundreds of schools where the doctrines of the Gospel are inculcated, and thousands of scholars, of both sexes, are instructed, and many of them, we have reason to hope, are trained up to eternal life. Much has been expended and endured in accomplishing what has been already done ; but the lever is now planted in its fulcrum, which in its mighty energy will move the world ; it is now in action, and it only remains for us all to put our hands and hearts to the work. There has been much expenditure of life in this mission ; it is no uncommon thing to hear of the widows of missionaries, and of their orphan children returning to this country bereft of the guides of their youth ; but a great work requires great sacrifices. The harvest truly is great ; there is a teeming population, millions on millions of immortal souls perishing, and these comparatively without the means of salvation.

“ What should we think if there were but two or three Christian ministers amidst the crowded population of London ? Yet this is the state of destitution in which India now lies ; so that how much soever may have been done, it must require accumulated labour, and hardship, and suffering, before we can realize the prospects we are taught to anticipate. Those that are immediately engaged in this work have great need of your sympathies, and of your cordial co-operation ; we cast ourselves, beloved

friends, on your Christian consideration, and pray that you will remember us, and that more especially when you are happily engaged at a throne of grace, seeing we are called both to 'labour and to suffer reproach.' ”

In the summer of 1829, Mr. Carey was bereaved of the wife of his youth, the companion and sharer of his distresses and his joys in India. He thus writes to Mrs. Carey's mother :—

“ London, July 23. My dear Mother,—Yesterday, at one o'clock, we deposited all that was mortal of your beloved child, in a silent abode where it will rest securely and sleep peacefully until the voice of the archangel and the trump of God shall awake it at the last day. Then it shall be decked with glory and robed with immortality as with a garment. She is placed in an excellent vault, under the chapel at Maze Pond. She sleeps in good company. In the apartment she occupies there sleeps the dust of several pious persons, one who was recently living amongst us; and a few yards off, in a family vault, is her dearest friend, Mrs. Gurney.* Thus, in both worlds, her society is good. A select number of very choice Christian friends accompanied William Fosbrook and myself in this last sorrowful tribute of respect to one who, though but recently known in London, was yet much esteemed by many who are truly among the

* The wife of Mr. W. B. Gurney.

excellent of the earth. Mary's quiet and benevolent deportment lodged her very deeply in the affections of all who possessed her acquaintance.

"Mr. Dyer delivered the funeral address—one of the most affectionate and impressive I have ever heard. The manner in which he alluded to her character and deportment was as soothing as can well be imagined."

Mr. Carey writes to his son respecting this painful bereavement:—

"Nottingham, Sept. 23.—Rely upon it, my dear boy, you are seldom long out of my mind. I am earnestly desirous of your best interests. That the Father of mercies may continually bless you and have you under his holy keeping, is my fervent prayer. You speak of the kindness of your dear mamma, and the things she used to say to you. I am happy you often recur to them in your thoughts; it shows your affectionate love to her memory, which indeed should be much cherished.

"God was merciful in giving us such a relative; and now that he has removed her from us, we will endeavour to profit by calling to our minds the past. We will think of her meekness, and learn to bear what we meet with in the world without resistance and with little complaint. We will think of her deep humility, and seek to humble our hearts before the Lord. We will think of her exemplary patience, and

learn to suffer affliction, and whatever the will of a Wise and Holy God may call us to bear, and not murmur against his allotments. We will think of her sweet simplicity, her fervour, and, withal, her benevolent desire *for us* in prayer; and will endeavour to speak to God, often and devoutly, wherever we may be, and in all our engagements, as children to a tender father, who had much rather impart than withhold his favours. I am much concerned that you should seek the Lord without any delay or reserve."

The following notice of Mrs. Carey's death appeared in the *Herald* of September:—

"The public meetings in this town (Birmingham) commenced on Friday, but commenced with a painful disappointment. On the arrival of our beloved brother, Mr. E. Carey, whose presence and services were anticipated with no common pleasure, the melancholy tidings reached him that his amiable and pious companion had on the preceding Wednesday breathed her soul into the hands of the Saviour whom she loved. Thus the sacrifice, though long doubtful, was consummated which he made in the missionary cause, and a sacrifice of no small value, the most costly sacrifice which the survivor could offer. May He who has all riches at his disposal, supply the otherwise irreparable loss which this bereavement has created. When, therefore, the two preliminary meetings were held on Friday evening, our afflicted brother was under the

necessity of travelling homewards to minister to his motherless children those consolations wherewith he himself was comforted of God; not unaccompanied by the tender sympathies and affectionate prayers of those numerous friends who highly appreciate his services in the missionary cause, and sincerely love him for the sake of the Master whom he zealously serves."

The truth of these remarks the reader will be able fully to appreciate. During the four years that Mrs. Carey was in England after her return, she never fully recovered the strength which she had lost in a tropical climate. As she so well shared the trial and the work of the missionary, so she has his reward—"in the world to come life everlasting."

For some time before this event, Mr. and Mrs. Carey shared the hospitalities of their kind friend, Mr. W. B. Gurney, the warm-hearted supporter of all Protestant missions and missionaries, and the half centenary treasurer of the Baptist Missionary Society. His house continued to be Mr. Carey's home for some time; and, when not engaged in travelling, now more especially in this time of bereavement, he found great relief and consolation by his residence in this Christian family, where he was always welcomed by its host as a brother beloved. To Mrs. Gurney, to whom he alludes in one of the foregoing letters, both he and Mrs. Carey were most affection-

ately attached. On the occasion of her death, Mr. Carey preached her funeral sermon from 1 Thess. v. 4—8.

After alluding to some bequest left to the Society by a gentleman at Sheffield, whose circumstances were found after his decease involved in pecuniary difficulty, Mr. Carey writes :—

“ We may hereby lessen our difficulties in Scotland for the next deputation, which we should be anxious to do, for under the best attentions they will be found sufficiently formidable.

“ The collections here rise £10 above those of last year. You will say that’s little; but you know Sheffield. We should have had a most excellent meeting last night but for the course pursued by —, who made the Serampore *men*, their *doings* and their *givings*, the theme of nearly an hour’s declamation. Now suppose some events should occur in the Independent Society necessitating a separation between it and some two or three of its missionaries—the auxiliary of that institution at Sheffield holds its anniversary, and invites me with some others to advocate—I take the opportunity of eulogizing most fervently the individuals from whom this institution has found it incumbent to separate, how incongruous it would appear !”

“ Bath, December 15, 1829.—We shall realize but sorrily in collections in this attempt. Sabbath evening I collected less than £8, though I begged zealously !

Mr. Leifchild collected but £5 last evening, after a superior sermon ! The religious people here will spend more this year in law than in gospel.

“The Somersetshire people are numerous but rather spiritless, and I should judge inapt at giving. This is a science not deeply studied at Bath ; but better times may arrive. I see no reason to doubt of our course in coming upon this occasion ; it is difficult to see how we could have done otherwise. Our business is to serve the Mission *anywhere*, and when called, without much respect to local differences. The truth is, that the zeal of no party here, for what is simply missionary, is so intense as to ‘eat them up.’

“I nevertheless hope that though this effort may do little to pecuniary purpose, it may yet set going a little agency that may gradually improve into something profitable.

“I thought of going to-morrow for a few days to Bristol, but am scarcely decided. Should I do so, it will preclude my being at Birmingham until Thursday, which I suppose will be of no consequence. I am sorry the arrangements for Worcestershire are over-ruled.”

He now details his interview with two gentlemen proposed for missionary work :—

“My interview with Messrs. C. and A. was very gratifying. The former, as you know, is an ardent

student, and well accomplished in the languages, from which his attention does not seem at all abated by his other pursuits. His piety, too, seems very ardent, and of the simplest character. This is indeed the case equally with both of them. Mr. A. has not possessed equal opportunities for mental improvement.

“Their friendship appeared of a very intimate character; and to be parted would prove a painful trial to both. My impression is that Mr. C. may prove of incalculable advantage as a translator with my brother Yates. He will be by far the highest literary character our Society has ever sent out, while his piety will serve his usefulness in other departments.

“Muswell Hill, January 2, 1830.—I omitted to introduce to you or the Committee something respecting the Scotch journey this coming season.

“In recollecting matters, and considering the next effort, Mr. Morgan and I thought thus: 1st, that go *who* might, and *when* they might, more time should be bestowed or more labourers (say three instead of two) employed than on the former occasion; 2nd, that any time after July would be preferable to an earlier period; 3rd, that *now*, with as little delay as may be convenient, the brethren there, as many as we can think of, should be written to for their advice and friendly offices in making arrangements in the different directions of the country, that strength and

time may be economized when the work comes in. Whoever goes, there will be found plenty of labour and small pay. But yet with patient and with diligent attention to a great number of places, but little attended to before, we may keep alive past influences, perhaps create new ones, and may perhaps be the means of serving our own denomination in some small degree, while we endeavour to serve the Mission. 4th, I wish not to go; though should I be solicited, and not prepared, I would positively refuse. But I am convinced that the *one* who went before should go again, for the sake of taking up the work with greater ease than perfect strangers would do, especially considering our new circumstances in that country.

“Finally, would it not be well for you as you can make it convenient to begin corresponding with Messrs. Gilmore and Dunn, Aberdeen, &c., with friends at Edinburgh, &c.; that most of the needful information may be in readiness, and the plan sketched out, so that there be no need of a long consideration of the case at the quarterly committee meeting. Excuse my long epistle.”

Mr. Carey now starts for a second journey to Scotland. His first letter is addressed to Mr. Dyer, from Berwick.

“March 18, 1830.—In a letter recently received from Calcutta my esteemed brethren inform me of their having passed to my credit the fair proportion

of the amount of the 'Widows' and Orphan Fund,' realized by them, which they recommend me to render available in any way I may think eligible in this country. Now, as Providence has effected so much in my circumstances, as to supersede the necessity of such provision, I beg to propose that the Committee unite the amount with that of their own fund formed for the same purpose in this country.

"March 31, 1830.—Thus far a gracious Providence has helped me onward. I proceeded from York forthwith to Newcastle, where I arrived on the 20th instant. I engaged both at Mr. Pengilly's and Mr. Sampson's. The collection small; but the attendance good! The succeeding evening I addressed a pretty large congregation at Mr. Pengilly's, though no formal collection was made. The succeeding evenings were spent at Sunderland, and South and North Shields. The pecuniary proceeds not great, but excellent congregations were gathered, and a hold thus retained and secured for another year. I would observe here, lest it should escape me afterwards, that either two persons should attend to Newcastle and the places above-named, or another week should be occupied.

"One Sabbath at the two Shields should without doubt be granted. North Shields is very important to serve, as it would serve us well in return, there being many of the Friends, who are very kind, and

who contribute. They need to be called upon, talked with freely, and their friendship well cultivated. I hastened about with our most worthy minister of the place, and called upon several, who seemed pleased with the attention. Our friends are convinced that if we succeed at all in proportion to the worth of our cause, it must be by fairly exhibiting its merits. These places need no otherwise to be associated with the Scotch journey than as matters of economy. On the alternate year, when Scotland is not visited, they might be connected with the west of Yorkshire. If public meetings were holden much effect must be produced beyond what preachings can secure—more assistance gained and much labour saved to the deputation; for the whole of the engagement falling upon me for four or five nights in succession, it proved quite enough. We are under much obligation to Mr. Pengilly for his most brotherly assistance. I enjoyed my visit greatly.

“Saturday I proceeded to Alnwick.” Writing of two friends there—“All their attachments for the mission were cultivated under former sympathies—admiration of Fuller at home, and Carey, Marshman, and Ward abroad;—the preaching of the one, the labours of the others, were the charms. Such friends have an idea that the present course of the Committee and the Junior missionaries is as opposed to Mr. Fuller as to the men of Serampore; and to go about unde-

ceiving them is a task troublesome and thankless. The way is to take it easily, enlighten them as the case is incidentally brought in by their own remarks, and improve then their kindly feeling as far as it exists to the object of our mission. We are certainly much obliged by their kindness; and to seek to lessen the pleasure of their former remembrances would be as imprudent as it would be misanthropic.

“I have been benignly received at Berwick. I hastened to attend a Bible Society anniversary on Monday evening.

“I am not sanguine in my hopes as to this visit to Scotland, but my fears may be lessened as we press forward.

“Edinburgh, April 9, 1830.—I arrived in this city Thursday afternoon. In communicating, I shall state all that strikes me as disadvantageous and painful, first; and secondly, whatever appears promising.

“And first as to myself—for self will come in—by an unlooked-for change of weather, the wind suddenly shifting from a warm quarter to the north-east, I took a sad cold, which, though it has not laid me up, yet deprives me of all elasticity of spirit, and in a great measure of comfort in my work. Secondly—I am yet *alone*; so what is deficient in me is not as yet made up by the energies of another, and the ulterior arrangements are holden in some degree of suspense.

Thirdly—Those who do disservice to the Society appear of late to have been *effectually* active; principally by circulating my uncle Carey's letter of complaint against the Society. The impression, I understand, is so strong to our disadvantage, at Glasgow, that upon its being inquired and put to the vote in Dr. Wardlaw's church, whether we were to be received, the question was decided in the negative, and this letter was the cause. Glasgow, I am told, is full of it; so that our labour there promises to be more difficult than before. As to Ayrshire, Mr. Barclay writes to a friend, without being solicited on the subject, that all the pulpits are engaged for Serampore. So much for the dark side.

“Sabbath morning I preached at Mr. Innes's, and in the evening at Messrs. Paddy and Deeker's. The congregations were both good; the collections moderate. A gentleman called next morning, and gave me £10 for the Mission. Mr. J. Brown is very kind. I am to preach in his large church Sabbath evening next. Mr. Swan is to occupy the Tabernacle, Mr. James Haldane's, in the afternoon; and I follow his sermon with a missionary address. He is to engage three times if he pleases.

“I am going to-morrow to Leith to occupy a large chapel in the evening. I have called upon Mr. Robert Haldane, who was kind. I am going to breakfast with them on Friday morning. Much of my time

has been occupied in making calls, which, as you well know, is a necessary part of the work.

“Next Tuesday we think of starting for the North. If time can possibly be allowed, we ought to go into Ayrshire, and try how matters can be made to speed. The claims of the Society, it appears to me, should not be holden so cheaply, as that we should forego all opportunity of urging them at the pleasure of any one or five men. If Mr. B. frown, some may smile. Give us all the advice you can, and pray for us, and encourage us, as I am sure you do, and will continue to do.

“Wincobank, Nov. 16, 1830.—Having accomplished our work in Sheffield, I came last night to this earthly paradise to rest and solace myself for a few days. I indeed feel a little rest and retirement will be of some service, at least I hope so, in recruiting my spirits.

“This journey, though its engagements may not seem to have been numerous, has been as laborious and trying as almost any undertaken for some time. Before I see you again, I shall not have passed over less than a thousand miles. What a mercy to have been so far the children of a gracious Providence, as to travel year after year as safely as we rest in our beds!

“We had a very sweet meeting last evening, though its pecuniary results were not great. Mr. Gilbert, of Nottingham; Mr. Montgomery; Cubitt, a Metho-

dist brother, &c., all spoke in most excellent Christian style and with best effect. I have never heard in any part of the kingdom a course of speaking better directed, or more ably sustained. *That Mr. —* was not present, owing to a cold.

“The different parts of Lincolnshire are to be taken, as we can obtain pulpits or platforms, in successive days next week. I have written to Mr. Crapps to negotiate with the different parties. I have also written to Mr. Foster, of Biggleswade, to obtain, if he can, the last Sabbath in this month for the mission at Hitchin, and holding a meeting there on Monday, we might proceed thence to Cambridge and Bedford on succeeding days. In this matter I have deviated from the common course, believing you had left so much time unoccupied.

“Should Hitchin not take a Sabbath, the promised visit may be paid to Harlow, in Essex, whence I may make the best of my way to Bedfordshire. In case this take effect, it will require you should kindly drop a line to Mr. Finch, to obtain his consent.

“Letters addressed to ministers and friends upon the subject of anniversaries, had perhaps better not be included in parcels, being by that means liable to detention, and some inconvenience occurring to the parties concerned. At both Derby and Sheffield, the arrangements were in danger of failing, through some singular delay occasioned by this course.”

Alluding to his replies respecting the Serampore controversy, he says in this letter :—

“I trust the next pamphlet will contain the last line it will be ever needful to publish on this subject.”

TO A FRIEND.

“Denmark Hill, Dec. 23, 1830.—Through a gracious Providence, I was safely conducted through a journey of more than ten weeks, without finding it needful to relinquish a single engagement. Upon my return I found it necessary to submit to a few medical attentions, of which already I feel in some degree the benefit. By the end of next week I hope to be able to commence missionary work in Shropshire, Worcestershire, and Hereford; but the engagements will prove comparatively light. I trust I am not without some degree of pleasure in my work, but more love to Christ and to the souls of men would vastly increase it. With that principle in exercise, the severest duties are easy; without it the easiest are severe. For my want of this I am utterly ashamed and confounded. My infirmities I am convinced my Lord will pity; but ingratitude for infinite benefactions secured at such a price as the blood of an infinite sufferer, is a crime for which we ought to feel it difficult to procure our own forgiveness, though we are not forbidden to hope and pray for his.

“The enclosed is a little volume by a fellow-mis-

sionary, Mr. Leslie, in which he exhibits, under feigned names, certain characters forming one of our mission establishments, and exhibiting a scene as choice and endearing as is to be met with in any portion of the heathen world. Some of the most interesting characters I knew and loved, who are now asserting an influence and enjoying a portion in that blessed world, 'where their sun shall no more go down, nor their moon withdraw itself.' How much, dear madam, do we need to be conversant with the thoughts of a better world, to procure to our wounded hearts any tolerable solace under the manifold sorrows and bitter bereavements of this. I ought, perhaps, to use softer words when speaking of Providential visitations, but who that has lost four lovely children, and as kind a wife as ever soothed a husband's sorrows, and as patient a wife as ever bore with a husband's faults and feebleness, can forbear to sigh? I have had choicest companions in labour, in suffering, in pleasures, too, which I fear will not again return; some of them have passed into eternity, from the rest I am 12,000 miles removed, with but faint hope of rejoining their company. My heart feels desolate within me. I am now with my friend, Mr. Gurney. He is a faithful, and to me an endeared friend. His astonishing and unwearied talents for business give him a vast superiority to me in sustaining affliction. Many and sincere thanks for your mention of Ches-

terfield, and your tender offers of oversight as to my dear Annie. My two children are my only earthly possession. The sole pleasure reserved for me in concluding my different journeys is the sight of them."

In the spring of 1831 Mr. Carey visited Liverpool. Of the public meeting he writes to Mr. Dyer—"I should have written to you yesterday, but visiting occupied me almost from morning to evening. I am happy to say that our meeting was by far, very far, superior to any previous one I ever witnessed in this town; not a jarring note was uttered. My brethren, Burchell and Curzon, the one by his most important and exhilarating details, the other by his simple and ardent pathos, gave the fullest satisfaction. We had almost all the speaking ministers of different denominations in the town. Mr. Cropper, the 'Friend,' was our chairman. He gave £20 to the collection. It was, therefore, larger than at any former year (nearly £70). Everybody, ministers and people, seemed well pleased. I never felt so happy in the good speaking of brethren, and in the good character of a meeting, before. A thousand pounds given to us without such attendant circumstances, at such a juncture, would hardly have delighted me so much, nor do I think it would have been of equal benefit to the institution. Our Christian friends are encouraged and delighted. I came hither, as you know, with

much reluctance and a heavy heart. Blessed be God for his mercy to us! I hope, in future, we shall be less solicitous. We owe much to God and much to our dear friends. I proceed to Shrewsbury to-morrow."

"Shrewsbury, Aug. 13, 1831.—Two or three particulars as I am able to think of them. First, I am sorry that the Annual Reports have not reached *Sheffield*. It is a disappointment. I promised to name it: also, to request Mr. Stanger to enclose one 'Supplement,' inscribing it with Eustace Carey's respects, to James Montgomery, Esq.—the poet, I mean. Secondly, in the Liverpool parcels of next month to enclose two to the care of Mr. Saunders, one of which should be addressed to the Rev. Dr. Ralph, a Scotch minister. He told me that Mr. Hope had sent him the Serampore pamphlets. We cannot afford to keep pace with our opponents, but now and then they instruct us.

"Thirdly, as the summer closes, say September, brother Curzon and myself wish to be deputed to Ireland, if the Committee think proper to send us. We do not, indeed, expect to procure much; but we do hope, by the recommendations we might obtain from various quarters and to different denominations, and by holding meetings or by preaching as we were able, and by travelling as economically as possible, we might do a little more than bear our expenses, and

perhaps prepare the way for something hereafter. We were a little encouraged in speaking upon the subject at Liverpool. It seems desirable to try if anything can be done for the Society. The Independent brethren go, and seem to succeed; the Serampore people go, and do well. As we have plenty of missionary strength at home this year, it seems the more important to break up new ground, if we can.

“Fourthly, the week after next my work in these parts ends. Could I not spend Sabbath, 29th, at Olney, Bucks, or at some small places in Northamptonshire, Kislingbury, or Blisworth, or Milton, Road, or Hackleton? or visit them in succession?

“Finally, will you kindly communicate with our dear friend, Mr. Wilson, respecting a long talked-of Sabbath at Tunbridge Wells.

“Scarcely any attempts have been made in this county hitherto. But some little ground being now obtained by connecting it with the work and the deputation of Warwickshire, in future years more may be attempted, and with advantage. I am grieved at the diminution of our friends. May the gracious Lord open some hearts to give.

“P.S. What a vexatious thing! The good old gentleman, Mr. —, has died with an old incomplete *Will*, worth little except to attorneys, if I be rightly informed. Our Society, I fear, will get nothing.

It's a noble idea of Mr. Gurney's, that a man should make his property turn to good account while he *lives*.

"Poor Mack, I believe, is yet living; and whether I can remain a Sabbath or not, I should again like to see him, if I can do it without neglecting my work."

In November Mr. Carey went to Ireland in company with the Hon. and Rev. G. R. Curzon. He writes to Mr. Dyer:—

"Dublin, Nov. 28, 1831.—After an excellent passage of only fourteen hours I reached this city in good health and fair spirits. I called on Mr. —, the Baptist minister, and preached for him on the Sabbath. Mr. —'s congregation, in a place that will hold six or seven hundred, consisted of about forty persons. To keep anything like life in me, I preached as fast as I could possibly utter my words, taking, too, as animated a subject as I could select.

"But ten times preaching in such a place would render me insolvent. Mr. — is kind to our object and kind to us. He devotes his time to going about with us. He is, however, exceedingly heavy in appearance and manner, dull and graceless in speech, and withal not a little deaf, so that I know not which party is the more obliged, the one in being served in our mission, or he in exercising our forbearance. But we must both bear with each other, and get on in our very best style, until we have

accomplished all the needful calls. We are going to-morrow to solicit pulpits with no high expectations. But we will spare no solicitude. We hope to hold a public meeting next week, if a number of ministers can be gotten to help, and if they cannot we will try to fill up the whole of our time ourselves. The people of Dublin seem almost to have forgotten that there is any Baptist Missionary Society. But we tell our entire story, and as largely and as strongly, and everywhere, and as often as we can. We called upon dear Miss Hearman and her pious sisters this morning. The Bible was brought out, and we had exposition and prayer. These ladies will do all they can to help us, and they know the Serampore controversy exists, which is all the better.

“Whether the Society succeed or not in this deputation, they may rest assured we will do whatever strength and opportunity enable, but at present we cannot be sanguine as to pecuniary results. We think of doing our utmost in Dublin before we proceed elsewhere. We then design to spend a little time south ; in Cork, Clonmel, Carlow, &c. Then take the north, and finishing it, return by Carlisle, Northumberland, Durham, Cockermouth, Workington, Westmoreland, Lancaster, Preston, and towards Liverpool, home.”

“Dublin, Dec. 11.—Ireland contains many most devout and benevolent people, who seem to live as much for the glory of God as do any Christians I

have ever become acquainted with. They are most of them in the respectable and higher classes of society. They devote much of their time and property to education. I was present at a school last Sabbath where two or three hundred children are instructed, both boys and girls. I went silently from class to class, and was struck with admiration of the manner in which the ladies unfolded and impressed the Word of God. I never heard from any ministers at any time clearer or more forcible expositions of some portions of the epistles, portions of no very easy solution, but which they managed with great facility. I gave an address, and prayed with them at the close of the service. The bane of this country is Roman Catholicism, by which three-fourths of the entire population are holden in heathenish darkness and in worse than heathen bondage. One great difficulty with which its subversion is attended, arises from the amount of truth which it avowedly recognises. It is never so difficult to displace error from the minds of men when it is gross and unattended with anything Scriptural, as it is when truth and error are blended and inlaid. Hence they acknowledge the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the merit of his atonement, but then they associate with these great doctrines the mediatorship and merits of a countless number of saints. I am much fatigued by going about and talking so much."

TO HIS SON.

“Dublin, Dec. 30. — Never, my dearest boy, live a day, no, not even an hour, without devoutly and fervently lifting your heart up in prayer to God. Think what it is to have a soul to save; to have hell to escape and heaven to obtain; to have a degenerate nature, to be renewed in its brief passage through such a world as this; or it must for ever perish! Let me know in your letter, which I hope you will dispatch as early as possible after your receipt of this, how you proceed in your religious feelings and pursuits. Seek our blessed Lord Jesus to pardon, renew, and bless you. Seek, in the course of a day, *many times*, by a passage of Scripture and verse of a hymn, and every occasion you can meet with, to send petitions to heaven. This, together with stated and more formal exercises, will form your mind into a habit of devotion, and make the matter of religion so acceptable to you and so much your element, that you will say with David,—‘My soul thirsteth for God, yea, for the living God; when shall I come and appear before God?’

“Respecting yourself, I had rather a painful dream last night, which agitated me greatly, and which left an impression upon my imagination and my feelings not easy of dismissal. It was one not very dissimilar to what I had in June last, only a night or two before the trouble which befel us then. I hope it is

not ominous. I am not, that I am aware, superstitiously concerned about dreams, but am equally far from a total disregard of them. I seldom omit to pray against them; and yet few people suffer more from painful visions than I do. I believe Satan is permitted often in judgment, and for the correction of our sins, to afflict us in our sleeping moments; and the great and malignant enemy, knowing our physical weakness and all the diseases of our poor, dying bodies, chooses our weakest moments to oppress and wound us. How much we need God's mercy by night as well as by day to save both body and soul from harm."

TO A FRIEND.

"Denmark Hill, Oct., 1831.—I ought, long ere this, to have written you. My incessant moving ever since I left your beloved abode, with scarcely a day's intermission, I hope you will allow in some degree to plead my apology. I hope my engagements may be considered by me as those to which God has providentially called me; nor am I quite without hope that in some instances he graciously succeeds them; but often my spirit sinks into deep depression. I see much less fruit of my labour than God ordinarily grants to his servants; and which is far worse, I have too much reason to suspect the cause of it must be looked for in my own unsuitableness for his blessed service. I certainly perceive

daily an augmented cause for humiliation before the Lord; to deprecate his displeasure, and with deepest prostration of spirit to cast myself at the cross of our compassionate Saviour. I feel nothing but despair awaiting me, but as I am able to avail myself of that immeasurable love of God which that cross demonstrates to a guilty world, while no sins can be forgiven but through that medium, so, on the other hand, none are so great as to surpass its virtue to cancel. You, my beloved madam, I trust, live in the full enjoyment of all those blessings which that cross, through the mercy of God, is the medium of conveying to believing minds. May the comforts of God's presence, through the 'Son of his love,' abound in you and every member of your dear family more and more, until you all 'comprehend, with the saints, what are the depths and heights, and lengths and breadths of the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye may be filled with the fulness of God.' "

TO THE SAME.

"Fen Court, Nov. 21.—I truly sympathize with your dear daughter, Mrs. — in her recent bereavement; and yet cannot help rejoicing in the spirit of devout submission to the will of God, and that confident resignation to the appointments of his inscrutable wisdom, by which maternal tenderness has been controlled and hushed into perfect silence

from love to the invisible and perfect Ruler. Thus it is that the most painful temporal visitations are made the choicest occasions of spiritual improvement, and expound to us more clearly than the lips of ministers ever could, how ‘all things work together for good to them who love God, and are called according to his purpose.’ Your own presence at —— will prove no small solace to your children in their affliction; for as you have drank of the same cup before them, so you have participated those appropriate consolations which God reserves for the afflicted, and can comfort the mourners with the same consolations wherewith you yourself have been comforted of God. You and Mr. —— are amongst the happiest of God’s people. To have so many of your children loved of all who know them, and loved of God, and under that salutary discipline which, by the grace of his redeeming Spirit, shall qualify them for the functions of his eternal presence, should inspire you with no ordinary thankfulness.

“I am yet leading a fugitive life, ‘removing to and fro.’ It best suits my desolate condition. Since my dear companion has been removed I have no attachment to place, so that I make no sacrifice by constantly journeying. I need not tell you, my dear madam, that place has but little to do in determining the amount of our happiness, compared with our mental and religious condition.

“Did my feelings correspond with my *work*, I must always be among the happiest of God’s people. But here I feel ashamed and confounded before him, and have no resource but in the plenary mercy of Jesus.”

CHAP. XVI.

JAMAICA AND SLAVERY—JOURNEYS CONTINUED.

“All other sorrows virtue may endure,
And find submission more than half the cure,
But slavery!—Virtue dreads it as a grave;
Patience itself is meanness in a slave.”

WE have now arrived at another remarkable period in the history of the Baptist Missionary Society with which Mr. Carey was associated. The names of those who were the heroes of this extraordinary crisis, and of the events which were in 1831 looming in the distance, will be conveyed to the latest posterity on the pages of the Society's records. While these pages show the afflictions which befel the Society at this time, they also detail the manner in which these afflictions issued in a final and glorious triumph over the foulest curse which ever afflicted a British territory.

Early in the year 1832 the ever-memorable insurrection in Jamaica took place. With the main facts of this movement, and with its results, the reader is not unacquainted. How that the Baptist chapels

were maliciously burnt down, the missionaries persecuted and thrown into prison from whence they were rescued, and from the hands of their murderous persecutors, by all but miraculous intervention ; and how that one of them, hurled by the wrath of the planters on to his native shores, returned not to his work in those colonies until he had given the death-blow to the accursed system of slavery.

Those who remember the fearful panic which was produced in the minds of Christians at home, when news came of the demolition of our chapels in Jamaica, will not fail to recollect their own terrified thoughts at this time. Truly it might then have been said, "The floods have lifted up, oh Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice, the floods lift up their waves." But what Christian heart did not add, "The Lord on high is mightier than the voice of many waters ; yea, than the mighty waves of the sea." There were scenes in our chapels at home then which some who witnessed them will never forget. Some of these were thronged by crowds of earnest, sympathising worshippers, who poured out their souls to God in prayer for their persecuted brethren in Jamaica. The very portions of Scripture read by the pastors of our churches on those mournful days, are vividly retained on the minds of some who were then present, and who understood better than they had ever done before the beauty, the pathos, the telling rhythm of some of

those mournful Hebrew melodies which they had often read but never before realized.

The 74th Psalm especially brings back the fear, the intense anxiety depicted on the countenances of some friends of the Mission. Never did Hebrew prophet or captive chant more dejectedly than did they—

“Lift up thy feet unto the perpetual desolations ;
Even all that the enemy hath done wickedly in the sanctuary,” &c.

As those words fell on the ear of the worshippers, Jamaica seemed to be at our very door. The demolished chapels were placed vividly before the mind ; the bitter and heartrending cry of the churches in that afflicted country thrilled through every soul. The sound of the driver’s whip seemed within reach of these houses of God ; and the rattling of the chain of slavery, the bleeding bodies of the praying slaves were there amongst this wrestling company. How delightful for the Church of Christ in all future time to remember that the history of these events records not only that “prayer was made of the church unto God for them,” as on another memorable occasion ; but as then, so now, the “wrath of man was made to praise God, and the remainder thereof he restrained.”

Not only were the persons of the missionaries preserved, but their characters were vindicated ; and that very event which the enemies of the slave both at home and abroad dreaded and desired to avert, was

hastened on and mainly accomplished by the zeal and the determination which were now by their means awakened.

“Well, pilot, what news?” said William Knibb, when coming into the English Channel in 1832.

“The Reform Bill has passed.”

“Thank God, now I’ll have slavery down! I will never rest day nor night till I see it destroyed, root and branch!”

And where was the Christian to be found at this time in England who vowed not with the missionary undying enmity to slavery? Who that had the happiness of hearing Mr. Knibb on the 21st June, cannot recall his fearless countenance, his noble bearing, his powerful and ringing voice, as it rose like the noise of turbulent waters and then fell on the ear in the tenderest accents of the weeping babe. The very recollection of this and some other astonishing appeals of his, produces at this day a thrilling effect on the mind, unequalled, perhaps, by any other of a like kind.

Such recollections accompany these sentences in his speech delivered at the annual meeting of the Baptist Missionary Society. He rose and said:—

“The cause I have to plead is so important, the embassy on which I am sent by my brother missionaries is so intimately connected with the best interests of 800,000 of our suffering fellow-creatures held in

the chains of slavery, that an apology from me would be absurd."

The sentence which followed these words fled without electric telegraph to the land of the oppressed, and loosened every fetter. Alarming as its fearless utterance was to some of the wisest and most benevolent men of the times, yet what did it not effectuate on behalf of the slave? Deep were the shadows which rested at this time not only on the religious but on the political difficulties which attended the removal of this enormity. But they were not only right words, they were spoken at a right time to a right people. Thus spake this champion of the slave:—

"I now stand forward as the unflinching and undaunted advocate of immediate emancipation. I plead for liberty to worship God on behalf of 30,000 Christian slaves of the same faith as yourselves; and if the friends of the mission will not hear me—" (some one here privately touched him, lest he should go too far)—"I hope that the God of Missions will. Having in his strength entered on this noble contest, I will never cease to plead for the people I love, till, aided by British Christians and by Afric's God, we wave the flag of liberty over departed colonial slavery, shout with melodious harmony its funeral dirge, and proclaim, as we leave the spot in which we have entombed the greatest curse that has ever stained the

annals of nations, 'Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and goodwill to men.' ”*

Thus spake Mr. Knibb in June, 1832. The reader knows what was accomplished in the short period of two years, and forgets not to connect with this date, August 1, 1834, and August 1, 1838. The former of these was set apart as a day of thanksgiving, for it was the day of the slaves' partial freedom. No such day had been known in England for centuries. Its hours were hallowed by many, and will not be soon erased from the memories of England's grateful people. It was a day to behold which Wilberforce, Buxton, Clarkson, and a host of honoured men and women in Britain had exhausted their life's freshest and choicest energies for years, and had mingled their very drink with weeping. Who that had any recollection of the scenes just described, did not watch the breaking of that day, and listen for the falling off of the clanking chains from the feet and hands that had worn them so long. Never did the beams of the rising sun play more musically on the gleaming mist of the morning. They were like angels' fingers opening both the prison-doors and the windows of heaven, transmitting sweetest music from the skies. Who on that day *paid* not the vows which his lips had spoken when he was in trouble, in thanksgiving for such a deliverance. This was a crisis not only in England's history, but

* Memoir of William Knibb.

in the history of the wide world itself. That sentence of Mr. Knibb's cannot fail to remind us of another sentence uttered in behalf of the great cause of civil and religious liberty in another sort of assembly, "Here I stand; I can do no other; God help me."

It may, however, be very justly remarked, that but for the preparatory work which had been going on for years in this country on behalf of the slave, a hundred Mr. Knibbs could not have effectuated that which one Mr. Knibb did mainly in the years 1832-38. While the truth of this statement is fully conceded, may it not be a great encouragement for all who are occupied in preparatory work? For those are as truly and effectually building the house who lay the foundation, who erect the scaffolding, who carry the bricks and mortar up the ladder, as those who cement them together; as he who puts on the ornamental topstone, "crying grace, grace unto it."

At the same time, all praise must be given to him who allows himself to be made by the times, as well as to him who makes the times. Now, the former Mr. Knibb did. The praise due to him, therefore, is not lessened one iota. In this vast work-day world, do the claims of duty, humanity, and virtue always find plenty of persons who are willing to contribute their sympathy and their aid,—or, to use a familiar proverb, are there always to be found plenty of strong arms to work at the anvil, and to "strike when the

iron is hot?" The writer thinks not. Herein, then, lies Mr. Knibb's immortal praise.

Blessed be God! slavery is with us a thing of yesterday; but is it a thing of yesterday in this wide world of ours? Who that thinks now of England's bright era, when her Queen was crowned over a virtually free people, turns not an eye beyond those colonies, and ejaculates, "How long, oh Lord, holy and true, wilt thou cease to avenge the blood of 'three millions of slaves' on them that dwell on the earth!"

Where is Freedom now? She stands weeping at the grave of William Knibb, because there is no one of all America's sons who dares to stand up in Christian assemblies throughout the length and breadth of the land, North and South, and say—"I now stand forward as the unflinching and undaunted advocate of immediate emancipation." Were it so, those fetters which it is said "were welded at a British forge," and which took Old England six years to knock off, might be broken by the strong arm of young America in half that time. The jubilee of the world will then have come, when man shall nowhere possess property in his fellow-man;—no human blood, nor bones, nor flesh than that which he owns personally as the gift of his Creator.

There cannot fail to be noticed, in the history of these events, the delightful fact, that what our first missionaries were to India, the land of the morning,

and to its vast continent of moral and physical evils, that our missionaries were to “the sunburnt and slave-cursed island” of Jamaica. From this fact may it not be lawful to gather this conclusion, that it will be for posterity to learn through missionary records, and for our national history to record, that whether on the far off continent of India, or in the sunny islands of the Western seas, Christian missionaries have been the leading benefactors of the human race. When this national history shall be written, there will be no *Westminster Reviews*. These will have been assimilated by the gods for whom the Reviewers have so much respect.

If anything ever induced Mr. Carey to lose sight for a time of India, it was the interest which he now took in the emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies. He often mentioned, in connexion with this subject, the prayer of his Uncle, first uttered at Paulerspury, and continued through his life—“Have mercy upon the oppressed and afflicted slaves.”

Nothing could exceed the delight and the buoyancy with which Mr. Carey united with his companions, Mr. Knibb and Mr. Burchell, in their great work at this time; and he bore no inconsiderable share in the labours which were now carried on by the Baptist Missionary Society for the utter destruction of this abomination in the Islands of the West.

When on the missionary platform with them, it

was generally allotted to him to make the first speech, and after his usual appeal for India, he would make some happy turn from East to West, appeal to the audience on behalf of the slaves, and then in his own epithets, introduce Mr. Knibb and his not less valiant colleague, Mr. Burchell.

The following extracts from his letters, will bring before the reader some of his engagements with them :—

“ Reading, June 20, 1832.—If ever Scotland be rendered of any valuable consequence to our Mission again, which to me is rather problematical, this appears to me to be the juncture for making it so.

“ I could not desire a more amiable companion in travelling than Dr. Cox, and no doubt his excellence will appear to others when he shall be known. But it should be remembered that he only designs to visit Edinburgh and Glasgow, and then return. Perhaps both he and the Committee misunderstand the character of these places as to their present relations to our Mission. Mr. Steane (now Dr. Steane) and myself found the utmost difficulty in obtaining places to occupy for a single Sabbath; and then the collections were very inconsiderable.

“ If then it be practicable to depute brother Knibb to help on this expedition, I think with his uncommon ardour and his equally uncommon materials, we might be justified in every place in calling public meetings, might do something to dissolve the old Serampore

spell, by which many have rather excused themselves from the claims of foreign benevolence altogether, and perhaps we might make even Scotchmen feel. If arrangements therefore can be made for brother Knibb's going, it may be for good. He could produce more impression than even brother Burchell, because he speaks with greater energy. Our predicament as a Mission is very peculiar. May our gracious Lord direct and sustain all at home and all abroad."

"Colne, Lancashire, August 3, 1832.—The coming Sabbath at Rochdale, the public meeting at that place, and one in the evening of Wednesday, will terminate, as far as at present appears, my engagement in this county. I am then proceeding into Shropshire, taking one or two places on my way thither to fill up the latter end of the week. After the work in that county ends, which I suppose will be in the week after the Sabbath above named, I shall be at command for other work.

"There are the following places which should be taken before going into Scotland—Ross, Gloucestershire, Cirencester, and Bacup.

"Our meetings at Birmingham, Liverpool, and Manchester, and in all the lesser places this week, have been uncommonly interesting. A great disappointment happened to us in Mr. Knibb feeling under the necessity of leaving us for Birmingham and Bristol to settle his family. Both Aldis and myself

have heard him frequently, have collected a great portion of the facts of the West Indian case, which, together with the principles and the sentiments with which it is natural to associate them, have enabled us to deliver in each place addresses of more than usual length, which have seemed to make up in some degree for his regretted absence.

“When our brother has made his domestic arrangements, I trust he will not find it difficult to hold himself regularly to the engagements which may be made, indeed I have no reason to doubt it; and great care must be taken in permitting friends to make plans in which he is comprehended, that he may be clearly at liberty to fulfil them; for our work cannot speed if people are not in *excellent temper*.

“I cannot but hope that the present is a great and blessed crisis, deeply afflictive as its origin has been, and that unspeakable good will issue from it. Our brother’s communications have been of wonderful effect. One of the new candidates for Manchester came forward at our public meeting, after he had heard Mr. Knibb and Mr. Thompson of the Anti-Slavery Society, and declared himself fully in favour of immediate emancipation. This part of the world seems all alive upon the subject.”

In November Mr. Carey and Mr. Knibb went together to Scotland. Mr. Carey’s first letter is addressed to his son:—

“Inverness, Nov. 23rd.—Circumstances, uncontrollable by me, have induced a delay in writing to you much longer, indeed, than I could have desired. Such occurrences may every now and then be expected in a course of incessant movement, such as that to which God has called me these few past years. But I bless his name that they have happened to me so rarely. I felt some trifling indisposition last week. Five days’ engagements, besides the previous Lord’s-day, and successive change, rather increased my uneasiness. But the principal thing against me was that I took a slight cold, which flew to my head and teeth. I with great difficulty got through my work on Sabbath; and on my return home, from the afternoon service, I was, as might be expected, much worse, and some degree of fever ensued; but leeching and fomentation, and good medical attentions and kind nursing, and the blessing of a merciful God upon all, have brought me now, after five days, into comfort. I am at this moment free from all pain and distress of every kind. I am weak, as might be supposed, and a prisoner in my room; but with care I have no reason to doubt of being able to leave this on Monday next. Thus I shall have been laid up one week, and detained from some few engagements—a very swift recovery, and attended with many mercies. ‘Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me bless his holy name.’ I am sure you will

unite with me in praising our Father in heaven on my behalf.

“Dismiss every anxiety about me: I am always in the best of keeping. ‘The Lord is my keeper. He is my shade upon my right hand,’ glory be to his holy name! ‘I was brought low, and he helped me.’ Always remember, too, that wherever I may be in this good work, I am sure to be in the midst of the best of people the world contains. How different it was with *Him*, ‘who had not where to lay his head,’ from whom, though the earth was not worthy that the sole of his foot should tread upon its surface, ‘men *hid* their *faces*.’ Respecting your *joining the church*, I must leave the *time* to you and the dear Christian people who may, at the instance of their minister, consent to receive you. If you are conscious of your own sincere faith in Jesus, and your perfect willingness to subject your life to his laws; and if those who know you best have no objection to make as to your sincerity, you cannot be premature in making the profession of what you feel yourself to be, and what you desire to become. I would not wish you to defer on my account, my return being uncertain. I have no hope of seeing you before January.”

TO MR. DYER.

“Edinburgh, Dec. 3, 1832.—When we first arrived in Edinburgh, Mr. Knibb and myself attended the Committee of the Bible Society, when a vote for £100

to the Calcutta Bengalee version of the New Testament was passed. At a subsequent meeting Mr. C. Anderson applied for and obtained a grant of £300 for the general fund for translations at Serampore, procuring, at the same time, the insertion upon the records of the Society, of a minute, discouraging, as you will see, the further application for any versions into any language into which the Serampore missionaries may ever have commenced to translate.

“It is matter of justice, and, in my apprehension, of great importance, to obtain the cancelling of such a scandalous resolution, and frustrating the wily, crooked, abominable policy which procured and advised it. It appears to me that the minute is altogether so unjust, and withal so comprehensive, that upon fair representation the Committee will be prevailed on to alter or rescind it.

“Last week I went to the Society’s rooms, by the advice of Mr. Dickie, to offer explanations; but the Committee were too full of business to enter again into the matter at that time.

“I then thought it proper to memorialize them; and I enclose the substance of what I thought of forwarding to the Edinburgh Bible Committee on the subject.”

In reference to the excitement produced in Edinburgh by Mr. Knibb’s urgent appeals on behalf of the slaves, Mr. Carey writes:—

“I have witnessed congregated masses in that

city, burning and almost raving with indignation at the system, as he depicted its cruelties and demonstrated its crimes. His tact and his self-possession in a little time became so remarkable, that he would easily convert adverse and startling occurrences into an occasion of profit and even of triumph to his cause.”*

“Dec. 22, 1832.—I lose no time in forwarding a bill of exchange for eighty pounds. My desire was to have sent a hundred, but my opportunity for getting money had terminated until my companion joined me, and we proceeded to the west. I determined not to write about engagements until I saw him, that no further disappointment might occur. I much fear the coming Sabbath will prove a lost one to the Mission, through want of time to make needful arrangements.

“I sensibly feel the length of this journey. It is mainly attributable to the interest felt in the anti-slavery cause, the desire in different places for double meetings on that account, and the impossibility we feel in thwarting the wishes of our best friends without incurring prejudice to the general interests of our Mission in future. It has certainly had the effect of making the Mission more generally known than it would otherwise have been, and rather beyond the limits of our own denomination; and by

* For an amusing incident which Mr. Carey gives in confirmation, see *Life of William Knibb*, by Rev. H. Hinton.

bringing forward the claims of the West Indies into striking prominence, it gives our Society a new and additional hold of the public mind, and with the great advantage of helping the East Indian controversy a step nearer to its merited oblivion.

“Still my opinion has been, and I have clearly expressed it, that the anti-slavery friends, availing themselves to so great a degree of the services of the deputation of the Baptist Missionary Society for their own more special design, should have contributed to the funds or borne some part of our expenses. But their worthy president spoke out so audibly and so earnestly about a debt against their Society of some sixty pounds, that you would almost have thought the whole body were trembling upon the very brink of a dreadful insolvency. To say more than I have said, I believe, would have proved unacceptable.

“Edinburgh, Jan. 18, 1833.—We arrived here last evening from Glasgow, having been present there the evening preceding at one of the most interesting meetings I ever witnessed, at which very strong resolutions and a petition were passed upon the slavery question.

“We are about proceeding just now to hold another meeting in this city, principally to afford Mr. Knibb an additional opportunity of increasing his details and strengthening some previously given.”

Mr. Carey and his friend parted for the next week,

and met again at Newcastle, to spend there as much time as they could afford, because they wished to be "at Leeds the first Sabbath in February. We then proceed to Sheffield, and thence farther south as fast as we can.

"I hope the order for £200, forwarded from Glasgow a-day or two ago, will have reached you safely."

Mr. Carey then requests a tabular view of the stations in India and the West Indies, names of missionaries, how many chapels were destroyed, &c., may be forwarded to Edinburgh, with collecting books, adding, "The iron must be struck now that it is hot. The Heralds must be double in number, that the matter may live before their eye."

TO MR. DYER.

"Leamington, March, 1833.—In your notice of the proceedings of our recent journey through Scotland, it will greatly oblige my colleague and myself if at the same time you would record our grateful sense of the kindness we personally experienced, and of the liberality evinced towards our object in every place where our steps were directed. This is the more imperatively demanded from ourselves and our Society from the fact that, though our own friends were everywhere liberal according to their number and their means, it was to the countenance and contributions of ministers and brethren of other denominations that our success was mainly attributable. At

a period when the objects of general and of Christian benevolence are so greatly multiplied, and when each denomination has strongly urged upon it its own specific claims, it is matter of devout and grateful reflection that all should so readily sympathise with the afflictions and so promptly listen to the appeals of a distinct though kindred Institution.

“And whilst sensible of the pecuniary aid thus realized to the exhausted resources of our Society, it may be hoped that such assistance may prove to be the least important result of the journey. During the several years I have travelled for the Society, I have never seen a succession of such meetings as those which have been holden in Scotland and the northern counties. The number in attendance was frequently overwhelming, and the interest evinced while my companions detailed the previous successes of the Western Mission, and described its late unexampled calamities, was such as to surpass description. I cannot but hope that such recitals of the woes which unoffending thousands have endured and are still enduring, will prove to have awakened a sympathy for the oppressed which will never expire until the wrongs be redressed, and an indignation against the system which has inflicted them, the force of which shall prove unmitigable, until it and all its cruel atrocities terminate.

“Whitehaven, March 30.—I have spent an unhappy week, the weather has been cold and dreary to

a degree quite equal to anything I experienced in the depth of winter. In almost every place we have visited, I have been necessitated, through the cold, to remain in the same room with the family and the company, there being no escape but the street. Some Christian brethren smoked all through the day, or nearly so, so that I longed for the evening to come. I heartily wish there was an Act of Parliament against this ugly, irksome practice. To-day I have turned my back upon it, and have come under the roof of reasonable creatures. My engagements here will terminate in the beginning of the coming week. I think of remaining one day, if I find it practicable, in the neighbourhood of the Lakes, and hope to be with you on Thursday. On the Tuesday following I must bid you farewell again, take my dear Annie in my hand to Leicester and to town, reserving time sufficient to reach Biggleswade, in Bedfordshire, the second Sabbath in April, where a succession of services for the Mission is arranged."

TO A FRIEND.

"Newtown, Montgomeryshire, Aug. 20, 1833.—I had a book in reading when last at Wincobank, the first volume of *Keith on the Prophecies*. Has it been seen by any one of my friends, and if so, could I beg the favour of a parcel being made of it, and its being addressed for me to Chesterfield by coach? It is a

borrowed book, as you will see. But were it not so, yet the mortification and self-reproach which I feel when anything is lost by me, is such that I have no comfort until I recover it; and I would sooner incur any reasonable expense of carriage than endure the punishment I inflict upon myself for my carelessness. I am naturally volatile and remiss, and being painfully conscious of the humiliating fact, for these several years I have been disciplining myself to habits of thought and some degree of regularity; when I fail, therefore, I suffer both in pride and pocket, and the distasteful conviction presses itself upon me that my failings are incurable. I find it no easy thing, even in the light affairs of this life, to live upon any very fair terms with myself, and alas! how much more so as to the higher interests of the soul and eternity."

ADDRESSED TO HIS SON.

"Wincobank, May 20.—Endeavour, my beloved son, to derive your daily comfort and solace in obedience to God, and communion with Him in the common, everyday business of life. The benevolent Lord is not so shy of our converse as to restrain it to certain times, or circumstances and occasions; but graciously welcomes it alike everywhere and in every possible situation in which we can be placed.

"In your religious duties, I trust you will always find your highest earthly satisfaction. Whatever dis-

qualifies for them should be viewed with suspicion; whatever imparts spirit and pleasure to us in their fulfilment is profitable. And this is one commendation, though I grant but a secondary one, of the duties of piety, that they are the highest and readiest qualification for the right discharge of all others.

“For when all things go on well within us, and our intercourse with God is regular, vital, and solemn, then the mind addresses itself with becoming spirit and energy to every subordinate pursuit; and so great a consistency is there in the system of truth and duty, that we cannot neglect the engagements due to men without impairing our comfort and destroying our confidence in attempting the discharge of those which are due to God; much less can we, in neglecting the exercises of devotion, anticipate satisfaction or success in the interests and engagements of common life. Godliness looks well to both worlds, to body and soul, to time and eternity; keeping all things in their right place, making us live to God—that is, with a constant deference to his Will and desire for his glory; it wonderfully simplifies our desires and our aims, inspires the soul with one master-principle for action, quiets a thousand clamorous, tormenting passions, and resolves all our anxieties in this, that Christ and heaven may be ours. My dearest William, *press after God*; watch for him ‘more than they who watch for the morning—more, I say, than they that watch for the morning.’ Take care of sinful passions,

of all ensnaring desires, such as may derange the affections, unhinge the mind, and thrust it back from God. Seek to be as much alone as you may conveniently with the duties of your station; and as your opportunities for reading must now be limited, let your private reading be specially religious. If, for a season, your only reading were the Scriptures, in English and Greek, taking care to ponder well what you read, and turn it into prayer, that it may nourish the heart, it would be none the worse. Take care and honour your Redeemer by believing his perfect willingness and infinite power to save.

“Take care you do not become as miserable a correspondent as your father. It is easy to distaste letter-writing; but you must watch against a temptation, which, if yielded to, will wound friendship, be attended with a loss to yourself of much of the comfort of social life; and, now that I am upon this subject, I would impress upon you the importance of improving, as much as possible, your handwriting, which, in after-life, will vastly add to your pleasure in the exercise, as well as contribute greatly to your respectability in common business. Get some good sample of writing, and keep it by you when you write, that you may gradually imitate it.

“Seek, my beloved William, to maintain a right state of heart towards God. Let our beloved, and tender-hearted, and almighty Saviour be continually invoked by you; send up hundreds of short petitions

to him, fresh from the heart, daily, so that his Word and his blessed Spirit may be daily, and hourly, and momentarily present for your aid and your solace."

This year Mr. Carey had the pleasure of meeting in this country his companion and most beloved friend, Mr. James Penney. They had the high gratification of meeting each other on missionary platforms, and of having much social intercourse together. They met frequently at the house of Mrs. Hobson, Boxmoor. So imperceptibly, when together, did their time slip away, that once the morning broke in upon them before they separated. Here Mr. Penney often indulged in his old strain of cheerful pleasantry when with Mr. Carey. He was heard to say:—"Eustace, why do you, in your speeches, use so many half-crown words, when I use those which are only worth twopence halfpenny." They also made great merriment with the following incident:—

Before Mr. Carey's last illness in Calcutta, Captain —— presented him with several volumes of a valuable work, and wrote on a slip of paper the following sentence:—"These books are presented to the Rev. Eustace Carey by ——, and after his *disease* they are to become the property of Mr. James Penney." The bad orthography caught the eye of Mr. Carey's humorous friend. After his recovery, he came, and most assuredly claimed the books as his property, and took them away for good.

In the spring of 1834 Mr. Carey married again. Just before doing so, he made proposals to the Society to relinquish his engagement with it, intending, if medical opinion were unfavourable to a residence in India, to fulfil his half promise to return to his friends at Boston in America. But the Committee renewed their invitation to him to continue his itinerancy in such terms that this intention was overruled.

After nine years of almost incessant change, he found a permanent home for himself and family in Camberwell-grove. In June of this year Dr. Carey fell asleep in Jesus. Soon after this event, at the express invitation of the Committee, Mr. Carey wrote the Life of his venerated uncle. It was published in 1836.

There was one circumstance which yielded to Mr. Carey, in the relation which he sustained to the Missionary Society, great pleasure and consolation—this was the fervent and ever unbroken friendship which existed between himself and the Secretary of the Society, the Rev. John Dyer. Their correspondence was of the most fraternal kind, and their intercourse was unmixed with one annoying or corroding occurrence. When he who travelled with his pen at home, urged him beyond endurance, who journeyed with his feet abroad, it was the cause of much pleasantries. They were always the same to each other, and well suited in the unselfishness and

earnestness which they displayed in consulting the advancement of the great cause which they both served. To Mr. Dyer's marked urbanity, devoutness, and Christian selectness, Mr. Carey often bore testimony. As Mr. Carey's own personal friendships were few, so they were those which were never suffered to be broken, but to which his memory clung in the tenderest affection. Such was his remembrance of his friend Mr. Dyer.

TO MR. DYER.

“ Ryde, April, 1834.—At Exeter and Taunton we had good missionary meetings. It was also pretty fair at Exeter, considering that we had not the assistance of a single minister of the place. Exeter is a miserable place for religious influence. There does not appear to be a single religious body in a prosperous condition. There seems every variety and extreme of sentiment, but no healthy, vigorous action in any one connexion. Mr. Mason's interest seems the most promising. He is a most devoted, faithful minister, and a very holy and lovely man. Our denomination, but for the blessing of God on his labours, would at this moment have been all but extinct. When I reflect upon the dissenting interests generally throughout the kingdom, I am surprised at the slow progress of the Gospel among them. I can see many minor circumstances that mar the

beauty of religious life generally, and impair and lessen the influence of public exercises in a considerable degree, as it strikes me at least ; but whilst ministers are generally faithful, and their efforts are made agreeably to the will of God, as far as we can judge, how it should yet come to pass that such limited results are realized from their labours is worthy of serious inquiry. Some of these lesser evils in the external economy of things I have sometimes thought might be pointed out with some possible advantage, and without giving offence to any one ; and this done, graver topics might become the subjects of just advertence and temperate animadversion. Those who are accustomed to composition for the magazines might, if they were discreet and delicate in their style of address, do real service to the Christian world."

In July, 1834, Mr. Carey visited Lancashire for the Mission. When at Liverpool he was taken very ill at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Jones. Here he shared the kindness, the unwearied attention, not to say hospitality, which such friends know so well how to render.

He thus writes to Mrs. Carey, by the kind help of his friend as amanuensis :—

"I trust my former communication reached you, and that you have united your thanksgiving with mine for the tender mercies of God. Those mercies are yet following me, and I trust by their continuance

I may in due time be restored to you and the society of my dear children. I wish both to hope and quietly to wait for the salvation of the Lord. It would be easy to increase my anxiety, and so thwart the merciful designs of God in my recovery. I endeavour, therefore, to calm my spirit and prevent the luxuriousness of my own desires by filial affection to his authority, 'who knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust.' I have lost very much, if not altogether, my former pains; but they are succeeded with such a sense of weakness as makes me feel incompetent to almost the slightest effort. I think it desirable to say, that you should not think on any account of leaving your home in quest of me."

At the house of these friends Mr. Carey had all the comforts of his own home. After a season of partial delirium, he found his wife by his bedside in this house of mercy, to whom he says, when she is brought to him by his kind host, "it is too good to be true." Such exhibitions of kindness as these from his friends, Mr. Carey never forgot. He had, in the course of his journeyings, several of a like kind; but none to his mind attended with more grateful memory.

As soon as he was sufficiently recovered to be removed, another friend's house in the suburbs of Liverpool was opened to him. It was at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Laing, in their company and that

of their kind daughter, that Mr. and Mrs. Carey spent the 1st of August, 1834. Thankfully did Mr. Carey employ his little strength in giving an address at one of the numerous meetings in Liverpool for prayer and thanksgiving on behalf of the slaves.

Mr. Carey returned to town by slow stages. He spent a few days at Tewkesbury, and then went to Nailsworth; at both these places he met with the kindest attention. Here, unhappily, he took cold, and was much indisposed at Leamington, where he next stopped. He writes to Mr. Dyer:—

“Had it been practicable to have borne the motion of a coach, we should have been at Northampton, if not Camberwell, this day. My great solace in this long illness is in viewing it as matter of Divine, I believe gracious appointment. The experience which we have had of the kindness of Christian friends has been such as alone to compensate for the affliction allotted us.

“I am almost tired of attempting to do anything at Bath. There should be, in connexion with Bristol or Frome, a train of services reaching to Bath, Paulton, &c. Exeter should connect Torquay, Panton, Newton, &c. If we are spared to another year, we must try what can be done.”

After alluding to an extract which he had read referring to India, he writes:—

“I am fully persuaded the extract is worth the

attention of the Committee. Allahabad will become as important to Upper Hindostan as Calcutta is to Bengal. Moreover, some change of agency and some augmentation of labour will be perceived necessary for the India Mission, if we intend to prosecute it successfully, and in such a manner as to command public interest. It is a most distressing fact, and that which must infallibly affect the interests of the Society too, that these brethren do not supply of interesting detail enough matter to occupy two pages of letterpress in a whole year! This cannot continue; I am constrained to say *it ought* not to continue."

On the need of Improvement in Missionary Intelligence.

TO MR. DYER.

"Lincoln, Sept.—I deeply feel the subject of your complaint respecting the East. The matter has pressed upon my spirits for these six or seven years.

"All my power to plead for the Society has been derived from I know not what—my own experience and trifling recollections when abroad, increased only by now and then a sentence or incident, one perhaps in a whole year, gathered from the reports of ten or more brethren. I am sure they all of them work hard, but then they report too generally and with too little spirit—too little attention to fact, incident, and narrative.

“Then, again, there is too little affection and intimacy between the Society and their brethren abroad. No one writes to any one either in the East or the West but yourself, and your communications must of necessity abound with economical detail and resolutions upon general and important topics.

“All the thrilling, penetrating influence, therefore, which the play of the social feelings and the native glow of human hearts alone can supply, is absent, and the outlay of hundreds of pounds, and the results of a thousand sermons and missionary addresses are reduced to a single page of dry abstract, by which we are neither much informed nor much comforted. But how can this be remedied? is a question too grave for me to solve. Yet I am far from deeming it insoluble. It is certainly worthy of some attention, nor should the consideration be long delayed.

“Glamorganshire.—I am getting through with this somewhat dreary journey, never very acceptable to an Englishman, but especially far otherwise at this advanced period of the year. Might it not be advantageous to the Society’s interests if a respectable brother could be procured in the Principality to make a visit to all the churches (many small ones being now passed over), inform them, collect money, &c. This has been suggested in the journey with acceptance. Who he should be, how and by whom his labours should be directed, or whether it should be

devolved upon one, or whether several in different parts should be looked to in succession, and what should be the mode and degree of remuneration, are grave questions ; but if the propriety of resorting to such agency be evident, other things may be expected in due time to adjust themselves.

“ I shall trust when this journey is ended to go into winter quarters. Two or three spare Sabbaths I require to discharge friendly engagements into which I have entered indefinitely, but which begin to press upon my conscience somewhat. If, after the pressure of this year’s labour is over, you can so contrive in future as generally to acquaint me with the arrangements, *i.e.*, so far as I am concerned, when in projection, that I may be able occasionally to make some slight election of times, and scenes, and amount of labour, when it can be done coincidently with the will of the parties amongst whom the service is rendered, and with the public interest, and that I may know what is before me at the earliest convenience, it would greatly add to my comfort. It cannot at all times be done, I am convinced, and it is far from me to entertain the desire to lessen the efficiency, or to perplex in any manner the details of public labour, for the success of which we are both, I trust, equally anxious ; nor would I knowingly add one fraction to the burden of your office.

“ I have every confidence that you will do whatever

wisdom and kindness can effect in combining individual convenience with public benefit."

"Lincoln, Sept. 18, 1835.—Our series of meetings in the East Riding are now terminated, the last of them being holden at Grimsby. I had fourteen services in eleven days, and at the public meetings spoke at greater length than is my custom ordinarily; so that between preaching, and speaking, and company—which is the least profitable of all the calls upon me in this work, though often the most expensive in the time it requires—I begin to cry out for rest. To-day and to-morrow I have that privilege, but my brother Crapps has published me for three sermons on the coming Sabbath; a public meeting on Monday, of course, and Horncastle, Louth, &c., succeed.

"Next Sabbath week I hope to be at Boston, and Spalding meetings will follow.

"Mr. Ackworth, of Leeds, has been most agreeable, and very efficient in the help he has given us."

On a proposition which had been made that the deputations for the Serampore and Calcutta Missions should unite their labours, and which had been negatived by the Committee, Mr. Carey says:—

"I think the Committee had no other course they could adopt with safety to the Mission; though, at the same time, I am fully alive to the possible, nay the certain inconvenience it involves at present. The moment we allow ourselves in this joint agency we

may prepare for consequences the most serious. It will be converted into a precedent—will be instantly recorded in numerous periodicals—and one single act, though well designed in those who have advised it, will within a very few months shake the integrity, and materially lessen the resources of the Society to the extremities of the empire.

“Though we do little, we had better pursue our course *simply*, with our objects clear and our economical details unembarrassed.

“Union is good, but it is not always within our reach; *and there are better things in the moral creation than it.*

“To return to our work. I am obliged to spend one Sabbath here, take Horncastle and Louth after the Lincoln meeting, and Boston and Spalding the Sabbath and Monday following—perhaps Tuesday may be required. I must then go to my family, spend a few days with them, and bring them home. You cannot, I fear, calculate upon me for work in the east counties before the second Sabbath in October. Then, my advice would be, that Suffolk, Huntingdon, &c., occupy me through the remaining part of October, and that we take November for Nottingham, Leeds, Sheffield, &c.”

“Liverpool, Sept. 1836.—We have had better meetings here than I ever witnessed; but to many people to give their money in Liverpool is not easy.

When I think of the heavy drafts from Jamaica, which appear to me to increase instead of diminish, and the imperative pressing claims of the East, so long all but neglected, my heart almost sinks within me."

CHAP. XVII.

MISCELLANEOUS.

“Thus would I, at this parting hour, be true
To teachings which to me have priceless been :
Thus would I, like a just departing child,
Who lingers on the threshold of his home,
Strive, with vague murmurings and lingering looks,
To store up what were sweetest to recall.”

IN the year 1837 Mr. Carey welcomed in England his beloved friend and fellow-labourer, the Rev. W. H. Pearce, from Calcutta. They had the pleasure this year of meeting on the platform of the Baptist Missionary Society, at its annual meeting, held in Finsbury Chapel. Mr. Pearce was in weak health, and incapable of speaking, except a very few words ; and, in attempting to utter these, he sank down on the platform in great exhaustion, and requested Mr. Carey to take up the subject, and continue his speech upon India. The scene which now took place, and the address which followed, are among the most interesting and remarkable which were ever witnessed at the meeting of this Society. Mr. Carey rose perfectly unprepared (for he was to

speak for his friend), and made a speech which, for the power of its pathos, and the effect which it produced on the audience, baffles description. It appeared as if the sight of his friend from India, the recollection of their united labours there, the success with which God had blessed them, the scenes of trial through which they had passed together, of the beloved Lawson gone to glory, of Mr. Pearce, as "the son of the seraphic Samuel Pearce," of the commencement of the Mission work at home in the dark days of 1792, the warm and growing hope which he entertained for India's deliverance from idolatry and ignorance,—all these, and the fact that they were now together on the platform of their own Society, rushed like the deep waters over his mind, from whence they were driven, as from a many-sided, many-cornered substance, forming the most beautiful flowing fountains of the lightest and most dewy showers. While Mr. Carey was speaking in a rapture of his friend, and of his work at Calcutta, he was standing on the platform near to Mr. Pearce. Stopping short for a moment, he jumped out of his reach upon the table, and said to the audience, "I must get out of the way of my brother here, who keeps pinching me."

During Mr. Carey's rapid and most thrilling appeal, while telling of India's woes, and of the sorrows of those who hasten after another god, there were very few in that assembly whose eyes refrained

from tears. The deep emotion which he felt himself, and also that of his friend Mr. Pearce, added much to the effect. Of this speech there is no report; but it lives on the hearts of those who heard it. To many it was a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and its effects were not soon dissipated. Mr. Pearce afterwards said to the writer that "Mr. Carey's speech had half killed him."

In the autumn of 1838 Mr. and Mrs. Carey changed their residence from Camberwell to Marlowes, near Hemel Hempstead. This change was sought on account of Mrs. Carey's health; for although fond of fields and flowers, Mr. Carey had no love for a country residence. His journeys and work were continued with little cessation at this time, and his health was now perfectly restored. Instead of the pale, attenuated frame, he now assumed one of robust and healthy vigour.

On an earlier page of this history, when parting with some with whom we had become agreeably acquainted, it was said, "We shall meet again." Yes, truly; for here Mr. Carey and his family were within a few minutes' walk of the residence of his aunts, who had been the friends of his childhood and youth, both of whom were living at Boxmoor.

It was a little remarkable, that as these kind relations had cheered Mr. Carey's first entrance into life, and had often made his boy's heart to bound with joy, so now he is to cheer their last days, to

minister to their comfort, and to watch the last scene of their life on earth. Such is Providence !

Mrs. M. Carey was still upheld. In January, 1839, she wrote to one of Mr. Carey's family—"I am still spared to enter on a new year. Much weakness, but much mercy still mixed with it." Three years beyond this time it pleased God to lengthen out her life. But now she had nearly completed her life's duty of suffering. She had done it well ; not as some professing Christians do their work, grudgingly, or of necessity, because they profess to be Christians ; but she submitted heartily, joyously, and sometimes with the full bound and elasticity of youthful life and health. She was invariably cheerful. The writer can now see her countenance as it shone, and, like a sunbeam, darted across the room whenever her door was opened by any member of her family.

The room of the invalid now becomes almost the daily resort of some part of Mr. Carey's family. When he returned from his journeys, his first visit was made to his aunts. By his own children she was still called, as by himself in early childhood, "poor aunt ;" and to these she was ever an object of the greatest affection. No flower was thought so beautiful as that which she presented to them ; no piece of cake half so delicious. The manner in which she laid her hand on the head, and offered her silent benediction was most impressive ; and as no word could be uttered by her, there was tenfold more in the look and manner. For,

“Not only hath
Their passive meekness a still voice of power,
But e’en their feeblest words or speechless signs
Have active might.”

Then she would take her slate and write down some sentence of comfort or gratulation to her visitors. If they were children, she addressed to them some pleasant question or remark, as when she taught her nephew in the days of her comparative youth.

Besides these pleasant interviews, many were the precious meetings for prayer and thanksgiving which were enjoyed in her room. To some of these there was added frequently another service, which was most impressive and delightful. This servant of Christ who had lived so long without enjoying the public means of grace, here met with some of Mr. Carey’s family and a few of the members of the church at Boxmoor around the table of the Lord. This was a spiritual refreshment and solace to the afflicted saint. Thus she remembered her Lord, and with the universal Church she did “show forth His death till He come.” Mr. Carey sometimes conducted this service.

These were hallowed hours; they are still in remembrance, and are solemn and impressive. The Saviour, the loved object of their hope and their worship, was present in the breaking of bread; and the two or three met in his name;—each one of this small company could say with the afflicted saint, in the lines of one of her favourite hymns,

“Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend.”

Here, in her little room, so still and tranquil, each one folded away his and her cares for a time; and, in an ecstasy of earnest longing, exclaimed, “My soul thirsteth for God—for the living God;” here, apart from the bustle and carking care of the world, from its luxuries and its grandeur, were found “the house of God and the gate of heaven;” and when all was hushed but the voice of prayer, the hymn of praise, and the reading of the words of Jesus while he was yet with them, “came Jesus, the doors being shut, and said to these waiting ones, ‘Peace be unto you.’” This saint, now on the confines of heaven, oh! with what calm delight did she unite in heart, although speechless, as the words of Montgomery’s hymn flowed in simple yet “sweetest harmony” from the lips of those present. There, in the stillness of the evening, the bleak Moor, and yet bleaker world without, as the words died away,

“Gethsemane, can I forget,
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee!”

it seemed as if some of those present were going with Him, their Lord, to prison and to death.

But, in singing the last verse, it was a blessed sight. With delight did this aged saint drink in the sublime truth which the words contained! To Mr.

Carey, as well as to herself, these seasons brought back thoughts of Cottisbrook, where the Scripture lessons were given from such a warm heart; the spot where the first youthful prayer was uttered, the first youthful vow, and the first sermon. From the very same Bible which first attracted his notice, as a boy, he read the sacred portion. These all came rushing on the mind in the quick succession of thought. But, in the case of the afflicted one, with what an unmeasured fulness of joy, with what rich experience of the goodness and faithfulness of God, with what unwearyed aspiration after Him whom her soul loved, and with what a foretaste of the joys of glory and immortality her thought of the past years now came!

These were hours of the Son of Man upon the earth; hours when, if his religion were a conceit of the human mind—a mere fable—it was that which *no reality on earth ever equalled in the least degree* in power and worth! But the time came that she must die, and drink no more of the fruit of the vine until she should drink it new with her Saviour in heaven. The closing scene was beautiful; she was calm, patient, unmoved as a sea of glass; she was in heaven talking with some of her friends in glory some hours before she really quitted the body. Some young people came into the room, who were under religious impression. With what joy she listened to their broken accents, and gave them her last blessing; for she had long taken the inquirer's class at Boxmoor,

and she knew well the heart of the lambs of Jesus' fold, and how to speak to them in the tenderest language.

What was very remarkable, Mrs. M. Carey regained her speech for a short time before she died. The strange effect which the sound of her voice produced on those who were about her sick-bed can be scarcely conceived. It was like a voice from the grave of one who had been buried for many years, or from another world. Amongst other things, she said: "It will be better for me to be gone; but I wish to wait the Lord's time; I hope I have not deceived myself." To the writer, on entering her room, she exclaimed, in an ecstasy of joy, "A free and a full salvation!"

And now, as, through God's grace, through her vital hold on Christ—the Man of Sorrows—she had looked pain into meek submissiveness, so now God

"Looks her out of pain,
And one aspect of his spends in delight,
More than a thousand suns disburse in light
In heaven above!"

In January, 1842, her emancipated spirit found life in death. To think of the ecstasy of her ravished soul, when released from a body whose natural powers had been paralysed for fifty years, and when clothed with immortality—

"Every power found sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy."

Mr. Carey followed the remains of this his beloved relative to the grave. In the chapel burial-ground at Boxmoor are placed the graves of herself and her sister, Mrs. Hobson. The latter died in March, 1843. Worthy sisters were they of so noble and distinguished a brother, and, taking part with him as they did in turning many to righteousness, they shall with him "shine as the stars for ever and ever. They rest, and shall stand in *their* lot at the end of the days."

It is no small gratification to the writer to bear this testimony, brief and imperfect as it is, to their worth and excellence. May it be the means of comforting some one reader in affliction, or of inducing some one other to follow their faith, "considering the end of their conversation, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

At the annual meeting of this year, 1839, Mr. Carey spoke again for his friend Mr. Pearce. On the very morning of the meeting tidings reached them of the sudden death of their friend Mr. Penney, by cholera. This event cast considerable gloom on the meeting, and was the occasion of much sorrow to the missionaries. But Mr. Penney evinced all that Christian courage at the sight of the formidable enemy, death, for which he was so remarkable in life. To Mr. Carey this was a painful bereavement; and thus he mourned for his friend:—"I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan! Very pleasant hast

thou been to me. Thou wast slain in thy high places."

In 1840 the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society invited Mr. Carey to become a delegate from them to the Churches in Jamaica. Mr. Dyer, in sending him this resolution, added—"May God direct you in this important matter, as he has done hitherto, my dear brother." The following paragraphs are taken from the reply which Mr. Carey sent to the Committee in reference to this subject:—

"I have much and seriously considered your resolution of the 4th inst., inviting me to visit the missionary stations in Jamaica. I confess that I have long felt the desire of witnessing the grace of God so richly distinguishing that sphere of our labours, believing that a personal inspection of it might contribute to a successful advocacy of the claims of the Mission before the Christian public in future years.

"But it appears to me that so great an amount of important and appropriate information has been supplied, and so great an impulse given to the public mind, by the recent visit of Mr. Knibb and Mr. Clark, as to supersede the desirableness of a deputational visit, at least for the present, and to render it doubtful whether the advantages accruing from it would countervail the expenses it would necessitate.

"Secondly, I cannot resist the conviction that, were the Committee to defer their design until the present

accession of missionary strength is disposed of, each brother has proceeded to his proper and permanent location, and the whole range of projected service is fairly commenced and in progress, a more satisfactory result might be then justly anticipated, and an influence exerted upon the public mind more promising to the pecuniary interests of the Society.

“Thirdly, to realize the legitimate advantages of such a visit, I could not calculate upon an absence of less than two years. This would involve relative sacrifices which, taken in connexion with those already incurred, and which are necessarily incident to the duties I discharge, I could not be justified in resolving upon without a manifestation of the Divine will too evident to be mistaken; such as the present state of the Western Mission does not offer to my mind. With every respect, therefore, dear sirs, for your judgment, and with gratitude for this mark of your esteem, I am compelled by the above considerations to refrain compliance with the invitation with which you have honoured me.”

In the year 1843 Mr. and Mrs. Carey left their residence in the country, and returned to London.

On procuring young men for the missionary field, Mr. Carey writes:—“I have often thought, with respect to India, that the Society should recruit their ranks from the existing academic institutions, rather than take students from the *outside*. It has often struck me as a plan more safe, more economical, nor

less certain of success, if due and specific measures were taken by the friends of the Mission in urging the claims upon the minds of promising young men."

Mr. Morgan, of Calcutta, thus speaks of the influence which led him to think of missionary work:—"Very many years ago there was at one of the Welsh associations the usual gathering of a great concourse of people. But there was an unusual stir among them. A missionary was about to address the multitude. Presently he came forward, and began by stating that he had been living in a warm country, and would they be kind enough to permit him to wear his hat. An appeal so delicately and gentlemanly made met with a warm response. 'Yes, yes, put it on.' There was a lad present who listened with avidity to the strange account which the missionary gave of the strange people amongst whom he had lived. Some years after that event the same lad was invited by the Committee of the Baptist Mission to meet them in London. With a palpitating heart he opened the door at Fen-court, and on the stairs met that missionary coming down. That missionary was dear Mr. Carey, and the lad is the writer of this paper. These incidents are commonplace enough; yet they are something at the *turning point*, when the ball is set agoing. Somehow or another they are not forgotten.

"The next event that brought me in contact with Mr. Carey, was the noble, manly, clear, and common

sense defence of the missionaries here, when the subject of the Native Pastorate was agitated at home. When I read that letter I said, ‘Mr. Carey has a clear perception of things in India, and I am quite certain that he is a brother all over.’”*

Two letters on important subjects, addressed to Mr. Angus, follow:—

“There are two things about which a little solicitude presents itself to my mind:—

“1st. Lest from the necessity which has arisen of vindicating the counsels and labours of our brethren we should be led to attribute an importance to the work beyond what its intrinsic or relative worth will be found to justify. The Sanscrit is the fountain of all Hindoo science and literature, the parent and the model of all grammatical law, to which all the many regular dialects bend—the perfection of euphony, and the inexhaustible source of all words not strictly provincial. To have a translation effected in it is important, that the learned may be without excuse, and that it may be an irrefragable proof and standing memorial of the literary competency of our brother† to every undertaking in every other language to which his labours are directed. It is still, however, but the language of

* Mr. Morgan here alludes to a letter of Mr. Carey’s on Native Agency, published in the June number of the *Baptist Magazine*, 1852.

† Dr. Yates.

the learned and the few ; and any labour in the common language, for the immediate and spiritual wants of the millions, is in my opinion, more relevant to our great work, and more in harmony with apostolical precept and example.

“ 2ndly. I rather entertain the impression that, though the translation into Sanscrit was commenced many years since at Serampore, yet that it never advanced beyond a limited extent. This particular is worth investigation, as it may otherwise betray into mistake.”

The Government Principle of Expediency.

“ I am exceedingly grieved at the misapplied, miserable parsimony of Government respecting our West Indian claims. But I am not much surprised. Whenever did a Government do anything from considerations of simple justice and the love of man ? *Expediency* is the highest principle they know, or ever desire to know. In the emancipation they had two great parties to serve and to please : the mass of benevolent and Christian people, whose voice they could not in reason or decency but hear ; they had at the same time a great mercenary, commercial and political party, whom they dared not offend, and whom they wished to please. So they emancipate the slave, and make their friends and the world pay twenty millions sterling to their oppressors ! We religionists are a small

party in the kingdom—we would not provoke any resentment against Government, if we could; and now that by the long delay which we have been called to suffer, *could* not hurt them, if we would? So we may be neglected and contemned with impunity. Alas! that we ever believed them for an hour.”

TO MR. PEARCE, OF CALCUTTA.

“ May, 1846.—How greatly privileged I deem you that you should be spared to labour for so long a period under circumstances so interesting to the future destinies of millions, and in a sphere to my mind the most important that the map of the whole heathen world can present to a benevolent and enlightened eye. I am waiting with anxious but somewhat confident expectation for great developments of Providence, and glorious achievements of truth and evangelical principles on the continent of India. All great principles and systems of evil—all philosophical religions were conceived, cradled, and matured there; and whenever idolatry falls *there*, its doom is universally sealed, and the jubilee of the world has dawned. The mighty God and Prince of Peace hasten the glorious crisis!

“ I feel the propriety of all your remarks respecting the need of missionaries, but especially that they should be of high moral fitness, of mental sinew, men patient of suffering, of courage and masculinity of

purpose. We suffered much in public estimation, in my apprehension, from ——'s return. A person of his talents and promise of ministerial usefulness, and for one single illness !

“The same thing has happened with ——, who, after being sent to France to study the French language, and sustained upon the public resources for a year, goes to ——, just begins to labour, falls ill with fever, his medical attendant tells him that the climate will not suit him, he instantly takes an expensive passage for himself and family in a government ship ; and having but just read of his safe arrival abroad, and the commencement of his work, I open the door, and see him seated in Moorgate-street, looking fresher and stronger than myself. What an opprobrium to the missionary name.

“Dec. 1847.—Nothing would delight me so much as to know that several able and devoted missionaries were about to sail for Bengal ; men principally qualified for, and resolutely bent upon, preaching. Some persons imagine that no man can be of avail for the Eastern Mission unless he be a miraculously prodigious linguist. I do all I can everywhere to correct this absurdity, assuring my brethren that in India, as in every part of the world, good talent, good sense, fervent piety, benevolence, and a preaching faculty will make a good and sufficient missionary. The reputation derived to our Mission from the work of trans-

lation may have been incidentally injurious, and may yet be so, inciting some of literary taste and ambition mainly from its congeniality with their own habits to desire labour in that specific department; whilst others have been deterred from offering themselves for so important a scene of enterprise from the terrifying impression that some rare and extraordinary qualifications were indispensable.

“The public mind is generally apathetic, at least to some painful degree, with respect to the whole circle of our Oriental labours. Every speaker perceives to his mortification the difficulty of popularizing the different themes, sentimental, physical, social, moral, and spiritual which it comprises, and which, to a thoughtful mind and one able to appreciate them, are unspeakably captivating, and which exhilarate future expectation almost beyond measure. The good work in the West has been associated with so many commonplaces, things palpable and earthly, and taking to the general multitudinous mind, that our glorious and magnificent sphere of things, with all its interests ethereal or infernal, throws out no attractions. But the Christian world must, ere long, turn their attention again to the East, where they made their first attempt in the great conflict, and where, too, their greatest victories are destined to be won, and that at no distant period.”

There was only one occasion on which Mr. Carey

alluded to his denominational distinction on the platform. This was when, for illustration of his remarks on the language in which he had preached the Gospel to the natives of India, he would take occasion to show its copiousness and its capability of supplying every idea which we can convey in our own language for the various purposes of washing and of dipping, and pouring and sprinkling, without the aid of the Greek word baptize. He would describe their going down to the river for the various purposes of ablution; and then, by some rapid movement on the platform, it has seemed as if he approached that colossal prop and companion of all missionaries except the Baptists, and said, "Mr. Bible Society, what do you think of that?" adding, "Ten thousand times every day are these words used in the common parlance of the people. If a mother goes down to dip her babe in the river, she uses the word which implies the act of putting her child's body under the water. What am I, as a missionary, to do with my *translation* of the Scriptures, if you tell me, 'I will help you only on this condition, that you *transfer* the words?' Yet here is a word which answers precisely to the Greek of that same word, and is in common use by every native every day."

But it would be well for the Bible Society to consider not only the injustice which they do to the society which they invidiously exclude from those who are

recipients of their aid, but the injustice which they also do to themselves by persisting in this line of conduct. For it is not to be forgotten that, while England's chief glory is its being the land of Bibles, and of a society formed not more for its people than for the wide world of mankind, it must ever be, whether at home or abroad, as the pioneer or companion of the preacher of the Gospel—for in no case does it dispense with or lessen the value of this Divine Institution—so that, if the Bible Society is designed to aid in any manner, either by free grants of Bibles or of a reduced charge in case of purchase to Baptists at home, why should it refuse aid to Baptists in India who translate from the original language into the vernacular, as faithful and conscientious lovers of truth and men of God? Thus, the great society by which our land has been so much distinguished as a practical and powerful Evangelical Alliance, becomes itself sectarian, promotes uniformity of sentiment where it should encourage only union of faith, of heart, and effort in seeking the salvation of the world by multiplying copies of the Word of God.

At the time of this controversy, Mr. Kinghorn clearly pointed out the manner in which the society stultified itself by reminding them of the single fact, that “the Bible Society permits the Syrians and Arabians to read from their versions translations of the term baptize, &c., but is requested not to suffer

the Indian public to know what the words mean.”* The following letter on this subject, from the pen of Mr. Carey, will not fail to interest the reader:—

“ Since meeting the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, my mind has been painfully impressed when recurring to the subject of the Calcutta letter which then occupied its attention. I feel anxiously solicitous to secure, if it be possible, some further consideration to the contents of that document ere the Committee of the Bible Society pledge themselves to any procedure which may involve consequences of some moment to the interests of the venerable institution itself, as well as to the comfort of their coadjutors in India.

“ When invited to be present, I had no knowledge of the business which was to employ its deliberations; and, when apprised of it, my impression at first was, that its decision must be determined by some fundamental law of the institution. This proving a misapprehension, and that decision evidently resolving itself into a matter of expediency, a conviction forcibly urges itself on my mind, that upon reviewing the several particulars of this case, propriety and advantage may seem to justify a course different to that resolved upon on Friday; or, at least, suggest a

* For more information on this subject, see *Life of Joseph Kinghorn*, by Martin Hood Wilkin.

doubt whether or not the wisdom of the Committee may not better evince itself by hesitating to interpose its advice, and, finally it may be, its authority, in a case of acknowledged difficulty, and not, as it appears to me, imperatively forced upon their attention.

“The gentlemen who memorialize the Committee upon this occasion, though amongst the cordial friends of the British and Foreign Bible Society, yet are not the representatives of its auxiliary society in Calcutta, but are only a part of that body, addressing, upon their own responsibility, the parent institution upon a subject, the decision of which is to involve the sentiments of another body of the friends, who, it seems, are kept quite in ignorance of the procedure, and are never to have an opportunity of expressing their sentiments until the decision of the Committee at home is actually gone forth and passed into a law.

“The oftener I reflect upon the document in question, the more my regret deepens at the spirit which it breathes; and the more am I convinced the design it meditates of securing the Committee of the Bible Society to interfere between their friends in India, if attained, would be utterly ineffectual in removing the evils of which it complains.

“For if it be the case, as this letter insinuates, that uneasiness exists in the minds of the missionaries respecting their native converts upon the subject of

baptism, it does not, I am disposed to believe, arise from the use of words in the Bengalee Testament, but from other causes, the remedy of which must be sought, not from any authority interposed by the Committee of the Bible Society, or from any other distinct body of Christians, but from the cultivation of Christian affections, and by the maintaining of an honourable and benign deportment by the persons on the scene of action. It is much to be feared, from the contents of this letter, that a certain root of bitterness is springing up in India, and threatens to trouble us. But, however benevolent the intentions of the Committee of the Bible Society may be in seeking to extirpate it, nothing can possibly prove effectual to this purpose but the circumspection, dignity, and genuine benevolence of gospel principles, assiduously cultivated by the brethren themselves.

“My Uncle Carey brings into every department of the missionary work a mind singularly simple, exact, and energetic. Decision, and patience of labour and of suffering, are the grand constituents of his character. In so capital a work as that of translating the Word of God, we may justly expect to see the leading characteristics of his mind develope themselves. And if, when interfered with in prosecuting this great work, he should ever seem rigid in matters which some may deem of slight moment, that rigidity, in the estimation of the wise and good, will receive

ample compensation in the sanctity of his ruling principles.

“In translating the Word of God he has it impressed upon his conscience to give the mind of the Spirit, in every passage, upon every subject, and if that were possible, in every word. This principle he applies to the subject of baptism, as to every other. He judges that the Greek words βαπτὼς and βαπτίζω have a primary and appropriate meaning as well as other verbs, and that such meaning is transferable into foreign mediums. That in legislating for his Church our Lord would use words in such sense in preference to any one secondary and metaphorical. In the Bengalee translation, my Uncle has adopted the word *Dube*, with its cognates, as more strictly conformable to the Greek verbs than any other.

“The brethren of the Episcopal and Independent denominations in this memorial complain of this course, and affirm that the word is used in the sense of *drowning*, &c.

“But, if I am not greatly mistaken, its proper signification is to dip, to plunge, to immerse. People use it as expressive of excessive sorrow and overwhelming calamity, as our Blessed Lord did the Greek word, when adverting to his final agony.

“Indeed, if the Bengalee word *Dube* were translated into Greek, I know not how it could be expressed but by the very words to express which my Uncle has adopted it.

“Mr. Ellerton, it is remarked, has retained the Greek words. In the first instance, I was informed, it was not so, but that he used the very same words which are now complained of; and that he consented to the alteration at the suggestion of his justly-respected friend, Mr. Thomason.

“My Uncle has pursued his course now for nearly twenty years as a fellow-labourer with this venerable institution. He has done so in a manner most explicit and honourable; and up to this period the British and Foreign Bible Society have not deemed it unsuitable to afford him their countenance, and have incorporated an honourable mention of his exertions with the records of their important labours.

“He may consent to a course acceptable to the gentlemen who have signed this memorial; but all the probabilities are against it. If he conceive that it would compromise principle and conscience, not all the societies in the world will signify the weight of a feather. He will sooner not labour—which to him would be the same as not to live—than labour under any dishonourable condition.

“Those whom I know of the brethren who have signed this memorial, I respect and love; but in this particular, my impression is they have stepped beyond their line, and appear solicitous to prejudice the counsels of a catholic institution in favour of denominational fears and feelings. But one of these

brethren, to my recollection, Mr. Bawley, has contributed anything to the cause of Bible translation, whereas those whose labours may be materially affected by the measure they solicit are amongst the early coadjutors of the institution.

“We never had any brethren in the Baptist denomination in India, to my knowledge, zealous for baptism but brother Chamberlain; and yet he was stricter in the candidates he received to the ordinance than any one of his brethren. But Hindoos and Hindoo converts do not think of the subject of water baptism as Christians and ministers in this country, who are pledged to early views and connexions; and, living in a hot climate, they are accustomed to washing and dipping daily and hourly. The converts of different societies meeting, will talk the subject over; and what remedy can be devised against it? I greatly question whether any European brother has exchanged with the converts of another denomination, unsolicited, much, if any, conversation upon the subject.

“But did I believe, as my respected Independent brethren do, that immersion is equally a proper mode of Christian baptism with application of water, I would certainly—to secure my converts to my own future superintendence—baptize them in any way which would satisfy their consciences, and retain my sheep in the fold to which I myself pertained.

“ Had it been in my power, I would have rejoiced to have given utterance in person to these sentiments, but they did not so fully, nor in the same order, present themselves when permitted to speak to the point. Should the proprieties of the case allow your reading these lines, or any part of them, they are submitted to your discretion ; and your permission to do so will be a renewed proof of the candour and liberality of the Committee.—*Muswell Hill, Jan. 31, 1828.*”

UPON SWEDENBORGIANISM.

“ Carmarthen, Oct. 9, 1838.—I am deeply convinced that no one can embrace the system of Swedenborg without a renunciation of the plain and essential principles of the Gospel revelation. There is no doctrine or fact, historical or miraculous, that it does not pervert, or explain away, or mystify. The deep solemnities of the incarnation and atonement, the resurrection, and the regenerating agency of the Holy Spirit, are converted into a mere riddle and phantasm ; and there is nothing in the whole circle of truth it does not mar ; so neither is there anything in the whole circle of religious affections and duties with respect to God, or our relation to his cause or his Church, which that system does not disturb and stultify, or annihilate. Its speculations are heathenish ; and its spirit is Socinian. It leaves

those who embrace it not a single sentiment, nor affection, nor purpose in the slightest sympathy with any one section of the Universal Church of Christ. Mr. —— will know this; for when I returned home after eleven years' absence, it was his opinion that the reading the Lord's Prayer was the only act of worship in which it was proper to unite. Pause, I beseech you, ere you plunge into this gulf of mysticism and error. As to the beauty of these sentiments, you may be under mistake and illusion. The beauty of sentiments consists in their close affinity to the truth they relate to, and the moral and religious influence they exert. But I cannot say your announcement surprised me.

* * * *

Alas for you! that you should hold the precious immutable truths of the Gospel in such light estimation as to cast them away, and imperil your salvation for a system of sophisms, and fancies, and baubles. I am filled with grief—I am oppressed with sorrow.

“You will certainly conceive it your duty to converse with your pastor, Mr. —— or Dr. —— . Delay in so important an affair can be in no wise detrimental. By all means take time, read and pray, and pray and read. Do not mistake my grief for anger; take time, reflect, and ponder again the whole affair.”

ON TRIALS FROM OUR FELLOW-CREATURES.

“Camberwell Grove, May 14, 1835.—I can easily conceive that this trial may have derived great additional poignancy from the intimacy of the parties who have involuntarily incurred it upon you. It is a visitation of that mixed and complicated nature, that, to be rightly borne, must be allowed to call into determined and vigorous exercise various Christian graces, which, though they are in beautiful consistency the one with the other, it requires some eminence in the Christian life to exemplify in combination. If I am afflicted in my person, or in the persons of my dearest connexions, or if I am called to consign those to the grave who may be dear to me as my own soul, my trial, indeed, is severe, and my grief may be intense ; yet my duty is simple, and easily discerned. I can at once discover the hand of God, and my concern is to subdue and to tranquillize my selfish agitated spirit to a humble, peaceful submission to the supremacy of an invisible and almighty Ruler. He, withal, is my father and my portion, and offers me such assurances of his faithfulness, his infinite, unchangeable love, that I may well assuage my sorrows, and so withdraw myself from all created dependence and complacency in sublunary good as to assimilate my feelings to those of the Psalmist, who exclaims, ‘My soul is even as a weaned child ; a child that is weaned of its

mother.' But when our afflictions are not so immediately from the divine hand, but come to us through the intervention of our fellow-creatures, the right adjustment of our feelings is a task of somewhat greater difficulty. I have not merely to cultivate humility and filial submission with respect to God, but forbearance, and it may be forgiveness, with respect to men.

"But God is able to make all grace abound, and I cannot doubt but my dear friends have already experienced those supplies of spiritual comfort which, though they be at all times available, are especially reserved for seasons of disappointment and trouble. As you never considered your happiness suspended upon the amount of this world's good which the divine providence might confide to you, so I am convinced that, though some portion of that good may be withdrawn, it will leave your peace undisturbed and your happiness undiminished. 'Your citizenship,' my beloved friends, 'is in heaven.' No vicissitudes in your earthly circumstances can affect that."

The extracts of letters which close this chapter were addressed by Mr. Carey to his oldest and most valued friend, Dr. Hoby. The writer regrets that they do not appear in the Memoir in their regular chronological order; but having been by some accident mislaid, they were not presented by Mr. Carey's

respected correspondent until the last sheets of this work were passing through the press. They are, however, much too valuable to be wholly omitted. The reader will perceive how confirmatory they are of all that has been stated respecting Mr. Carey's life and labours.

The two first letters were written before he went to India. There are others equally interesting, but it is impossible now to find space for them.

“Northampton, May 20, 1812.—All, all is blank for the present, and I cannot help blaming myself for not writing to you, as your anxiety must have been great indeed. I deferred writing to you in reply to yours till now, because I could communicate nothing with certainty before. I learnt nothing from Mr. Fuller more than I wrote to you, till I came to the meeting of ministers which was held here yesterday. I got here on Tuesday evening, when Mr. Fuller thus addressed me, ‘Well, this is the man who was almost dead! I fear it is all a blank about India at the present.’

“After a week's suspense and anxiety this was not the most pleasant information, but I am more and more convinced that God does right. The difficulty arises from those sworn enemies of God and godliness, the —— Company. They fear that, although it be a Danish ship, yet if I go without the permission of the Company, they would prevent my landing.

The Committee, therefore, thought it not advisable to proceed upon an insecure ground.

“But oh, my dear Hoby, I want you to go with me, go when I may. Perhaps you will declare yourself for this blessed, blessed work. I feel my mind much more composed after such anxiety than I could expect; but how the dear girl at Leicester is I cannot tell. I was to go back to-day, but there is no day-coach, and I dare not travel in the night. I feel a secret pleasure that I am in the hands of God. I feel I am the *servant of God*, and am as confident as I am of my existence that if he means to bless me in India, I shall go. And if not, he may bless me elsewhere. But yet my desire for missionary labours is as strong as ever.

“Three more were yesterday admitted in the Society. My dear Hoby, I do hope in my heart you may go. I truly thank you for your letter, which is so kind and so affectionate, but have this to say, that if you continue to pay the postage of your letters I shall do so too.

“I had begun to think I was well, and certainly I am much better than I was; but perhaps the hope of going to India strengthened one limb out of the four. My dutiful regards to Dr. Ryland. Respects to Mack, to Taylor, and the classmates. Farewell, my dear Hoby.

“Leicester, March 20, 1813.—Your kind letter

came to hand last week. I hope you will receive my hearty acknowledgment of the affectionate regard it breathes. I trust our friendship will never be lessened on either side, for hearts united in the love of Christ are not soon parted.

“You tell me in yours that you ‘love the service of the Saviour more than ever;’ and I think that I can say that I never felt more solemnly dedicated to God and to his cause than I do at this moment. The more I contemplate the religion of the New Testament, the more of God I see in it; the more cause I see to glory in its principles, and the more do I long to make them known. There is no religion calculated to meet the miseries of the human race but this—none that can make known an assurance of pardon to the guilty—none that can effectually heal the maladies of apostates but this. Oh that it was but known and loved by all who have souls to be saved!

“I have felt of late more devoted to the work of the Mission than ever, and have made it a matter of earnest prayer that I may engage in it from the purest motives. I feel attached to this work in preference to any other; and, according to my present views, I could not abandon the prospect of a missionary life under any consideration, except the will of God should seem to forbid. Nevertheless, I do not feel impatient or uneasy at the delay I am necessitated to experience. I still find a continuance of that kind-

ness from my friends here which I at the first experienced. It is a feast to me every Sabbath to hear Mr. Hall, and whenever I call upon him he treats me with the greatest tenderness and familiarity. In addition to this, I have friends of whom I can borrow any books that I want, so that I read and do as much as my health will allow.

“Doorgapore, Feb. 7, 1824.—You will not deem me troublesome, I believe, but my design in writing is to request you will do us the favour of seeing our dear William Fosbrook for the purpose of acquainting him with the death of his beloved sister, Annie Yates Carey. This is a providence altogether so unexpected and so painful to Mrs. Carey and myself, that we are scarcely able to realize our affliction. This is the fourth child we have lost. Yet I would fain consider them as *gained*. When, a few months ago, I noticed the removal of our second, Eustace, it was a consolation that the Lord had removed our darlings in infancy. But the present is a stroke of a very different nature. My child was arrived at a most interesting period, being six years of age—the only child with us. She was to us at least a very, very lovely child; fond of reading, learning Scripture portions, and hymns, &c., in which she certainly made no mean proficiency. Many and very pleasant indeed were the hours she and her dear mamma spent together

reading the Scriptures. William will remember whole evenings thus spent.

“Paunchoo, the Christian brother, this morning in prayer remembered us by saying, ‘Lord, thou hast afflicted them as thou didst Job. Oh! give them that same grace that they may also say, ‘The Lord gave,’” &c. My children were exceedingly fond of this brother. William will not soon forget him, I think. Annie Yates, after the death of her last little brother, being at his hut, said to him :—

“‘Paunchoo, tell me, would you like to die and go to heaven?’

“‘Yes, Annie. This is an enemy’s country. Why should I wish to live when the Lord shall please to call me?’

“‘I, too,’ said the child, ‘wish to die and go to my dear brothers and to my sister, who are now little angels.’

“The last word she uttered was expressive of her desire to go to heaven; and I have, bless the Lord, reason to hope she knew something of the nature of the place, and the way to it.

“I wish she could have said more; but that might not have been so well for us, as our trial might thereby have been too light to have accomplished the end for which our Lord has designed it. I have more reason to fear feeling *too little* than too much. I

sometimes feel as though I were encased in stupidity. Pray for us, that we may not *despise* the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when we are rebuked of Him."

"June 15, 1824.—This will, in all probability, be the last I shall address to you from Bengal for—how long shall I say? The doctor has ordered me home, without reserve. The brethren have concurred in recommending the measure, and my passage is secured in an American ship, the *Factor*, and in twenty days I and my poor wife are to be on board. What shall I say?—what can I say?—but cast myself upon the tender mercy and care of Him *whose is the sea and the dry land*. Distant anticipation of reaching home and entering the habitations of those whom we love seems almost entirely prevented by a multitude of most anxious feelings. Here I leave my companions in labour, and I may say, sorrow; for into whose hand, in our little much-loved circle, has not the cup of affliction passed? Little has been the fruit of our labour; but this little I leave. Our hands are few and feeble, but Providence thus reduces us still lower; and, while I go in search of health, I leave those behind me little better than myself. I leave the dust of four precious babes mouldering in their graves, and among them my dearest, my sweetest Annie Yates Carey, who, some few Sabbaths since, breathed her dear and lovely spirit into the hands of Jesus. After

severe sufferings from both liver and spleen, which continued for three successive months, she had a few hours of sweet relief, spoke of the Sabbath—of going to her dear brother Eustace, who died a few months previously—of being with Jesus and in heaven, and, after being soothed into a sweet sleep by her dear mamma, stole away from us in a moment. My poor heart swells with grief while I hastily recount these sorrows. I hope I do not repine; nay, if I know my own mind, I would not for the world and all it contains solicit her return, were that permitted me. No; let her rest in his dear bosom who gathers the lambs in his arms! But who could lose Annie and not feel? It is, indeed, that we might feel that the Lord has removed her. Should we ever meet, you must bear with me, and let me be sorrowful. May you never *know how* to sympathize with me.

“A month yesterday I came from our native station, where I have lived for several years, for medical advice, was thrown into a deep salivation, and am now just recovering, and am able to go about the house. I bless the Lord for his goodness. I may get a little strength previously to my going on board. A bad time of the year for sailing. I also fear much from the excitement likely to be occasioned at parting, &c. I know the Lord is able to support me; that is, I know it just as I know that two and two make four; but whether, at the moment of trial, I may be

able to comfort my heart by knowing it, is more than I can pretend to say till the hour arrives. Allow me again to acknowledge my deep obligation to you for your continued attention to our dear William, now our only child."

"Camden Hill, Feb. 1827.—I trust my health is really improved, yet I do not feel a *man* by a great deal. Greater progress was anticipated by me when first I landed, but the disappointment may be indispensable to my spiritual welfare. 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee,' is a text I much wish to preach from, but hardly know how to do it.

"I wish greater attention, and an intention more indicative of ardent affection to the Mission itself, were discovered by the Committee, especially by ministers. The *business* of the Mission may be much more conveniently transacted in London; but its spiritual interests, I begin to think, must have been felt much more adequately by the old-fashioned people in the country. I am much mistaken if the bond of affection be not in danger of a gradual relaxation between the Society (I mean the Committee at home) and the missionary agents abroad. Some little fear entertained in due time upon this head might be rather useful to the permanent interests of the Mission. What strikes me as above all things wanted, is a strong intercommunity of feeling and

interests. All seems now reduced to hard matter of business. To meet for prayer and consultation upon the more strictly spiritual interests of the Mission seems as far beyond our thought as journeying to the moon.

“Believe me, my very dear brother, affectionately yours,

“E. CAREY.”

CHAP. XVIII.

CHANGE OF RELATIONSHIP TO THE SOCIETY—VIEWS OF THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY—OUTLINES OF CHARACTER.

IN 1845 the Society with which Mr. Carey had been in association for twenty years changed somewhat its character towards him; so that, in his esteem, a new phase was given to his relationship with it. While considered fully capable of pleading the Society's cause, and of representing it as aforetime, yet was he deemed virtually incapable of taking part in its counsels, and having his name enrolled among its executive.

The fact is simply this:—At the annual meeting of the subscribers of the Baptist Missionary Society Mr. Carey's name was struck off the list of proposed members for the ensuing year by those who were then in office. The reason assigned for this was, that he was in the receipt of a salary, and therefore disqualified. The then secretary plainly stated to the meeting that the same objection applied to himself. Nevertheless, his name was never put on again. It

always appeared to Mr. Carey that this was an act of injustice.

Perhaps it was not to be wondered at that his long connexion with the Society—the aid he had rendered, together with his brethren, in originating the property in Calcutta belonging to the Society—and the amount of personal and pecuniary contributions which he had given, should have confirmed him in an idea that he was a recognised member of its executive.

It seemed also strange both to himself and to many others that he should be considered worthy to represent the Society, and yet be denied all share in its counsels; especially as he had never regarded himself, nor had the Christian public so looked upon him, as simply its paid subordinate agent.

The writer has simply to do with this matter here as the biographer of Mr. Carey, and to record that to him it was a most painful trial, and coloured with a deep tinge of melancholy the remainder of his life. None but those who were in daily intercourse with him knew the depth and intensity of his feeling on this matter.

But as on a former occasion of afflictive differences, so, in this case, it is not for the writer to remove the veil which time has thrown over the decisions of some who were, as much as Mr. Carey, devoted to the same great cause. Yet, however con-

siderable the zeal and the devotedness of those who conducted the affairs of the Society at this time, this remark may be ventured, and will be free from the charge of vanity, that no one of this body was in advance of him in respect to his experience, and his knowledge of missionary work. It is easy, however, for us to sympathize with him in the feeling which is common to us all—the dislike which we must naturally have to be laid aside by our fellow-creatures from work, when the sun is yet high in our heavens, and all the activities of life are about us. Yet was there a merciful design in all this. For so many years a welcomed visitor amongst the churches, and in high esteem for his work's sake, it was intended to prepare him for the future, and to further his highest interests. "But the trials of life," he used to say, "are very much that which we make them to be, and depend for their degree of poignancy upon the medium through which we behold them. Trial is also sure to come in connexion with those things which afford us the most pleasure." To Mr. Carey this event was one of those which God designed should wean his servant from his loved employment, prepare him gradually for his heavenly rest, while his loving Saviour whispered by it and the events which followed the words—"Come ye yourself apart, and rest awhile."

Two years after this, it was officially intimated to

Mr. Carey that other changes were in contemplation by the Society. These changes were publicly notified in the *Herald* of September, 1849; and he, in consequence, sent in his resignation of his office. He designed now to take the pastorate of some church; but when this work was put in his way, on two or three occasions, his mind intuitively recoiled from it, deeming himself wholly unequal to its requirements, and more especially as exercised in the country. Having no distinct work, therefore, at the instance of the Committee, in 1850, he consented to travel for the Society during three or four months in the year. This engagement he retained to the last.

In the year 1852, when visiting the north of England for the Mission, he had an alarming illness at Bradford. He was staying at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Harwood, who kindly ministered to his comfort and relief. Very gradual was his recovery; but during the last year and a half of his life it was supposed to be complete. He had still great pleasure in preaching and speaking, and was always improved in health and spirits by his work. After now nearly thirty years of unbroken labour, the old theme was fresh and young; for India was written on his heart. This name of a country he loved so much was worn by him as a signet. In the social circle, when the conversation turned on India, his soul beamed through every feature of his countenance, and his eyes bright-

ened into those sparkling ones worn long ago by the Northampton youth, and showing most clearly that the spirit was not crushed with advancing years, nor his strength of devotion in any way broken. So much was this the case, that when occasionally depressed in spirits, some member of the family would remark—"Papa seems very low and taciturn to-night." "Oh," would be the instant rejoinder by another, "get him to talk about India; ask him some question about its mythology, or the etymology of some Bengalee word, and he will be as bright and eager as a boy of sixteen."

The character of Mr. Carey's preaching is too well known to the churches amongst which he itinerated to require here any description from the pen of the writer.

There are, however, one or two remarks which may be safely advanced with reference to his views of the Christian ministry, and of the manner in which he sought to "make full proof" of his call to it, which may not be wholly uninteresting.

It cannot be too clearly stated, that he attached the highest dignity and importance to the Christian ministry as an institution of Christ, and believed that it was intended by him to be the principal means of blessing and saving the world; that no other

dispensation was to be expected, the simple preaching of the Gospel being designed to be final and triumphant.

These opinions he held most sacredly; for they were, as he thought, at the foundation of the New Testament teaching. They were in accordance with his own early experience and opinions, were strengthened by his work as a missionary, by his growth in years and in the knowledge of his Saviour. And not only so; but his firm hold of these truths gave a character to his work abroad; in after life, an abiding and joyous hope as to India's final deliverance from the thralldom of idolatry, and were the mainspring of his predilection for missionary or ministerial work.

It may be asked here why such prominence should be given to a belief in truths which are so self-evident, so universally admitted throughout Christendom, and respecting whose correctness there could be no possible question, except by a certain class of Millenarians?

A reply may be given by asking another question. From the limited use which the Church makes of this instrumentality—both at home and abroad—is it not to be feared that there exists amongst its members some *doubt* as to those truths which are the prop and sustenance of its own being? There can be little doubt that we have not only

now to contend with lax notions respecting the use of preaching, but we have to contend with the vagarious manner in which this precious gift of God is sought to be exercised: some almost exclusively preaching to the intellect; some, with the same exclusiveness, to the Church; others, *to sinners*, as the phrase goes. From some we have school-room, athænaum, mechanics' institute lectures, and all, on that Day of days, which is God's gift to man for the cultivation and improvement of his religious life. In his ministry Mr. Carey never lost sight of the truth which stands at the entrance into the kingdom—"If any man will *do his will*, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself. This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom He hath sent." It makes one weary to hear some preachers; how they go through the whole circle of arguments again and again; of evidences, of demonstrations, of reasons for receiving the Gospel; just as if to clear the head of the man was to convert his heart; just as if it was from ignorance merely that he was an enemy to God, and not from the perversion and obstinacy of his will and his whole moral being. All this splendid and correctly-adjusted logic is often to the minds of hearers what an eloquent writer says philosophy was to the night of paganism—"like the lantern-fly of the

tropics, a light to itself and an ornament of the surrounding darkness.”* Such preaching reminds one of a passage in the *Golden Legend*, where it is said that on one occasion, when the monks were considering in their school at Salerno,

“When, where, and wherefore Lucifer fell,
And whether he now is chained in hell,”

Satan himself comes in as a doctor, and says:—

“I think I can answer that question well:
So long as the boastful human mind
Consents in such mills as this to grind,
I sit very firmly on my throne.”

The grand point in this matter is the submission of the *will* to God; but, alas, how often is the understanding—that faculty of the mind which Coleridge calls “the most subtle of all the beasts of the field”—catered for by the preacher most of all? When the heart is right with God, the understanding becomes enlightened and sanctified.

As Mr. Carey had a great dislike to controversy of all sorts, he never placed the Gospel controversially before his hearers; but, taking a fundamental truth admitted by all, he built up other truths upon it, evolved from them motives for Christian belief and practice, and plied the heart with arguments for obedience in a manner most earnest, yet most winning.

* Coleridge's *Aids*, &c.

It was his desire ever to carry out Mr. Hall's invaluable suggestion—"Endeavour to acquire as extensive and perfect a knowledge as possible of the dictates of inspiration; and by establishing your hearers in these, preclude the entrance of error *rather than confute it.*"

Although his preaching was not argumentative, yet his sermons presented a series of well-defined propositions, closely united in regular sequence, arising naturally out of the subject before him, forming a climax, and terminating in a flow of warm and stirring eloquence. He always seemed like a brother speaking to his brethren. His discourses were always addressed to his *hearers*, irrespective of their division into saints and sinners. He taught sinners as he taught the saints, by a manifestation of the truth; by bringing the kingdom of God near to them, "which is righteousness, and joy, and peace in the Holy Ghost." His Calvinism was as John Newton said all Calvinism should be, "like sugar in the tea, tasted, but not seen." Yet was it most unmistakeably there. Is not this as it should be? Is not the preaching of the Gospel in the great congregation to be a spreading of the Gospel feast for the acceptance of all, for those out of the highways and hedges, who may have been compelled to come in, as well as for those who have been accustomed to sit down at the Master's table?

Is it not the grand object of the Church—the main reason of its existence—that it may be a light to attract the wanderer, the reservoir of blessing to the *world*? Surely this is the very genius of Christianity—the daguerreotype of the Gospel message, which is to be “to every creature.”

Any one familiar with the writings of John Howe cannot fail to be struck with the resemblance in the order of thought and plan of composition between them and Mr. Carey’s sermons. This may be accounted for by the fact that he was his favourite author, whose works were most carefully studied.

The Rev. J. Dore says of Mr. Carey’s preaching:—“The acceptability of his sermons and speeches depended much on the congeniality of the taste, and the corresponding mould in which the mind of an individual was cast, and on the degree of the mental cultivation of his audience; but even where there was no great portion of intellectual refinement, so necessary duly to appreciate his classical and elegant style, yet the devotional feeling he evinced, and the important evangelical truths he advanced, always deeply interested the hearts of the truly pious, and secured the approbation of those who admired the Scriptures, and loved the Saviour, however small might be their amount of worldly learning.”

This is perfectly true; but though the humble Christian poor, and many classes also of the irreligious

poor, could well understand him, it must be allowed that the style and character of his sermons were not suited to the class of questioning, doubting, antagonistic minds to whom the ordinary expressions of religious doctrines are unfamiliar—a class always sufficiently large in our populous towns.

Mr. Carey's manner of delivery was quiet and undemonstrative in the pulpit; when on the platform, his action would often be energetic; but the solemnities of the sanctuary ever seemed to restrain and subdue his naturally vivacious manner. Yet, on the platform, his impetuosity of diction and warmth of action were ever the natural outgrowth of his kindling theme. Nothing annoyed him much more than to see a man get up and begin to be loud and boisterous before he had time to warm himself with his subject. "Out of nature," he used to call it, and certainly he never fell into the same fault himself.

Of his missionary speeches no accurate record has been kept. There is not one which is fairly given. This arose from the inability of the reporters to keep pace with him. Often have they been seen to lay down the pen with a smile at their vain attempt to follow the rapid speaker.

Very few were his words about money, and very neatly adjusted. Pressing people to give he could not endure. He used to say, "If Christian motives, love to Christ and his great cause, the destitution of

the heathen, and the influence of prayer did not secure a collection, nothing else would do it.

“I cannot talk about giving, nor press people against their will. Besides, let no one suppose that we travel about the country merely to gain money; that money is the only thing we want in carrying forward the great missionary enterprise. We want your prayers, we want your sympathy, we want you to feel that this cause is yours—that it is that which your Saviour has committed to you as his servants. ‘Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Feed my lambs, feed my sheep.’ O try to imitate your Saviour, who, when he saw the multitude, was moved with compassion, because they fainted and were scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd.” He was very fond of quoting a text from the Psalms, which he used to think had special reference to this subject—“Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power,” willing to consecrate themselves and their substance when God shall pour forth abundantly of his Spirit.

Perhaps it may be allowable here just to mention that in this matter Mr. Carey practised as well as preached. He steadfastly maintained all through life that principle of the Calcutta Union with which he commenced his missionary career.

Sometimes at missionary meetings he would find a box of gods and goddesses placed ready for him. A

friend would say with animation, "Mr. Carey, we have procured these for you." "Oh, have you, sir?" he would answer, drily, "thank you; but I think they will be better left undisturbed in their box." With this sort of exhibition he had no sympathy, and would often say, when speaking of it:—"I want some other instrument between the tips of my fingers and these abominations. I cannot endure them. The Scriptures teach us that we should cast them to the moles and the bats, and not make a show of them. Any one who knew what idolatry really was would not for one moment suppose that the risibility of the audience could lawfully be excited by the objects of a pretended worship so loathsome and debasing."

A gentleman once said—"Mr. Carey makes people laugh; his speeches tend to destroy seriousness." The minister to whom this remark was made—a man well able to discern things that differ—warmly denied its accuracy. Nothing in the whole course of his life ever gave Mr. Carey so much pain as did the unkindness of this speech. But it was not true, and betrayed on the part of him who uttered it a great want of perception of the real state of the case. Pleasurable excitement Mr. Carey's speeches often produced; undue merriment never. Let it be remembered that all rapid movement creates sympathetic excitement—the rapid flow of words does so; also

that laughter is not invariably the exponent of *levity*. As the excitement which accompanied his addresses was that of pleasure and not of pain, the smile, nay, even the laugh, was perfectly admissible as its natural expression, and was by no means indicative of a trifling spirit in either speaker or hearers.

Mr. Carey was several times invited to be a pastor. But his friends in England did not succeed much better with him in this respect than his friends in America. Two or three years after his return he received an invitation from the church at Salter's Hall, London, which invitation was renewed again after a few years. In 1838, he was unanimously invited to this office by the Baptist church at Reading; and, after his partial secession from travelling for the Mission, he received two or three invitations from churches in the country. In some respects he would have been well suited to this work. He had strong sympathies, and great ability in visiting from house to house, and conducting short and delightful services of reading and prayer, which he was in the habit of holding at the houses of his neighbours. These, together with his great cheerfulness and his loving spirit, were just the social habits which are suited to the pastorate. He used to say—"When I was co-pastor with dear Lawson in Calcutta, we used to go out, when I have conducted as many as six short services at different

houses in the course of one afternoon." It was in this way that he collected the beautiful anecdotes quoted in a previous chapter. His own unshaken confidence in God, with the deep sense which he had of his own unworthiness and of the low place which he deserved, produced that state of mind suited to cheer and comfort the mourner. But trials connected with the secular business of the Church, and with its lesser details, would have been to him most appalling. He used to say—"Above all other things, I hate to manage; and, next to that, to be managed." He was most certainly unfitted in habits and temperament to cope with some of the coarse forms under which human nature sometimes presents itself in our church relationships.

Of his social character a few remarks may be made. His nomadic sort of life was, of course, not the one most advantageous for study; but it had much less effect upon him than might have been expected. He had the power of seizing upon every moment, and taking up again the train of thought with little loss of time. When on the coach or railway he could read as intently and studiously as in his own study; and when at friends' houses he would gather up all spare moments with great assiduity. Yet if he thought his presence would gratify the family with whom he was staying, and more especially if he knew that friends were invited to meet him, he always took

pains to make himself agreeable. On these occasions he used to relate anecdotes of his Indian life and of his Uncle Dr. Carey, which he thought would be interesting to the company.

One of his numerous and valued friends in the country,* whom he used to visit when collecting and preaching for the mission, said in conversation with a member of Mr. Carey's family—"One trait of his character ought to be brought out very prominently, which was this—his *peacemaking* spirit; among the many families he visited he never was the cause of any ill-feeling arising. No ill-natured remarks of one to the other—no tittle tattle—no slander. Never a word of evil of another; always healing and soothing, and setting at *one again*, was his influence. But he had a very quick perception of the weak points in any character; he would make playful and witty remarks upon it, but then they never wounded, never had any sting in them to leave behind. This forms a contrast to some whom I know, who always find so much fault with everybody, and do, therefore, much harm as they visit in different families." One other remark:—"I suppose there is not a missionary meeting in the kingdom that has not felt his death as a loss—not one that did not specially claim him as its own. 'Our

* At Huntingdon.

Mr. Carey,' was always the word, and the word was the outcoming of the feeling."

As to his language—"What a peculiar method he had of clothing his thoughts. You might bring him in a thought—a *rugged* thought—and he would take it in his own hands, and turn it out clothed in his own words, and you scarcely knew it again. The *thought* was there, the *ruggedness* gone; and you were astonished to find how many new phases this thought possessed."

Whatsoever were his own trials, they were locked within the secret chamber of his own heart, or known only to his family. He never related his trials in the ears of his friends; yet was he the sympathizing friend and brother, whose ear was always open to the tale of another's sorrow. In fact, he invariably refrained from ever making his family the subject of conversation. So much so, indeed, was this the case, that a gentleman, with whom he had been for several years on terms of intimacy, on visiting him at his own house, and being introduced to his children, exclaimed—"Why, Mr. Carey, I did not know you had any children; I never heard you allude to them."

His manner of address to all those who were inferior to him in station or in knowledge was most markedly courteous; and the tendency of it was, of course, to draw out the good in others; for, by the invariable respect with which he treated all people,

he always put them into good temper, and made them respect him and themselves.

The mercies which he had in travelling from place to place were very numerous. One instance out of a great many may be mentioned. Being too late in reaching the inn from whence the coach was to start, he found the seat next the coachman, which he invariably occupied, was already filled. He took, therefore, a back seat. One of his fellow-passengers, a robust man, buttoned up in a great coat, beguiled the time by railing against the Whigs. The coachman happened to be a Whig. Mr. Carey spoke in their favour. In the middle of one of the old gentleman's speeches the coach upset. Mr. Carey, with presence of mind, so managed as not to be thrown off. On getting down to help the rest of the passengers, he picked up the old gentleman, and finding that he was not hurt, reminded him of the preserving care of God. "That's why I hate these Whigs; they drive over everything," was the reply.

The gentleman who occupied the place Mr. Carey intended to have taken, had both his legs broken; and the coachman was so seriously injured as to be obliged to be left by the way.

On one of his journeys a Roman Catholic priest claimed acquaintance with him, taking him, greatly to his amusement, to be a Jesuit father. In replying to the question whether he were not Father —,

Mr. Carey told him he was *somewhat* mistaken. He managed, nevertheless, to continue a most agreeable conversation with the priest, and to press home into his block of error one or two, to him, *un-orthodox* wedges.*

Knowing Mr. Carey's great liberality and oneness of heart with all followers of Christ, the writer once asked him what he thought of the proposed amalgamation of the Baptist and Independent denominations. His answer was—"I should not like to be absorbed. While in matters of truth and principle we should agree, there is a great difference between us in matters of a secondary kind, connected with religious taste and habits." Yet, as is well known, his denominational peculiarities were never prominently brought forward.

He did not readily form new and intimate friendships; but when once formed they were retained with great tenacity. Hence he never removed his membership from the Circular Road, Calcutta. He used to say, "I cannot help any church very much wherever I reside, on account of my frequent absence from home, therefore I shall still remain what I am, a member of our church at Calcutta."

It is much to be regretted that Mr. Carey did not write more, especially with reference to Indian

* The reader who remembers Mr. Carey's costume will not so much wonder at this mistake.

matters, for these were really ingrained in his very nature and made a part of himself. No one understood Hindoo idolatry better than he did; no one could have written more forcibly upon it, both in its practical and philosophical bearing. His mind was subtle and penetrating; perhaps it might be said to be more strongly receptive than creative. His power of acquisition and assimilation was rapid and thorough. This partly arose from the close concentration of thought of which he was capable. He had a most quick perception of analogies, hence his constant use of figures,—joined to this was an innate sympathy with the poetic, and an extreme sensibility to the influence of rhythm; from which resulted his harmonious choice of words and his fastidiousness in composition. But it must be remembered that his incessant labour in travelling about, preaching and speaking, devoured all his energies, and left him, on his return home, often without either ability or inclination for literary composition. Besides, he had a great dislike to the mechanical part of writing. As a boy, he was more successful in the handling of words, if such a term may be used, than in handling tools or implements of any kind.

So many years having been passed in a wandering life, and as a visitor at the houses of the several friends who entertained him, it was not to be wondered at that he found the quiet daily routine of

home-life somewhat uncongenial, especially as he had no lesser pursuits with which to vary his occupation, such as gardening. This he regretted more than any one else, and sedulously strove to take an interest in every minor detail of home; and as to the gardening, he would most zealously work at it until forced from very weariness to desist.

He was not, like his uncle, a naturalist; yet had he great love for flowers. How often he referred to a sentence of Henry Martyn's, quoted by him in his *Uncle's Life*, and into the spirit of which he so fully entered — "With a blade of grass, or a straw, I find myself in good company." A friend, a market-gardener, sent him a fuchsia. What pleasure that flower gave him when placed upon his study table. His thoughts, he would say, flowed more easily with that before his eyes. When writing to his beloved friend, Mrs. Read, of Wincobank Hall, he says—"I am much delighted at the thought of returning spring. The delicate primrose and the blushing violet charm me, and the promise of verdure, and blossom, and universal beauty, and fruitfulness cheers one's heart and exhilarates the spirits, and makes the mind spring elastic and joyous to the praise of Him who renews the face of the earth;—'Who causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man, that he may bring forth food out of the earth.'

“What a fair world had this been had not sin marred the works of God, and turned his mercies into snares and curses. ‘But we look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.’ Nor need we wait for the dawn of eternity ere we realize this blessedness. The dispositions and desires of a renovated heart already ‘make all things new,’ give us a superior interest in created things than otherwise we could have enjoyed. They make us view them as the donations of our Father’s love, and earnest of his ineffable and eternal smiles. ‘All things are yours, and ye are Christ’s, and Christ is God’s.’ ”

His child’s predilection for the military profession was retained throughout life. He took great interest in our recent war with Russia. He had some considerable knowledge of military tactics, and entered into the stratagems of war with so much spirit that it was quite a treat to any one of his family to read to him the various thrilling details upon the subject. In like manner, the *Life of the Duke of Wellington* afforded him great pleasure. He often said—“Martial music always quickens my pulse.”

His sense of the ridiculous was most keen. Perhaps of the lighter part of his character this was the strongest. He thought this was a snare to him, and therefore tried most anxiously to keep it under control. So successful was he in doing

this, that some of his friends were not aware of his possessing this faculty.

It is supposed that no one will deny that the possession of a loving, gentle spirit was Mr. Carey's most distinguishing characteristic, showing itself as it did in urbanity and serenity of manner. Few were aware of the strength of burning, passionate feeling which lay concealed under the imperturbably calm demeanour. A much valued medical friend, who is known for his intimate study of the "connexion between body and soul," was almost the only one to discover this. He said to him one day: "Mr. Carey, when once excited, do you not rage *inwardly* for a long time? The fire in you will take long to kindle, but will take equally long to extinguish." "Ah!" said Mr. Carey, laughing; "how did you make that out?"

He never exerted much authority as a parent; perhaps, in some respects, not sufficiently so. But his gentle, "It would much please me if you did so and so," was more powerful than the strongest command; and his loving look of approval at any self-control manifested was a greater incentive to further exertion than any homily on the virtue would have been. Yet did his children ever find that his quietness was the outgrowth of his firmness; for, if ever they pressed a point in opposition to his wishes, and fancied they had nearly gained his consent, the quiet "Well, my

dear, you may do it if you like, but I had rather you did not," placed the matter most hopelessly where it was before, and where it must remain ; for his "*rather not*" was a sacred line they very rarely, if ever, passed. He never seemed to wish or expect them to regard him as free from faults, but trusted himself fearlessly to their love ; yet, the older they grew, the more they appreciated and esteemed his character, while so much the stronger grew the love and sympathy between them.

The reader will have noticed throughout the book the entire absence of all religious diaries. To the keeping of these, much more to their publication, Mr. Carey always expressed the most decided aversion. The heart-struggles and the innermost throes of the spirit were not suited to the perusal of the public eye. It may just be noticed, that while his trust in God was unwavering, yet his distrust of himself, and doubts of his own acceptance, were most painful. So low did he lie before his Lord, and so much did he feel his own uselessness, that when speaking, shortly before his removal, with Mrs. Carey on the hope of meeting in heaven, his reply was : "Ah ! if *I* get there."

It remains only to remark, that if it should appear to any that the colouring thrown over this portraiture of Mr. Carey's life is brighter than a hand less

nearly united to his would have made it, it can truly be said, that it has been throughout the sincere desire to present that life as truthfully and impartially as possible; and that, if this aim has not been realized, none will regret it more deeply than the writer.

CHAP. XIX.

EVENING, WITH ITS CLOUDS, PROLONGING ITS LAST
GOLDEN BEAMS.

“Our time is but a day !”

IF wearied with the length of the hours of noon—with its sun, and wind, and interchange of cloud and rain—the reader will now welcome the calm western sky, which comes not in the cold dead of night, but in the evening, so still and tranquil—in the evening time, when “there shall be light,” which shall quicken into matured life and glory the soul that falls asleep in Jesus ; for of such an one it must be ever said—

“Life can but gently lead him on,
Not hurry him away.”

There are now only one or two incidents to be recorded. In the spring of 1855 Mr. Carey took one of his old missionary tours in the West of England, in company with his friend Dr. Hoby. He visited at Taunton and Wellington some very old and valued friends residing there. On his way home he spent a

few days at Bristol, in the house of another much-esteemed friend. He had much pleasure in the society of his friends, and returned home after three weeks' absence in his usual health. To his family, notwithstanding all that was apparent to the contrary, his illness at Bradford, in 1852, remained ever a painful monitor; and but for the recollection that never more fully in the experience of any one than in his own were the lines applicable—

“Go, and return secure from death,
Till Christ shall call thee home,”

their anxiety about him on his leaving home would have been insufferable.

Shortly after his return, one Lord's Day morning in June, Mr. Carey preached in a chapel in his own immediate neighbourhood. Before leaving his dwelling, he requested Mrs. Carey to tell no one in his family of this engagement, but wished especially that she and they should go to their usual place of worship.

On returning from the service, Mrs. Carey noticed in his countenance an unusual beaming forth of pleasure. Before she had time to inquire the cause, he said to her, “I have not had so much enjoyment in preaching for many years. How strange! It has seemed to me this morning that I have been preaching with all the vigour and warmth of my youth.” The delight which this circumstance gave him was of the

purest and intensest kind, and cannot be described. There was nothing which Mr. Carey dreaded so much as being laid aside from all service in the Church of Christ. Some fear of natural death he had sometimes, but of inanition and old age he had an afflictive dread. The thought of lingering years of inactivity, decrepitude, and listlessness, was that which he could not contemplate at all times with calmness, although as a Christian he was resigned to the will of his heavenly Father. Of his safety in such keeping he had not the shadow of a doubt; it was with adoring gratitude he prayed, "Not my will, but thine be done." His loving Saviour knew all this. He had watched the long and weary way by which his servant had been led about in the wilderness. Long had his beloved companions gone before him, and why is he kept thus lingering on the plain? But let thy heart take courage! "Oh, rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him. He will come, he will not tarry."

But here lies the secret of his great delight. The thought of his having preached forcibly and effectively, and with pleasure to himself, and perhaps with acceptance to others, was that which so much gratified him. The feeling was naturally this: "I am not altogether useless and unprofitable; my Saviour has heard and answered my prayer, and given me this little reviving, and the recurrence of by-gone impressions when least expected."

But to the one who had watched his countenance with a thrilling interest there accompanied the relation of this incident a strange presentiment. So that while offering him congratulation, like an electric shock an unsolicited thought came again and knocked at the door of the innermost chamber of the mind; and like that intrusive "second voice," uttered itself discordantly. "This is not the warm glow of the setting sun, which will linger long and spread abroad in your heavens. Mark! it is the brilliant darting forth over the not distant hill whither he is tending, of the light of eternal day, where the soul's youth blooms and matures in ever-growing health and vigour."

And now that—

"East and West, without a breath
Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,
To broaden into boundless day;"

it is but for us once more to watch intently the sky, and instead of the "early grey of morning," we shall discern on the hill-top of the soul's horizon, the brilliant gleaming forth of a glorious "sun, which shall no more go down; for the Lord shall be his everlasting light, and the days of his mourning shall be ended."

On Lord's Day, July 15th, Mr. Carey preached two sermons at St. Alban's for his much valued friend, the Rev. W. Upton. His text both morning and evening was from Heb. ii. 10. It was thought by

some part of Mr. Upton's family that Mr. Carey was not quite well ; but his own report of these services was that he had passed through them with tolerable comfort. On Monday morning he returned home in his usual health.

During breakfast, not many mornings before the events now to be narrated, Mr. Carey had been asked by Mrs. Carey to give his opinion of the text "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." He said to this effect—"That as all things were made by God, in the *lives* of his saints, subservient to his will, and were ordered by him for their good, so in the event of their death, and all the detail connected with it, his care and love would order and arrange everything in such a way as to show that they are dear unto their Lord."

On Wednesday morning, the 18th, he called upon a friend in St. John's Wood. When reminded by Mrs. Carey that he had an engagement in the afternoon, and that this walk might be too much for him, his reply was—"Let us go this morning ; we do not know what may hinder us to-morrow." He enjoyed much his interview with his dear friend : one of those who in his slighter ailments cared for him, and comforted him when a wanderer from his distant home and his family. With what expressions of tenderness he spoke of those who "bestowed labour on him," so beautifully portraying, as he used to

say they did, "those features in the minor morals of the gospel so appropriately alluded to by the Apostle Paul in some of his epistles."

On his friend's table there stood a vase of beautiful flowers just gathered from the garden. On taking this in his hand, and regaling himself with the perfume, he addressed to his and their Creator a devout ejaculation, thus making their breath with his own vocal with the high praises of his God. Then turning to his friend, he complimented her on the nice adjustment which she had made of the flowers as to harmony of colour and general arrangement.

In the afternoon of this day he attended a service at Hackney—the laying the foundation-stone of the Baptist chapel. On his leaving the house his daughter went to open the door; turning round and looking intently at her, he said—"My child, my love be with you now, and ever." No reply was or could be given, save the answering look; but as she slowly moved away, some words, addressed 1800 years ago to a few broken-hearted, bewildered men—"My peace I leave with you"—rose up and ranged themselves side by side with the father's words, but in this case over the warm feeling of the deep, strong love there fell not the slightest shadow of the fear of coming evil.

Many friends at Hackney complimented him on his good looks. His friend, Dr. Hoby, saw him at

some little distance, and did not at first recognise him, chiefly, as he said, on account of his youthful appearance.

The sun was intensely hot on this day; but Mr. Carey, during the service, shielded himself, as he was in the habit of doing, with his umbrella. He left after the service, and returned home to tea. The evening he spent with his family. After tea there was a lingering in each other's society—his sons were not at home—there were only three sitting together on this evening. Their hands as well as their hearts were united, and this meeting seemed to have a hallowed, as well as a pleasingly social influence about it; as if they had met not only in their own, but in His name. Mr. Carey rose to go into his study. At his daughter's request he again sat down: she said—"How happy are we three sitting together." After that he requested Mrs. Carey to take a walk with him in the garden. These were happy hours. But they were the last spent thus together. He mentioned to Mrs. Carey that it was his wish on the morrow to attend the service at Bloomsbury Chapel, and that he should invite his daughter to accompany him.

On Thursday morning, July 19th, Mr. Carey arose as usual, breakfasted with his family, and retired to his study, at nine o'clock, for his usual devotional reading. This reading consisted invariably of two

chapters in the Old Testament in Hebrew, and one in the New in Greek: and frequently, as a memorial of the past, a Wesleyan hymn. This occupied about an hour, after which Mr. Carey was in the habit of taking an early walk, and then returning to the allotted studies of the morning. To this routine of occupation, when at home, he had been long habituated; and he never departed from it unless compelled by circumstances.

As the morning was wet, his intention of going to Bloomsbury Chapel was relinquished, and he began his morning's work. This was the preparation of a sermon for the following Lord's Day, to be preached for the Mission at Houghton Regis. The subject was Heb. ii. 14—18.

The drift of thought which occupied Mr. Carey's mind at this solemn moment was on that sublime truth which has filled the universe with blessing, and all holy intelligences with astonishment and adoring admiration—that Jesus, the ineffable, the all-glorious Son of the Father, the Word who was with Him in the beginning—before the days of old—should take hold of the seed of Abraham, and as the divine Logos, in the form of man, was not ashamed to call them brethren, saying: “I will declare thy name to my brethren; in the midst of the assembly will I praise thee.” This feature of the Redeemer's glorious work was the subject of his thought on this memorable morning.

It was a summer's day, but the rain and storm of the morning were gently indicative of the scene through which this servant of Christ and all dear to him was about to pass so suddenly. Yet, to him who was, without a moment's notice, placed under this cloud of the Almighty, how soon did *his* sun emerge which was hidden for a small moment, unveiling itself in all the splendour of an eternal day; while, to his disconsolate ones, it was night and all but impenetrable gloom.

Next to God's precious words were some which his own pen had indited, and his own lips spoken for the consolation of the mourner; and they are treasured now by the mourning family as their own special bequest:—

“If husband and wife, parent and child, and dearest friends are separated, is there, then, *no* hope of meeting again and for ever?

“At death there is an interruption of fellowship and suspension of intercourse—a dividing of mind from mind, and body from body; yet though dear friends are thus removed from our society, they cease not, on that account, *to be*; but all the higher felicities and purposes of communion will return, purified and enhanced under more auspicious circumstances;—this, therefore, should qualify grief and sanctify sorrow.

“Moreover, they have retired under a divine guardianship, and when the night of mortality shall

be passed, God himself will marshal them with the hosts of his redeemed, and bring them in the train of his triumphant Son into the heaven of heavens, that they may 'be ever with the Lord.' We are to 'comfort one another with these words.'"

There was a storm once on the Galilean lake—a ship was tossed with the waves, for the wind was contrary. It was night, and Jesus was not come to them: every heart failed them for fear—all was tumult without, and dismay within. In the hurry of the elements Jesus came, walking on the water; enfolding for a moment his humanity in the mantle of his omnipotence, and girding on his majesty, as when he said—"Let there be light, and light was;" so now, to the troubled waters—"Peace, be still! And there was a *great calm*." There was another storm on the lake, when his Godhead was wrapped in his humanity. "He was asleep on a pillow." In the one he was Immanuel, God with us; in the other, the man Christ Jesus. In the one case, he speaks to our fear and dread by the words, "It is I; be not afraid;" in the other, to our want of confidence—"How is it that ye have no faith?" Yet in each to our tenderest love he whispers—"Let not your heart be troubled. What I do, thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."

Those of his who watched the shattering of the bark which contained their most precious treasure on

earth, added no ripple to the waters which their Saviour had spoken into peace, for it was the mournful privilege of his wife and daughter to be enabled to remain by him without interrupting his last conscious moments with their own agonizing grief.

No word or sob broke in upon the stillness of that fearful hour; nothing that could in any way recal to earth the spirit just entering into heaven. For this they have ever been most thankful.

It is for us now to enter the secret chamber in silence; and, if with trembling step, yet with quiet acquiescence, leaning on the "everlasting arms," which "are underneath." To think that earth should be so near to heaven—the very portal of the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!" Before doing so the writer would acknowledge, with adoring gratitude, that the Saviour was found to be preeminently there, and to have arranged all the manner of his servant's death with the most tender, loving kindness; giving to the afflicted one another proof that—"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

About half-past ten, on Thursday morning, Mr. Carey's daughter, from a sudden impulse, left her own room, where she was busy writing, and came into his study, exclaiming, as she entered—"I am merely come to look at you, and to kiss you, darling." Returning the kiss, he said—"Where is your mother?

what is she so long about?" She playfully rejoined—"Why, you saw her but a little while ago." Some more conversation followed, and then he suddenly rose to seek Mrs. Carey. This was soon after 11 A.M.

Mr. Carey now came into the dining-room, where he found Mrs. Carey filling up a candidate's application for admission to the Orphan Working School; and being asked by her to sign this paper, he sat down and did so.

On her making some allusion to the widow's departed husband, Mr. Carey was filled with deep emotion, for he was one whom he loved in the Lord, and to whom he had administered consolation in his last moments. He wept with his weeping neighbour, and then returned to his study. About ten minutes after this, Mrs. Carey went to her husband's room door, with no definite object; but, having always some vague presentiment that evil might befall him.

He had left the door ajar, and she began by making a little request on behalf of the widow's son. Before the sentence was uttered, the fearful reality presented itself. He was sitting in his chair, and evidently had but just left off writing. The hand of God had smitten him. Medical aid was instantly present; and besides the first called in, his own family surgeon was with him in a very short time; but it was a rupture of a blood-vessel in the head. Means were unavailing, and all was very soon over.

With the sufferer there was consciousness only for a quarter of an hour, and to the remark which was uttered by Mrs. Carey, with conscious misgiving: "You will be better soon, my love," there was the ready answer: "I hope so." Except one allusion to his bodily feelings, this was his last utterance; he spoke not again, but sunk into unconsciousness, and, about 2.30 P.M., his Redeemer most gently laid his hand upon his spirit, and "he was not, for God had taken him."

IN conclusion, the writer wishes gratefully to acknowledge the esteem and sympathy which were expressed for Mr. Carey and his family in resolutions passed by the Baptist Missionary Committee, and published in the *Herald* of August, 1855. These were addressed to Mrs. Carey, and accompanied by letters from the treasurer, Sir Morton S. Peto, and the secretary, the Rev. F. Trestrail, both expressive of kindest regard; Mr. Trestrail observing—"In your husband I have lost a kind and esteemed friend, and a most valuable and able coadjutor in the important duties I have to discharge."

A similar acknowledgment the writer also presents for the numerous letters of affectionate consolation received from ministers and friends.

On Tuesday, in the next week, Mr. Carey's remains were followed to the grave by his two sons, several ministers and friends, also by a deputation from the Missionary Committee; and were consigned to their earthly resting-place in Highgate Cemetery.

The Rev. Dr. Hoby, Mr. Carey's oldest and most intimate surviving friend, preached a funeral sermon on the following Lord's-day, and the Rev. W. Brock also made kind and special mention of his life and labours on the evening of the same day.

A simple stone thus records the spot where he was interred:—

In Memory of

EUSTACE CAREY,

A MISSIONARY IN INDIA,

WHO DIED, JULY 19, 1855, IN THE 64TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

“Them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.”

It is but for us now to remember, that He who testifieth these things saith:—“Surely, I come quickly.”

“AMEN. EVEN SO COME, LORD JESUS.”

THE END.

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